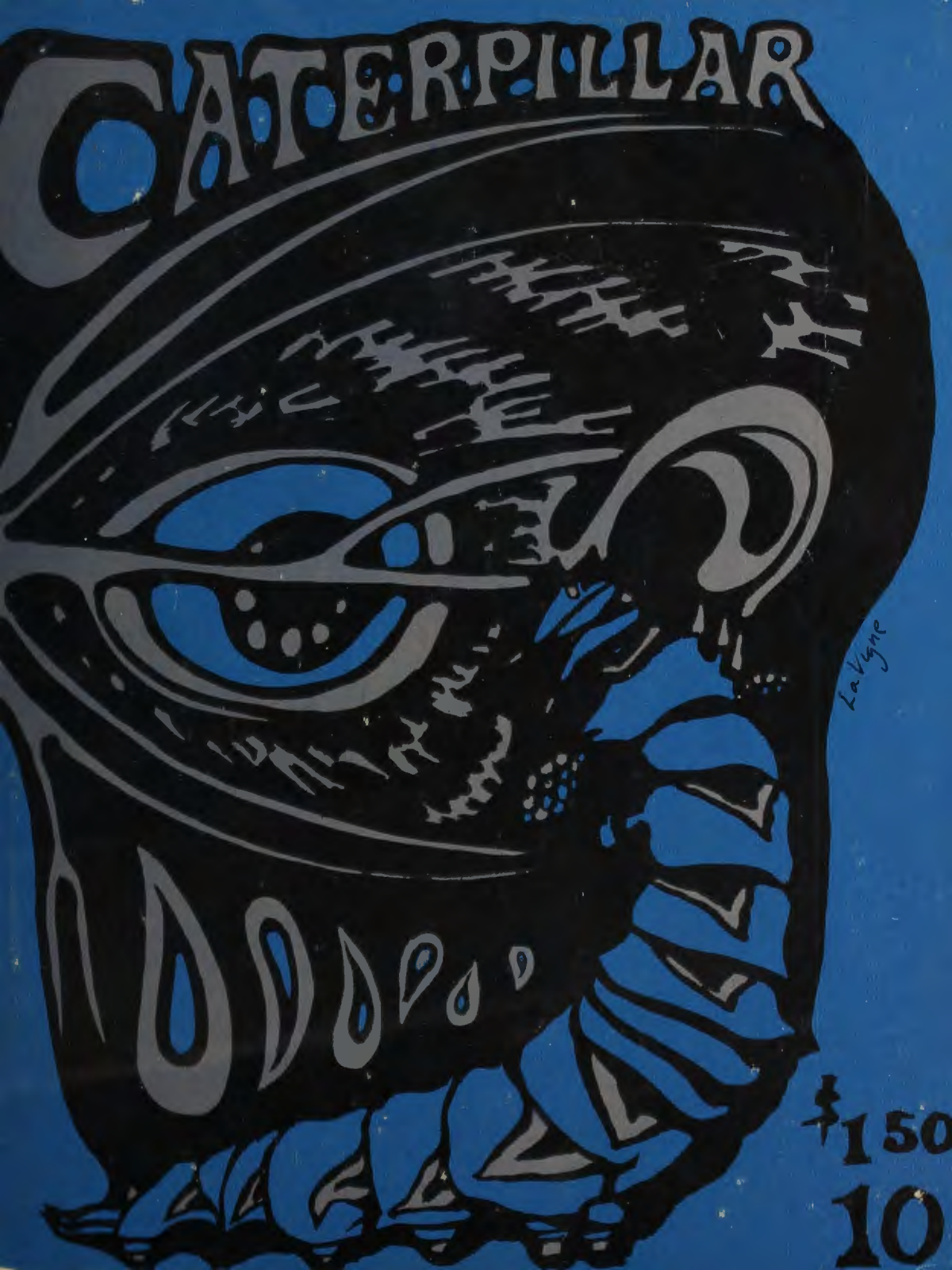
CATERPILLAR



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THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY CIRCUIT

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In its first season, 1970-71, THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY CIRCUIT will be arranging readings at colleges and universities for these poets. For further information and brochure, contact Jeanetta Jones, at:

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* * * *

/brief notes: Ed Dorn's "The Cosmology of Finding Your Spot" was first presented April 10, 1969, at the United Campus Christian Fellowship benefit reading for the Draft Resisters League & was first printed in broadside by Cottonwood. § Robert LaVigne's drawings are in honor of Black Panther Fred Hampton & his murdered & imprisoned brothers & sisters. § /

Ed Dorn:

THE COSMOLOGY OF FINDING YOUR SPOT

The Resistantism of all other places
On the floor among filters and the Spillings
The cosmology of the floor of the Nation
The cosmology of finding your place
The cosmology of smelling and feeling your Natural place
inside the place, feeling the filters
feeling the rock, feeling the roll
feeling the social spray at that level
low down, with the filters and the feet
feeling the place you can fold all four legs
and be man's best friend to the End, among the filters
and the feet, in the rock, and in the roll
in the clock and in the roll, in the hole
of the social bilge The Great White Dog
of the Rockchalk, seeks his place Seeks
The place for Him there, tries every scrap of Space
The Great White Dog of The Rockchalk
moves under the Social seeking his own Place
in the constant present snap of eternity
listening with the german dislocated castanet
His Nose Is under the great pin ball rolling in heaven above
thru the barren terrain of feet He moves
from place to place seeking his place
The resisters the dogs seek their place
WAYNE KIMBALL told me all this
WAYNE KIMBALL sits in the booths, WAYNE KIMBALL
knows about the Great White Dog of the Rockchalk
The Great White Dog of the Rockchalk doesn't
The Great White Dog has been there
Western Civilization is Beer
The Great White Dog of The Rockchalk
went thru the door of Western Civilization
Which is north of the Barbershop
and north of the sailor pants incense shop
The Great White Dog went between all that
and the Gaslight, The Great White Rockchalk dog
shakes hands with both paws indiscriminately

For he seeks his own true place on the floor
He disregards the social He seeks the Place
he seeks The Space his soul can occupy
In His restless search he looks only for the Place
Where he can come to rest in his own true Place
and that might be on the floor of the rockchalk
The great White Dog is not Interdicted by opinion
He accepts the floor of the Rock Chalk as an Area,
like any other, he will test that space
He is preoccupied only with the Search
The Great White dog of the Rockchalk is not social
WAYNE KIMBALL told me all this, WAYNE KIMBALL
is social, he knows only persons, he doesn't
give a shit for the floor of the Rockchalk
WAYNE KIMBALL is neurotic like us, he wants
to smoke Grass, WAYNE KIMBALL sits in the booths
WAYNE KIMBALL drinks beer, has a part time job
pretending to be literate, WAYNE KIMBALL uses
the telephone and all other public Utilities
including Cocaine, The Great White Dog
of the Rock Chalk is full of shit and can't shit
until he finds his place, WAYNE KIMBALL has diarrhea
WAYNE KIMBALL hasn't got a driver's license
WAYNE KIMBALL is thin and knows everything that happens
He has ears, He is a corrupt little mongrel like us
turned on to everything hopeless and bullshit
The Great White Dog of The Rockchalk is dumb
and doesn't know anything but his instinct for the search
for his place somewhere in the litter
of the filters and the literally dropped dreams
of the Great Rock Chalk, he smells the dreams
on the floor dropped from between the legs
of young English majors, ejected from between the
Dual Spraycans of the fraternizers
He seeks his place on top of this matter
among the feet of the privileged nation on the floor
of the Great shit, Rock Chalk Rock Chalk White
Rock Chalk Dog, And WAYNE KIMBALL Smokes cigarettes and Thoreaus them ontoOntoOntoOnto the floor
already predicated by cancer, the slow movement of Cancer
And I love these dogs because they are us and more us
than we are and they seek their places as do the true
whether they are Resisters or just scared or both
They are the twin dogs of creation in our image
and I give them both the floor as I give the Resisters
This Poem from the throne of Belief as the Egyptians
Gave and took from the Dogs Their access to Heaven
That we may all be Gods and seek our Place.

Robert Kelly: (2 poems

Unless I know the day
carries herself beyond reach

leaving a wound
sore back

from yesterday
cracked coccyx on the wet stairs

you linden leaves my undoing
& ache this morning,

unless I know the day
fled like the moon from house to house

across the angelic blunders
that are our wills

sky
be our one will

as our will shall be one law
if we know the day

& balance the sun on weathertop
pyramid or actual fire

the sun a bead of flame
danced on the long air

*

later
or another time

the wind
was all day in the bushes, slipt

in at the half-closed door
I felt it, moan

of Achilles by the seashore,
our flesh his

mother who answers him.
Rises to the wind.

Answer.
Gold helmets,

profusion of gold helmets, star-fish,
terra cotta bottles of wine

star wine
bottled in our atmosphere.

I look at the flames
in Susan' s baked earth bouquet

or flowers like flames
up out of the clay, fired

into form. Baked in the world,
his gold helmet, Achilles' ,

Patroclus' , half buried in sand
half risen from the chemist' s

retort: spectre of a war.

*

When war was golden.

When the helmet lifted clean water.
Men have soft naked feet

so they will not trample roses
or stomp the bees that tend our clover.

The lover
waits by an ocean

to remember an obligation,

woman,

who will attend him
& vex him to war.

She gave him this shield
this world

she said
she was his mother.

*

Our acts have brutal children.
The wind I heard

was the day, passing.
Its god went with it

& I was dark with pain
forgetting my forgiveness,

uneasy.
If I' d landed two inches higher

I would not walk again.
The god was gone.

And then the cliffs were dear,
blue

Marin headlands
where I sat & watched the sea

I could then & will again

walk in relation
to, walk in relation,

move by the contour of the land
the only

way we' ll ever
know the thing we call

beautiful, moving around it,

moving,

muses' fountain
out there, find it,

find it four
inches back of your eyes, all

the way back of my eyes.

---

from SCARLET WOMAN SUTRA

14

Equation. You are what summons
I mean what calls out.
Shell sound. Surf
on Kythera.
An old man' s
pine tree listens to you, hums
in your wind.
This week
I lie before you,
my flesh adores you
all day long, yesterday
you did not put him to sleep.
Praise
is revelation is listen to you.
Book of the Law, chapter I,
Unveiling of You
(the porch stained purple
from berries you brought home,
a dye for our texture---
the black turns white
& you reach purple
out of your sea,
Beya, elusive,

your dress up to your waist you slept
all over the Rockies,
stewardess smiled,
your servant privileged
to see you in that repose.
Praise.
For I am hidden
deeper than the seeds of metal
deeper than the lattices of steel---
all I can do is hear & answer---
my whole life an answer,
learning to speak.
Equation:
you are who summons me.
Sometimes my hand covered you,
flocks of april snow on high ground,
palm tree
palm tree in the courtyard. Dreams
have nothing to do with it. We saw the tree.
The letter R is red, begins to smoke,
turns fire, fire,
fire up out of the valley of the sound,
up, melting the world.
What does fire do.
The dream
has nothing to do with it.
Two nights ago
I dreamt I loved you & your friend,
you led me on, sustained me
through both of you time & again.
All yesterday you did not ease me down.)
Erect,
the flesh of the letter R
burns at the start of the word,
burns in the R of the word.
R-horn, burn,
the flames
burn away sophisticated gods.
Go to the woman who washes our sheets
& she' ll tell you what fire is,
how fire boils her pot
& the spill of our love
screams in birthpang from the caldron.
I see her, a young woman
her bare arms red from the steam
churning the washtub with a broomstick,
reek of chlorine, lift
of the broomstick, the soft hot cloth

steams in sunlight, she drives it back
where blood and sperm & words boil out---
I stretch this cloth
out on my lawn
& weigh the corners down with stones---
the sun is the end of the wash

Go to the woman who cleans our sheets
& she' ll tell you who you are.
After a cycle of washing the cloth wears out,
tears on toenail or bedframe,
lets in light, when I was a child
I lay under the sheet, let its sunlight in,
white through white, its own pale shadows.
What does fire do.
Dogs like you, cats come to your lap
& there is no way you can refuse.
Coming to each town. Make friends.
Naked in Kentucky in the January rain.
Open your mouth.

We are instructed to imagine a fire.
It is to leap up
from the middle of our attitudes,
the way we talk to ourselves about the world.
It starts when an animal sound
in our high conceptual thoughts,
begins to smoke, black smoke, greasy,
drifts past the edges of our thought.
Then the pinpoint of fire
(sun through lens sets fire to book)
painbright, tension between
fire & air, then flame spirals out
a whirl slow dancing, faster
till it eats the book, it eats the core
of words we keep saying,
the hollow vowels blaze, oxygen
denies
all that we propose, the words cave in
the wooden church
crashes down in the crackle of fire
(I watch from the window,
first memory, sunlight on my head,
the church is burning, men scream,
my father with them running with hose & pail,
roof cracks, am I laughing,
where is my father,
beside me a blue chinese vase

filled with lilacs, quiet in the sun.
Father came home with smoke in his clothes.)

We are instructed to imagine a fire
under a caldron of pure water,
threelegged bronze ting, pure space
to which the powers
come zeroing in.
Be clean in this.
All the confusion is here,
language the first froth from this boiling.
The caldron contains
heat of the fire
to cook our world.
To clean the sheets
boil out the shit till only
the Jesus-face is left in the cloth,
king's sweat, love sweat,
conscious imprint of an agony.
The woman sings by the boiler.
We are instructed
to plunge into that caldron.
I found the heat of your lap
beside me, my hand led the way
or the first time you came to my house
you were the caldron, sat crosslegged on the floor
& I came out of the steamy shower to find you there.
Purify.
Purify. Purify. The fire
begins in your history, open mouth & spread thighs
simplest letters of our alphabet,
simplest vessel. Hard fire.
How to start it. Fire hard.
Vowel song. Bird flight
from which alphabets, bird flight
of oracles, bones in the fire
crack to respond.
The call
I hear in the wind, slish of pine
of your clothing slips down or
quilt across your hips,
you are who calls me
voice in a fire to visit the fire,
fire from which we dye this fabric
clean & clean & no more to be said.

*

Ted Enslin: (4 poems

how he
  hammered
at me
  struck
one blow
  after another
blow
  he knew
the altered
  placing
and he
  asked
me
  questions
knowing
  that we
all
go on

If I were to write it
  as it really is---
no clearer air
  and
  no remembrance:
Things are.
  It would not do
  to say I
took this course,
  nor would I ask you
what you do now
  unless
  you wanted me to know.
But that you exchange
  deep confidence--.
  This

I take as statement
of the thing I write.
We are not people,
as we are not live.
The word is love,
my love.

"I do not know
what I do not want to know."
Not quite.
It is not so simple,
although the hurt may be numbed
for a time.
It is
evident, dark morning,
as I stand close to the fire,
warming the remnants
of a winter sleep.
What has happened?
Is it only a leaf
fallen,
or the remnant of remembered breath?

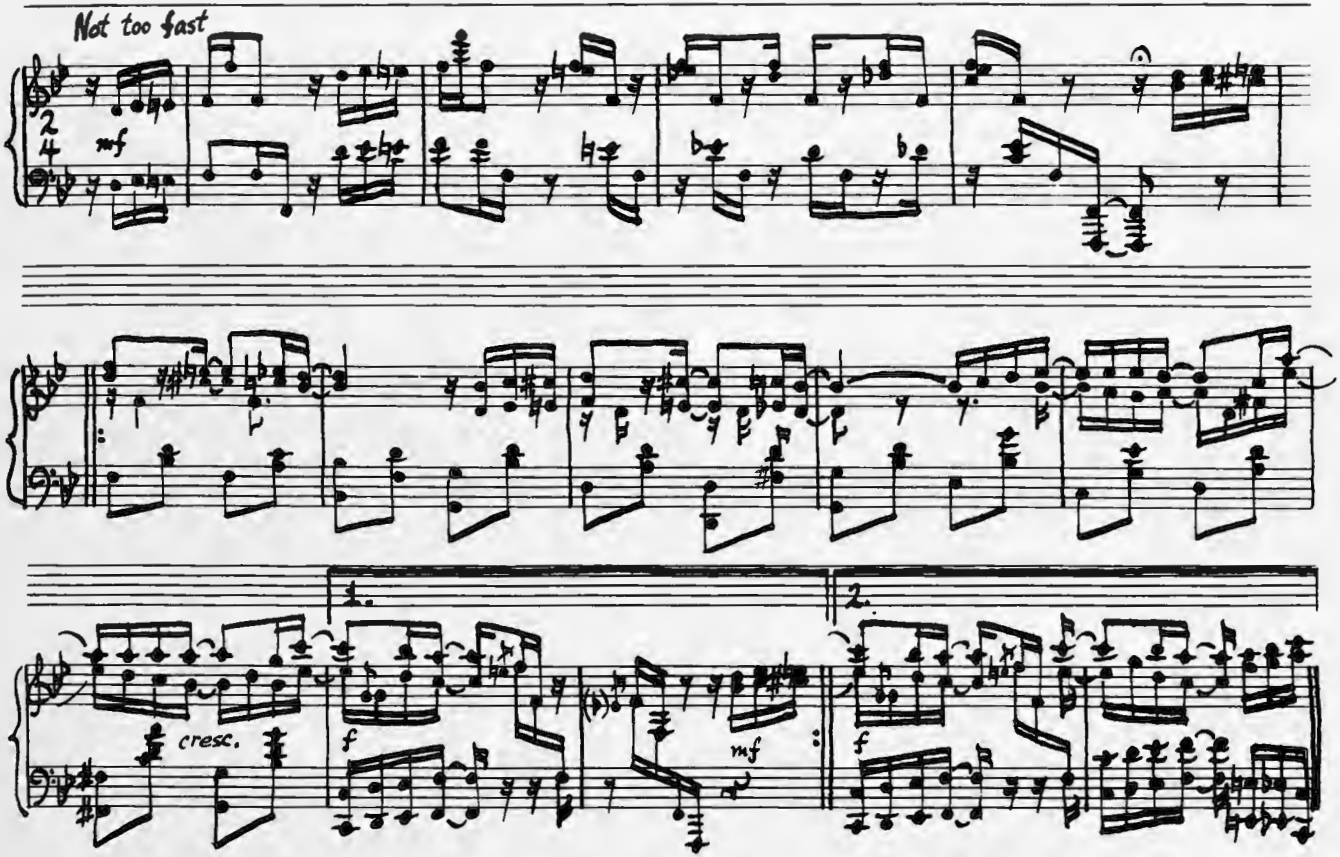
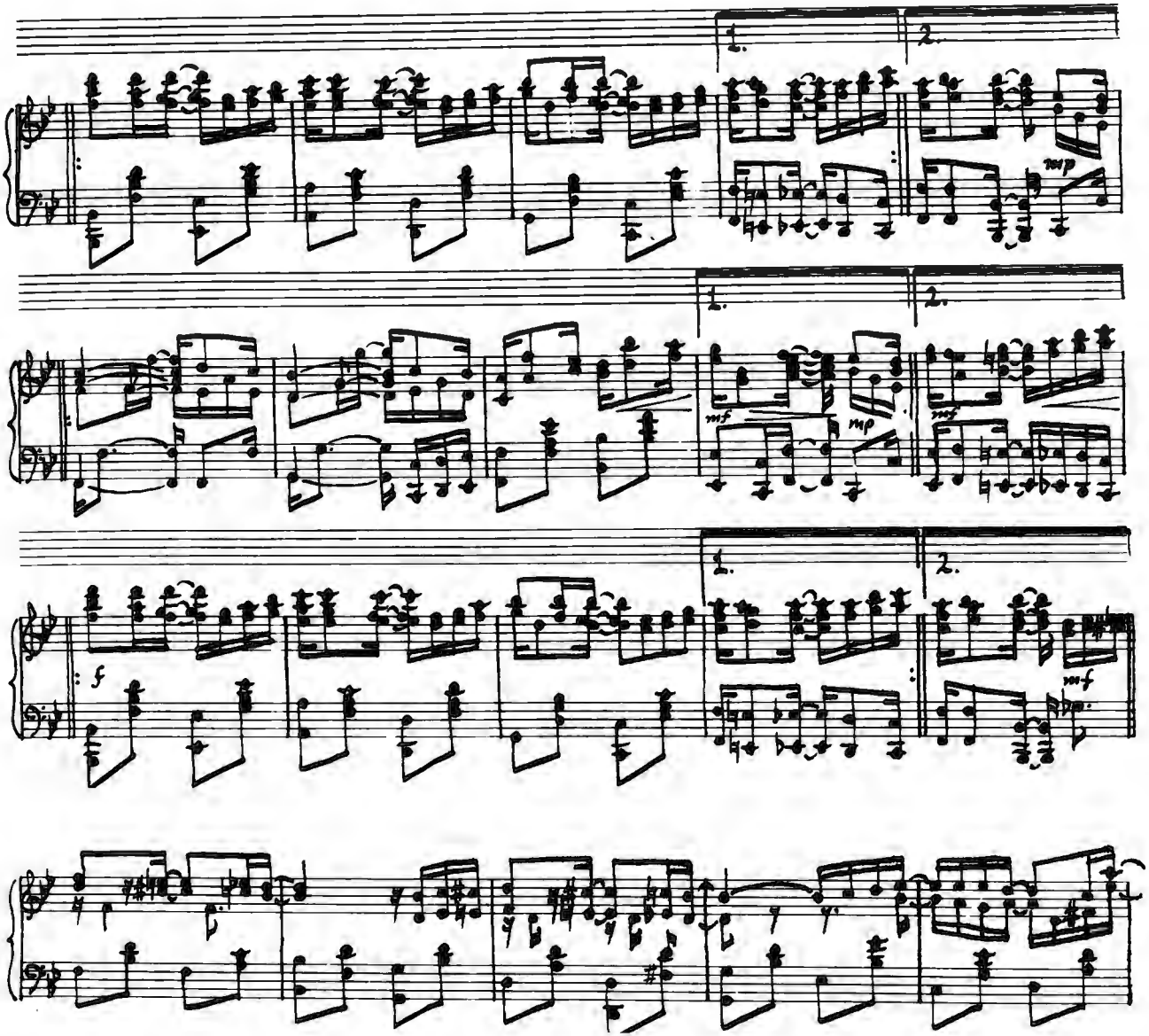
You are not
a part of it---
dreams I have had
lately
do not include you,
they are
dated years before
you were born.
Even now,

the voices
which I hear
come through
so many corners
of the past,
that what is present
is unheard,
muffled in the drift
as if
snow had covered leaves
and branches
where I walked dry-shod.
But that was
yesterday.
Briefly,
I may turn to you
and listen
to what you say,
take you in passing,
(which is my anger
at myself)
stir up old guilts
by telling you
a part of a
cautionary fable,
or a part of something
which I did
when I was your age.
All/
/parts.
I cannot rest
any longer.
As I leave the room,
you call out,
' I love you, '
desperately
frightened.
I am sure of it,
as I go downstairs
quickly
in the dark.

*

Raggedy Anne

for Sam and Ann Charters

James Tenney
11/69

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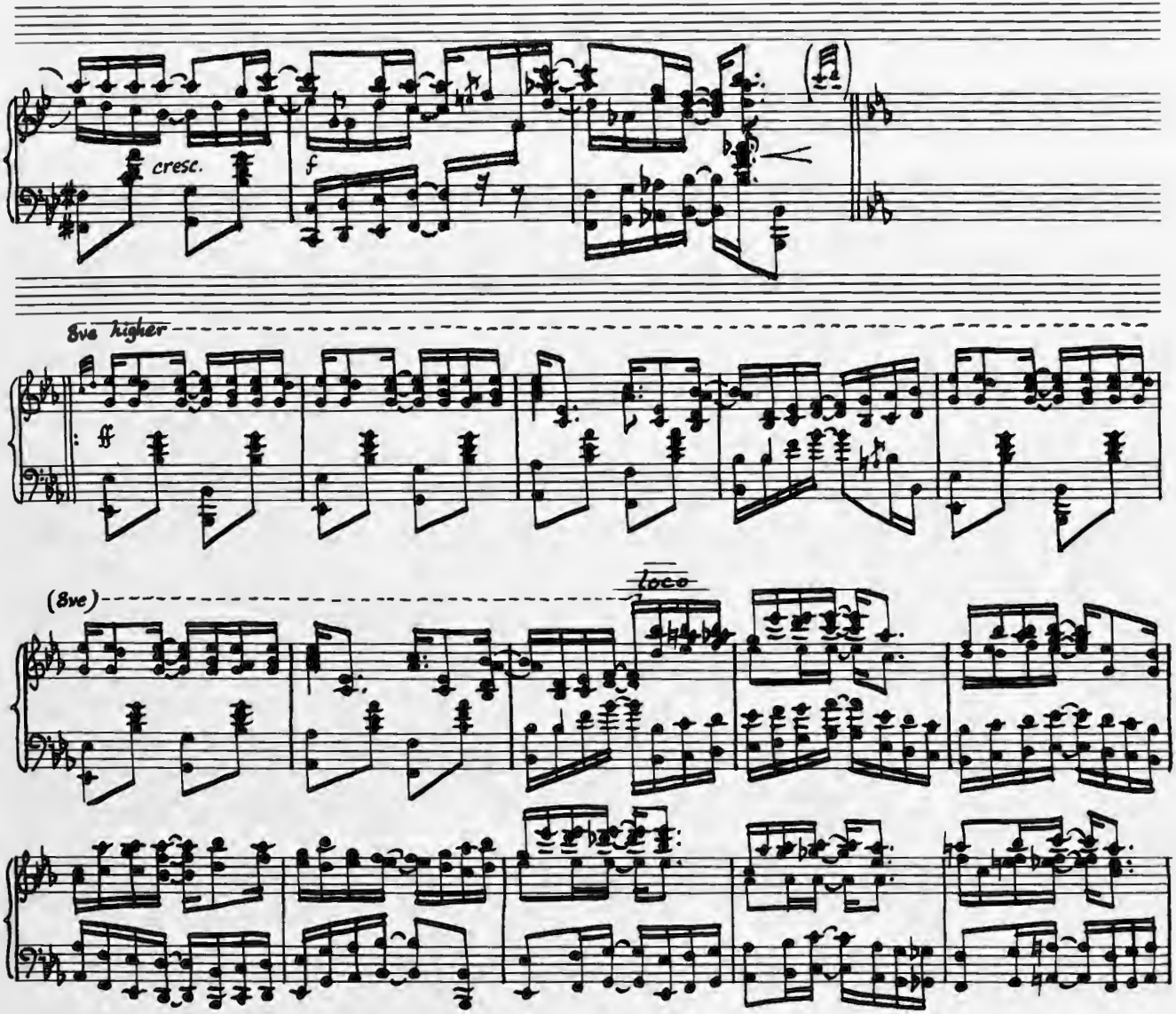
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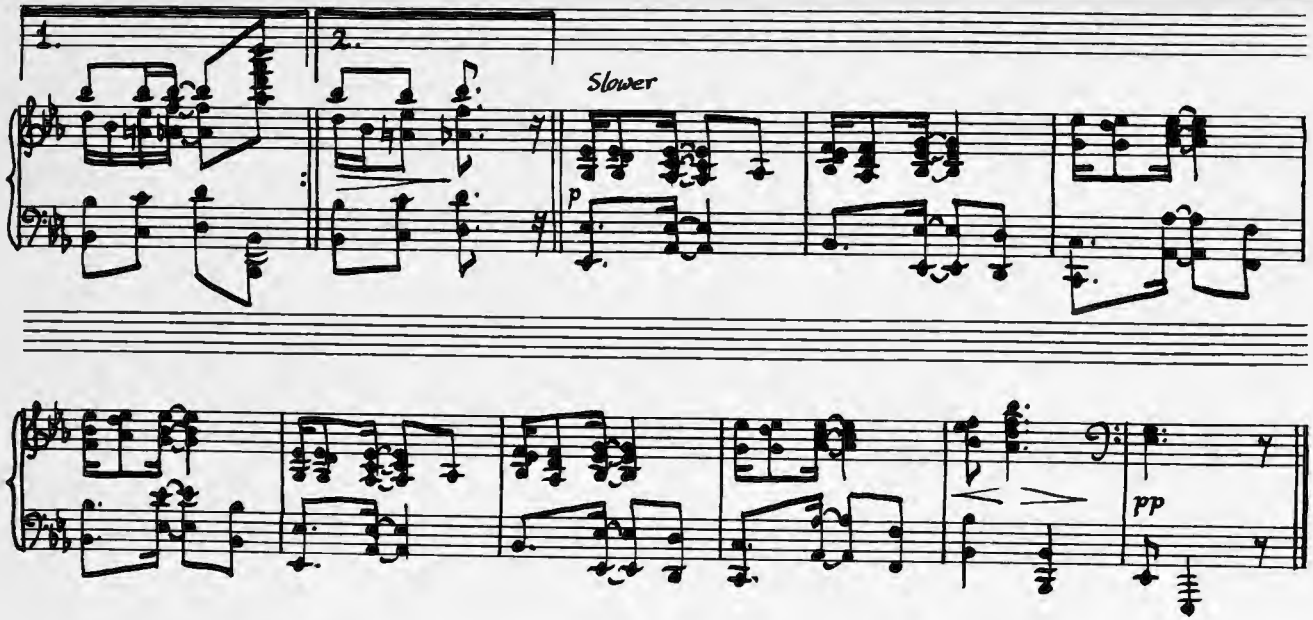
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Jack Hirschman:

"Deeper into the fragments"

(A Process from "JAH"

deeper into the fragments as they explode against the
window of your ship let them scattered returns from Zim
the thing is to work in no kind of order I thought
no if I come and go dont hurt anymore the window the pain
of losing what its clear now the night it might go on
for a couple of millenniums before dawn infinite conceptions
conceiving infinite telgrams the word stop eternally
outlawed Galileo floating by stoned out of his beard on
sheer oxygen the result of your mouth is I hear my voice
now as affirmatively no listen carefully behold youre
Abraham of chlorophyll he said looking down the long
microscope of hashish no kiss ever killed out dead footage
foreskins on the cuttingroom floor go back to the beginning
where you are the stars director and soundman in one tone
overturned not as good as you big lug leave white
space for the light to fall upon the hearing cockcrow
and I sleep Jackasscry and I do not dream AyeEl ElAye
car driven scream boy soundtrack tape runs reels over
tickets falling against wall movies of childhood floating
down scraping tips against walls to the floor blood gory
of SinoJapanese cry from upstairs AyeEl El uh Aye
EfDeeAre JayEfKay one bullet going through all the heads
of them running mouth it goes wetly itll flow but
start the flow with pebbles thrown in thrown in there
and let it flow let it just go on flowing bumping against
which pebble hitting against that bank that treetrunk
or piece of it there that damp up ahead breaking through
stopping at nothing isnt that it all gears in motion
now its white spume shoots out chromium flash brilliant
xray beamed lights great slick sides and flanks of river
flow go know flow gas flow flows by gas
not the same river not the same river no mountain to
stop it but its own mountains within crazy volcanoes
great eruptions to come rock and basalt spuming spitting
out of itself great cannon mouth of river great bomb
hole of center eye another distraction always these crazy
little infinite things get in the way of the straight line
my me things my whittle poems that too an influence

from without its because I was always influenced from without
that I never had any belief in myself the little boy said
going into the psychiatrists office why shouldnt it be all things
to all men touching this that and hoping it might for a
moment seep in just above the lobe spin in its slow spiral
down and in the process of the sound going forward maybe make
a little drop of light on all that darkness which is to say
I have never left off teaching who called himself a writer
in certain corners and behind certain clothes but I get up
right off the floor like that night when Mauriello
went down wept cut and include the cut why not include
the cut that just happened then no dont fall back to that
try for a consistency yes thats what it said
a consistency in person day by day let it happen
that way forget the striped pillows forget the star maps
on the wall great dots distances separations
and yet interlaced by beautiful colored drawings of lobster red
of green snake of star figures animals of the zodiac
because Im looking out now away from the consistency of what
my purpose is my purpose at any point being diverted or
distracted by any other thing that comes into my mind
my mind being in the act of creating completely distracted
by the things in front of me this due to the natural flow
that is the natural flow uhh all flows being artificial
and therefore unnatural uhh as Professor Gregorius
said in an aesthetic lecture the other week this is
dangerous I know why after all does anyone have to lend or
bend an ear or eye to this and then have to listen to me
say that my little hopeful hands look up through this
great hole which is the sewer of self an interesting
metaphor hope your eye is there so that I might whisper
open your lips and take the sounds somehow I think in
the smallest particle of them there is something beloved
uh to your lips put them on it as one would crumbs
and begin to eat again I have no idea how this is going to
continue and Im just going to continue in my dealings with
this machine until the time comes that I stop completely
which will be a time never obviously uhh as long as
there are reels and and there are it seems to me
infinite possibility of reels in a world given over to greater
machine made and machine oriented parts this will inevitably
lead to what some people in the uhh frightened midwest call
communism others in points extreme west and extreme east
picking up certain calligraphies in forms of fishes blown
by the explosion of the bomb that buckled it tight as my old
man might say before a crowd of sixtyfive roaringly uh
unfunny drunk undrooping hard Jew bastard past lives
that I want out of Im telling you right now its the Jew
thats always stood in the way of me made me a Nazi

and I say it direct which is to jump from one suicide to
another leaping along through the great ethereal void of self
from one back of air to another the way a kid went leapfrogging
through his childhood sometimes I like images sometimes
I like thoughts a thought is an image with a thought contained
in it an image is an image with a world contained in it
the one is the other overlapping intertwining but just
missing perfectly met this the distinction between poets
and abstract philosophers also between certain very definite
men and certain very definite cons since my mind is anthological
anatomical and may touch at any point upon any thing
Dr Cream is another grim spectre from Victorian London he prowled
around the back streets accosting women giving them pills
brought death in an agonizing form immaculate in a tophat
and elegant coat theoretically Jack the Ripper could still
be alive if he were a young man at the time of his killings
for example which stare me right in the eye the old lady
I say old lady which is a pickup from what Mark used to call
his Stephanie in Los Angeles who will be here tomorrow
or is here now yes Los Angeles keeps returning
the emptiness of that what was it void I think it was
the void that I saw that day Mark put the happening on
I said sure because by that time it was two worlds nicely dunked
a world if you like of uh the outer extremity being stabilized
bourgeois academic teacher the inner stability about
the level of a good drag every night kept me nice and going as
it does now and why shouldnt the world be turned on theres only
the insidious madness of not turning on since turn on is due
to depression depression due to loss of sense of self
of self due to the ugly ugly drag of living in a
society completely devoted to whatinyackachingachowkinty
thus anywhere I can go just to keep my mind moving
just to keep my brain talking walking strutting around
with its hands behind its back waiting for that big baby to
come meanwhile making the baby all the time is America
which isnt exactly true this is London which I am writing
this poem in which isnt exactly true this is island
I am inside the writing of this poem in splash
I will not go back no matter how much I try no matter
how much I actually try to go back I will not nor can can not
and yet strange to say that as soon as I cannot go back
as soon as I am confronted with this microphone which I have
of course originally set up to uh get this thing going
but as soon as I am confronted with this microphone and the
spinning reel I know in a sense that I must keep
time with it and the times that I must keep with it cannot
possibly be in the past but have got to be in the present
Zum theyve got to be in what is called the now present

the now which is the eternal now that is this present
I am in right now one may then say but if you or they
turn off machine are you in that now and one says in reply
the tape machine is no longer in my now but my now is in the
tape machine and I am walking down the stairs to have some
supper after a days work I say now the question furthermore
poses itself whether there is the inspiration coming from
uhh without or within for example the inspiration
I say for this entire book came from uhh now suddenly
the twelve reasons where the inspiration came from uhh
came to my mind just now that is these twelve reasons were
the uhh simultaneous twelve reasons that I simultaneously
felt ummm not very strange because there is the recurrent
theme of eternity I would describe myself as a bookish man
uhh unable to fully participate in life this is why I
allude to so many things because Im really finally incapable
of dealing with them because as everybody knows if one goes out
and grabs life by the balls as they say I mean really like
spreads his body thin lovely cream down the dark streets of
certain cities if its that he digs or spreads it thin in ways
might be just inside a nice placid house in which everybody
inside of course being living and human uhh is confronting
certain situations every day the housewife the grocer
the butcher I wonder where they all fit in except that
now that they are let them have my projection also
which is astral uhh this means that I will or should
have a completely objective mind relative to my uhh
perception of identification this uhh identification
which often makes me uhh uhh think that the pains
experienced for example umm byumm say a beatnik poet shouting
about the revolution of the world as though he carried the
whole world alone uhh in his head and on his shoulders
is no less painful if thats the word than the pain of the
woman just now bending over her magnificently Duz detergent floor
and uhh finding out that she has a pain in the ass
uh after all pain is pain heheheheh yes she says but
if pain is pain theres got to be different kinds of pain for
example theres profundity of pain this not unlike my motherinlaw
whose lovely face now appears before me from out of old
socialist days in New York uhh stopped with the last
note of the Firebird and refuses absolutely to continue on
into the century even though she does continue of
that is in body I see her moving toward me dear Sylvia
creature of loveliness and sweet tenderness and beautiful
mastery of self and loveliness beyond all measure to one who
is a creature come through this life is standing before me now
I wonder when this is all over whether I will really have
the courage to tell who it was that did this kept me

moving along I will give an initial of a man G
at this moment I weep for what is that thing that does
keep us moving along that thing that no one has been able
to define that thing that says being here is is there
anything is there anything anything at all to match it
birds bird song outside less tonal than the cockcrow
little chirps the way the cockcrows were actually searing
screes but then this is London and that was the island
and I was in another place then and this is just another
place now that were walking along down I believe in some
form of containment and I believe that this containment
is the key it is the thing before which the world
stops short and one begins therein to begin to begin
that line is the belief of my body at this moment it may
change in another indeed I have no doubt but that it
will change in another and this change of body and mind
will bring forth things terrible and things beautiful but that
it changes now here now here is there anything
more than that oh now I ask whoever it is that I call you
who is me tell me am I right that mine is not simply a
megalomania because I have chosen to read my own voice into
reels of tape tell me that I am right okenanskotedeewhatcwunchnug
freeng deeng waggle lafthe in one breath for example
I call this the book of breaths the book of beginnings
which never gets really started and I know later on that
I will live to regret it as I live to regret everything that I
have done uhh by regretting uh nothing that is I will
live to regret it as I am living to regret it right now
at the other side of this this thing thats flying over
this rather ugly thought Im having about myself but this
thing is above it white wing simple if you like a smile
running through dancing through leaping through like a
lovely girl leaping through all the airs of the lines
of the syllables of the seemingly ironic double edged paradoxical
oh how they intertwine and why shouldnt they there
a kiss a kiss in me too too two two kissing in the threes
it was bound to happen since it had been one of my key
purposes for a long time to come to live in the present uhh
that is I did not live in the present because I can
seriously say that uhh I never accepted the present
I accepted only the past what does that mean well I was
living in the present but I was accepting only the past
that is I was seriously getting hung up by always returning
to places that I had no business to be in for example
uhh my fathers house or the old pool room or the old
uhh neighborhood or my thing in Philadelphia in 1958
or my thing in uhhh Boston in uhh 1959 or my thing in uhh
Kentucky in 1961 or my things in Los Angeles 1961 dash 1963

umm these things which often took the form of uhh
women led me to certain conclusions about myself one was that
I was as most young Americans are hopeless romantics
uh falling in love all the time and then actually
thinking they want to marry everything they fall in love with
they just want to keep running offing running offing
leapfrogging going their way from one to another which is
something that only exists in life as everyone knows
but the life thats inside a movie or a book uhh since
that kind of going from one to another is the proper province of
uhh thought and conscious action for if conscious action and
thought were not the case in this instance then no I
I think we better say this if conscious action were not the
real life then in actual fact the real life would be
what was outside us but conscious action is what is
uhh uhh means to exist umm umm with the outside
and in the inside this means that the outside is completely
turned off uhh in a sense and one attains a distance
from the outside knowing that one must go there to get food
in the morning and going to movies kissing wives parents
children dogs animals trees uhh kissing certain
things yearning outside for a touch of this a touch of that
a smell of this uhh yes this kind of outside inside
world posited by more than how many centuries and every
one of them of course was right because it really hasnt
changed anymore then than it did now except that of course
its changing all the time thus the impossibility of ever
really fixing upon it was the notion that I had a long time
ago of the stars fixed stars which were in relation to
in my mind points of icy fixity the way stars I thought were
the way I caught them off star maps the way I saw them
in my moment of greatest despair when I looked in the sky
for I saw them fixed one knows of course that nothing
is or can be ever to any and all and this is the beginning
ummm again that is the beginning of that idea
which of course was never believed anyway by even the people
who posited it because they posited it in their change and
believing in changes I mean those magnificent little
Ptolemaic star maps one sees or those ten magnificent
circles of hell bloody red and running right through now
filled with allll the obscene all the lustful
all the adulterous all the sinners of thievery vandalism
all the dark forces with their grooming red hair with their
blooming red eyes and suckits with the red scourge on their
face with the Russian plague on their face ohh yes
this is indeed hell and Im smiling why shouldnt I go on
just the way Im going on even though when I stand up and
walk around the room other things tell me you should go on

this way its best to go on this way and little old Jews come out and they sit around me and they look at me with their long beards with their lovely beautiful noses and they say why must you go on this way and my response is I go on this way because I go on this way which only means that Im having a good day that is Im having a good time that is Im having a good moment might get very sad but it will all be tinged with philosophic gladness and the two run together intertwining at times and then at times getting further apart and then coming together pecking a little tonguing a little loving a little this way loving a little that way isnt this the truth of it isnt this what everybody knows gotta have it that way gotta have it this way the shrugging shoulders of the little Jews wasnt that the story they told at Belsen wasnt that the good good news which is only of course the recognition of the impossibility of confirming that in actual fact because nobody knows nobody knows whether what I just said is true or not and thats not important that they know the important thing is that I know that I go so I met Larry today and we had to do the proofs for the Artaud book here in London I was sitting there for example doing the proofs and looking at El ummm uhh this fellow is a beautiful guy from the thirties and he really will never make it because his time is now I said with a certain bitter envious jealousy down there between my legs because I always have jealousy coming out in the form of a certain pain as you will note before we get along too far that these pains will be noted also in terms of other emotions of the human heart some of them being rage anger uhh lust of course and the result is that these that this pain umm which I have well in actual fact felt was the original motivation for the creation of this book this thing not not quite a book because how can one call it a book really its kind of insane since a book ostensibly is supposed to stop and and this one clearly will never I mean it it it should be obvious at this moment the end of the journey will be only the beginning of the journey so Larry said something about did I think this proofreading shot was right and I leaned over the table we were working in this printers office here in London and I thought of Blake before Id come up naturally since when Im in cities I think of those great men who once lived there and those who are closest in my blood to my blood and William Blake is the Englishman who is closest in my blood to my blood more if he will forgive me than even Norman Bowler my dear friend who has loaned us this house given us this apartment to live in for three months after we came off the island which I saw when looking up to Larry the island again I saw in my mind what it was and

felt its pain too between my legs so put island down too if
you like because it was connected with uhh with what
I thought was the overwhelming experience in the sense of my life
which Ill try to tell before were through its not
I dont think its an incredible experience except to me
that is Im like most people I didnt continue my words then
though the machine went rolling on I kept them up in my mind
without recording them that is I was silent just then
what happened was I broke into uhh tears for two
days I havent had a thought about my son really who runs
around the corner just out of school and goes to his friend
a little English boy named Guy around the corner they
wear blue caps play together my son David had only girls
really on the island to play with no boys his own age
it being eight to play with on the island he yearned for that
for a man friend and that too of course I think that
thats what what I yearned for many years a man friend
it was a man that I really wanted without shame or without
even knowing whether Ill ever even know whether Ill ever
ever even mean that I want to go to sleep with a man
but that can come too if it comes it will be a night
with another human being again as it was with you
and you were what you were which was ahh which was lovely
how to say no it was all so sudden edged as things of
loveliness are at least the kind of loveliness youve always
loved yourself as I come to think of it a certain quality
of a man and a woman together thats what it was with
Pandoras Box with Louise Brooks wasnt it and also Dieterich
you always loved Dieterich youve always been many Dieterichs
in my mind walking across certain stages punctuated
throughout the whole story of the stars of it the other
side of that of course was that but my train seems to have
gotten lost which will return of course at any moment as John
said and he of course was right one had to get there
yes of course one got there by wanting to get there
and so I say it was something having to do with with with
I dont know what Philly had to do with but if I keep on
talking I might one day stumble upon it or not it doesnt
matter that way I mean there had always been you see
these women funny you know the dark I had always a thing
about dark women Cancer type moony dark women
with strange inner clingings although the outside remained
perfectly calm begin to see what it was I dug there or
think to that it was that outer that outer thing I was
always leaping toward to grab to possess but it was the
inner thing in them that I wanted to possess which is
well I dont know I tend to break them break things now
into twos not much more though I started with four and

I might end with four who knows for the Tetragramaton but when I said that on the island about when the Nazi kissed the Jew the Buddha blew through there was a certain truth and the medallion I wear around my neck the coin I bought in Rome which has on one side a tree of life being chopped down by a Nazi swastikad axed which is then struck down by lightning bolt which I wear around my neck and on the other side of which is a seven branched candelabra and at the top of it the interlaced Star of David umm and written across it is Israel and so I wear it because the Nazi did kiss the Jew literally and the Buddha I think oh but there is no Buddha you know you cant you cant say that for he too is indeed an illusion and now Im weeping for for I seem to feel something marvelous happening to me and Im not sure its powerful deep oh deep depth oh deep depth oh marvelous star oh glorious angel oh magnificent I am with thee I am with thee I will come down off thee and I will go with thee where thou wilt have me be forever and ever oh deep life oh deep life pouring in me oh magnificent machine oh angel star oh Bethlehem oh my dear magnificent great lovely being that is here and now and I will be forever with thee oh my beautiful wonderful oh strange life that goes on deep inside us oh glorious ecstasy that is the man and life I shall not be afraid no matter where I go I shall not be afraid now I shall not be afraid oh glorious star ohhh God let me be not afraid for Thou hast spoken to me again ohh Wisdom let me be not afraid for Thou hast spoken to me again I will be with Thee in things that I do on this great voyage and I place my faith in Thee for Thou art the Only wherever Thou takes me I will go whatsoever Thou doeth with me I will do oh beautiful passage oh lovely entrance this is it oh beautiful passage oh lovely entrance this is it oh beautiful passage oh lovely entrance this is it oh beautiful passage oh lovely entrance this is it oh beautiful passage lovely entrance this is it beautiful passage lovely entrance this is it if you wanta ask a question just talk it doesnt matter why is it on yeah its on now heheh you havent got anything to say hahahaha no well why dont you go and sit down and read your Superman are you gonna say anything Im gonna keep on talking Im working with a machine now not using a pen Oh Daddy stop it well anyway Ill go on talking my son just went over is looking at the bureau case he came up with me after I went down after I had the little hooey just there bad trip uhh which meant that I went too far what do you mean too far out and therefore Im a dangerous a dangerous man uhh who like will go

the whole way to but who did you see this morning haha
who did I see this morning I cant say to my son who did
I see this morning like uhh I dont know actually
I saw Lawrence this morning you remember Larry Ferlinghetti
dont you yeahh he once gave us that that shack in
Big Sur and we stayed there those days remember baby
okay why dont you like hop outside now because Daddy wants to
continue talking alone okay goodbye goodbye love
that was funny eh that trip that passage and that entrance
Yes I really went far on that one I could feel it
was glorious and I wonder whether thats not what the fright
thats what the fright is the fright is the gloriousness of it
of God which returns us always to the world of illusion
for reality of that immortal basis is a place we never can
go no no though we shout this now this only is it
this right this second as you read me do you read me
as you read this as you see this as you take as I hope the
letters upon your tongues make them one with yourselves
at least by devouring them as words are to be eaten
eaten whole even as we do this the thing the thing gets
so deep that its the other side of the otherwhere and I wonder
whether that the thing makes us forever return to the world
even if its in the world of our own selves tucked away somewhere
in some corner in some jacket as who isnt finally isnt
that it and that was the way through the way I had
schismbook down very early very early schism right now
and Beethoven great humanity great humanity I got down
there down outside of the house because I was frightened
went over to my wife sitting reading a Simenon detective
novel on the grass out in the garden out back David
standing near by I walked over and saw them it was really
them Id come for as I do when I am in my fright
the ones I can go to I think it might be difficult without
them I think it might be more difficult without them
I might even crack if thats the expression any more except
that it seems to me Ive already cracked so many times after all
arent all of these whatever they ares cracks cracks in
that in that silence in that lovely silence which some
day we not only hear but see and I just sat there feeling very
high in the head feeling like Buddha and already the
shadow there turning by my being in proximity to and going
out to with need of and for at that moment so deeply alone in my
oh glory that is so frightening and beautiful the great
Mover within ohh to stand in front of it alone one
must really be a teacher then thereafter even though he
probably is ohh but these are just silly old rambley
thoughts dont really mean any more than the shreds and
patches the fools that spoke of y es Ive always loved the fools
the way they came Basehart in La Strada yes ahh there

was a thing there with the fool and the fool the Jew fool
what was that the fool of the Tarot deck the one who walked
off the cliff duffle bag over his shoulder and over the shoulder
of the duffle bag the sun dog bark walking over you knew
right then and there he wasnt going to walk over or in or on
or around but all of it at once which is the only way
all of it at once and every little common shred is it
I look me in the eye every no and then Uher haha
laughter thats laughter I was just laughing at my own pun
of seeing screwball Uher as youher which is another
kind of kiss a marriage kiss withing the kiss of words within
the kiss of syllables within the great kiss of the thirtysecond
hopelessly unidentifiable man to die in Los Angeles this year
today found ultimate and symbolic anonymity in a Main Street
garbage can death came to him there an incredibly gaunt man
the coroner said six feet one inch weighing seventyeight pounds
balding with brownishgrey hair a full beard no teeth numbers on
his arm thus as one can see by the very movement my mind
takes with whatever contrivance whether for the moment I say
now Ill do this or then in the next moment I say now I
wont do this or in the third moment say now Im not thinking
of doing this after ones done it all is just part of one
scheme one flow one river given to us as it is
sometimes when the extremities are extreme like a beautiful
hand of a child pulling what was it they called it
rockabye baby cords tight something happens in the middle
thats a light and its kind of like a not lightningflash
or the deepest puzzle for physics how quasars generate
their phenomenal amounts of energy where does it come
from the conversion of matter into energy as in the Aitchbomb
or the stars or the hard Jewish wham zimzum that I once
experienced in fact as I hope sometime along the way to
tell the whole story of but I dont know if Im ever gonna do it
because it will be trite but itll be the thing was about me
the thing that broke the camels back like they say or
got out that notion of the hard lightningflash blew through
the sounds of the children outside I just ju mp right to
hear them Siegfried little ones I think today may be
kind of a lazy day Im not going back there any more
Im not going back today to the place it all started from
island but kind just like swinging along with the effects
of what began it and then its funny because I known then
the islands I am I mean those that are separated by
periods and that the book which is what I talk about inside
this kind of reel Im talking into and hoping I unwind
and continually make reference to it because its my object
I love the book comes from the tree and the tree is
indeed my own bodee I give to you with distance of

course not being real not being real body to devour
to be barbaric with which of course is not to be barbaric
with or devour even as it kills eats good but for that
hunger for this what this body of present I feel at
the same time Im a fish just jumped out for a moment
hovering above the water lookingdown saying ah yes its water
and there I go again look at here my daughter hi Daddy
she just came in to give a little tinkle in the bucket
weve brought up here from downbelow because the
upstairs lodger hasnt left on time and he has the rights to
the DoubleyouSee and so we all have to live just for this time
in this one room Ruth has decorated with the star maps
Aquarian and Saggitarian individual star maps we picked
up in Paris before we came out and also a poster of
DoubleyouBe back in ElAye announces the third Los Angeles
Filmmakers Festival back last year marvelous looks a
very hardedge New York but its just another piece of the whole
is sixteen hands four up four down for four square as
old lady McPherson said sixteen hands and in each hand
a photograph is inside a tiny hand radio says EfEm and
a death head skeleton reminds me of the concentration camps
a picture of Artaud that DoubleyouBe must have clipped out of
a magazine a bunch of cards theres a woman wrestler
theres Joe Louis knocking somebody out theres a couple of hands
theres one with just the aleph Wally digs olives also
one two three off on this other tangent I keep trying to
go back to what was it yes and when I remember the island
of course I remember it in terrms of a story like a narrative
unfolding uhh in a sense I can see the beginning and
umm I mean I can see the physical beginning I return to the
island you know thats a nice title for a book
We Came to the Island and umm etcetera etcetera etcetera
the natural fact I uhh what happened while I was on
the island which is you know a corny tale of uhh of uhh
infidelity adultery lust jealousy hatred violence
while I was there going through all this my thoughts were
going back to try and find out in the present that is what was
the origin of the thing that was happening to me that is
umm the lady tripped out with another man a very simple story
one of the oldest in the world and as a result of going back
to the beginning I trying to find the origin saw that
the island that was the origin in the physical fact was not
the origin in the umm in the physical fact or to put it
another way there was another kind of origin and it wasnt
something that was physical it was something that was physical
and here of course I could expect any minute my wife if she
came up except nowadays Ruthie does not want to hear anything
about my work and frankly I dont want her to hear anything

about my work Im frightened a little of finally showing
her all of this because Im also still a little uh
uh a little hesitant about going further except I cant help it
if you understand what I mean because I have to go further
but Im a little hesitant about going further because I always
had this thing with her at the end and now also feel
immediately about four different certain kinds Jewish comedians
who are talking this kind of language from the stage of somewhere
in Las Vegas or New York or my old mansville Bronx
or working under various guises in certain mustaches
at any rate the lady you know I mean JayEm is what
my son calls her right now and boy do I feel now very much
like a Jew of the nineteen thirties nineteen forties school
you know theyre beautiful beautiful people in the
sense that they are in a certain beat the time warp guardian
swing out on moving picture stream proves forgetful professor be
anyone be prince romance hifi here playback and see for
yourself sense incarnations of my own father therefore
to a certain extent my brothers this has to do with say
something like when we were coming out of Los Angeles en route
all the way to Europe which was this kind of a bar
wed never been to Las Begas umm and had uhh what was it a a a
well we got to Las Begas must have been about eleven thirty
at night lets see yeah so we dropped the kids off
immediately had a motel there with a swimming pool was
kind of a cajoler to the kids they can get up in the morning
and jump in that swimming pool so they went to sleep
and since never having had any difficulty that way weve been
able pretty much to put them in bed and let them go to sleep
and they think what I think is true umm that they have
parents who what I dont know I guess we do kind of run out
on them but then they seem to know it doesnt really seem
to hit them that hard if it does let it there are
other things in life and well keep moving them along too
out in certain places going for drives or well you know
taking cross country trips living the good American life
or of course not living a life that has to do with umm
but I dont know anymore actually in fact whether we really
answer their needs you know I find as a matter of fact what
we answer is not needs but beings there thats what I
mean beings there thats it the great shot is beings there
you know but then Im against the business of being alone
except for writers uhh and other crazy people who uhh
who I guess have to be alone except when their sons drop in
on a tape recording anyway it was Los Angeles I mean it
was Los Angeles where it began after after New Hampshire
where it began which was well before that it was the
midwest where it began and New York where it began and

uhh the City College of New York where not right there it began but in a bar uhh across the street an Irishmans bar there was this very close friend of mine Jim Moran umm who uh was my good friend worked together at night at the Associated Press downtown and wed go to school by day and go as Jim would say cynicling down Broadway after work looking into uh motormens eyes and uh neons looking at girls stopping in dance night just to see if anyone was around the Hotel Victoria he was a hes a little Irishman works as editor now for a big Jersey newspaper he and I would have there was a good drinky thing about it a lot of Irish in there because I was very Jew Irish uhh in fact its said Ruth and I look a bit Irish each one of us in our separate ways anyway we Jim and I would read Kafka all the time thered be Kafka laugh all the time Jim because of some religious twitch yeah because he as an apostate Catholic one of the guys who sat at the Dantealighieri table there were nonapostate Catholics and then apostate Catholics whatever that meant there were Catholics whatever that meant big Bob Kelly who writes poetry in New York was there too sitting looming big in big vest Jim was small had a freckled face laugh with a kind of gallows tightwinched man Im tied up in the strangle knot of the drink of me old man master I was I dont know what I was I mean looked like I dont know what I look like ever thats the thing at any rate I Jim would laugh that way wed laugh with Kafka roll over and belly laugh all night long up in somebodys house on 72nd St or 58th St or when the parties were lousy or wed just laugh Kafka old Franz between us being very literary boys and all I dont know why I turned that off what do you mean well I mean I dont know why I did it thats a nice haircut I didnt cut my hair ya what I didnt cut my hair you didnt cut your hair whatd you do to it then I just combed it ahh why did you think who did you think cut my hair I dont kno ohh thats like you its like me what do you mean nothing no tell me I wanna hear nothing aw come on tell me you know what today is whats today the seven hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Magna Carta od do you know what the Magna Carta is yess no yes we read it and we saw Queen Elizabeth really youre going to be talking English in a very bit you know I wish there was something I could do like what I wish you could take me I want to get the coin album and the Churchill what I wanna get a coin album and a Churchill you know Ive been here long enough and I want to get one you wanna get a coin album and a Church whats a Churchill the original new Churchill crown theyre making a new Churchill crown yes ahhh they dont make crowns any you mean

its a coin yes ahh oh a crown oh they dont make crowns very much no they dont make them anymore they dont make them anymore hmm I wish you would take me never mind no tell me I wanted to go for a drive around London or get it well first of all weve only been here a short time and things are developing and well take a drive I assure you well go and jump around London we did go you remember to the park the other day but then you have school so what are you complaining about I have homework today but I dont know if I should do it right now well why not did you read the Superman yes and Im gonna keep it out here and I wish youd quit what did it say what do you mean I couldnt read it I just looked at it why couldnt you read it I cant read Greek hahaha oh Daddy Im sorry son you knew perfectly well right that was an insincere thought Daddy I was thinking of something else what you wouldnt like never mind you wouldnt like never mind you wouldnt like to hear me play my autoharp I certainly would like to hear you play your autoharp Im going to play for the band next Monday youre going to play for the band next Monday what do you mean lets see wheres the big box why dont you play it up here okay wheres the box oh there it is I cant play it on your lap Im sorry Ill play it down on the trunk all right will you hold this pick here the pick is that the pick why did you have it in this glass cause Mommy put it in there ohh here and and what what would you like to hear me play why are you whats the matter with your breathing you sound like youre breathing through the nose too much oh oh I know what I did I tried to breathe under water and I got some soap in my mouth oh I see what song would you like to hear me play I would like to hear you play what you want to play but I dont know what to play you dont know what to play well play anything hold it I know what Ill play Ill try Carry Me Back what was that that youre gonna play what do you mean what are you going to play Carry Me Back Carry Me Back all right its really hard where are you going I have to eat now Papa he has to eat thatll be a big surprise tomorrow when you have that so the cry came up to call David down to supper and a lot went on there from the time I last had contact with uhh the machine that is I turned it off uhh just as it was about to turn into Carry Me Back to Old Virginny because suddenly I thought of the book that I wanted to tape David and umm I began to feel bad you know using your son that way etcetera etcetera so I umm turned off the tape yet at the same time stupidly told David umm Id something or other was obviously drifting and he of course got upset disturbed walked around in his little eightyearold boys way of rejection said uhh

said nothing so at that point I really felt Id done him dirty
so I got up and said come on lets talk about baseball
and we started talking about baseball lying there on the bed
and looking out I saw he was much happier when he was talking
to me he didnt like being alone either except that it
struck me at that very moment that I was probably more alone
than Id ever been because hes been so far distant ever since
we came off the island everything seems so far distant
only this insane thought about t! e book the book achh
everybodys book all the words fall into it and
anyway we talked about baseball I got up this mythical thing
because since we havent been able to read the newspapers here
I dont get in touch with the baseball scores and neither do s he so
I made up this thing like who at this moment in the United States
was winning was leading in both leagues uhh lets make a
guess and tomorrow or the next time I was downtown Picadilly
Id pick up a copy of the Times and wed try to check against it
he said he didnt know but he thought the Dodgers would win
the pennant at any rate the conversation went along that way
for some time not that way but drifting separating
that is looking at him recognizing answering directly
with clarity responding like they say and then not responding
responding to myself inside not seeing him looking off and
me saying to myself gee later on hes gonna get up and say what
a rejecting old man his old man was uhh or maybe he wont
maybe what Ruth said was true uh the kids accept us
for what we are no matter what because theyre kids
and then I think them Im a kid too because Im trying to
accept myself for what I am now as they say or rather Im
accepting myself for what I am right now in this moment in time
ahh at any rate finally he turned to me said Daddy and
he pointed to my three notebooks the blue green and red
and I dont particularly feel like going any further except I
gave him the notebooks I mean I gave him one of the notebooks
he looked at me rather strangely surprisingly it was one of
my prize possessions unbelievingly and I made up another
contrivance in my head and told him that he could have the book
my blue beautiful notebook from Athens if umm he uhh took care
of it and wrote a story in it he took it and began writing
immediately a story called Pinnochio which hed started writing
on the island going up to Avas then he stopped writing
in the middle of like no I think he just stopped writing
he just stopped writing he didnt stop writing in the middle of
all the slambang that Ruth and I were going on with on the island
he just stopped by himself but now he wanted to do it
again so I thought it was okay and he said after a few
minutes bent over the pen writing his little story in the book
umm lets keep it a secret or we wont tell Mama which of
course I suppose makes him a JayEs at any rate that where

we come in or came in where I now pick it up these are
only strands you see that theres a strand three sentences back
keeps recurring and I go back over there pick it up and carry
it over here and make a little knot in which sense I can
just talk about the book and never really begin the book never
had no intention of of ever beginning the book except
that in fact thats all I do continually begin the book
in a sense uhh I suppose then in terms of anything
one can surmise that but its best perhaps to have an object
in mind or as the I Ching said to see with clarity
an objective danger outside which was umm what I threw last
night was the first night that we threw the I Ching
together on the island we threw it with Norman and Berjouhi
and it was the first time for them been
worried about Berjouhi when I come to think of it her peculiar
clinging which maybe is no clinging finally its just
the truly wonderful climate the primitive beauty of the
landscape the grey rocks the spots of green scattered
among the whitewashed houses and the clear sparking sea
the same welcome offered to foreigner and Greek to rich or
poor alike even the old mansions of the best families
opened to all willing to visit them but then Im in a more
than receptive and accepting mood now and others clinging
and bad things go on she feels nothing no passion she says
she wants passion me when of course its not in there
the passion and of course we all know that to be true and yet
yet we forget it at every sound so at any rate I thought
maybe the Ching would help her I still dont know if it
helped me or actually has caused what might at any moment be a
complete and total breakdown or breakup or breakinto
meteoric scatters of mind thats the stars you see
these that Ive always been interested in and thats the great
novae moving or the fireplace sparks you see I dont know
if thats it Im just going to go on and maybe Ill stumble
there I dont know at any rate we threw the Ching
and Berjouhi had some Waiting as I recall it was and Norman
had something and started out uhh the way you know two
people married couple starts out they sit at one end of the
table and the other one sits at the other end of the table and
there was Ruth and I at the other ends and somehow you get close
to a person if youre in the house with when you throw the
I Ching I know that was the way on the island I said to Ruth
did she want to throw it and she kind of hesitated a little bit
said she was still working on the one shed thrown on the island
and so I threw it and mine came up the Abysmal
water above water below and she kind of laughed and ran off
into the not ran off but walked walked out had to go
to the DoubleyouSee but it struck me it wasnt like her to

really do that you know to leave a situation that way
I was disturbed and so I said Id wait till she got back and
when she did get back she sat down listened to what I said
what I read you know which I try to live by and then
she threw hers which came up Meng as I think it was
Youthful Folly and we both laughed and smiled at that as I
began to read it to her because that was the one the Youthful
Folly thing was the chapter was the one that George first
mentioned on the island that night he came to us that
night Ill never forget as long as I live at any rate
umm later on last night when we were up together in bed
she said the reason why she smiled was that before we left the
island George had taken her aside and showed her a chapter
in the I Ching which he said had done him some good and it
was the Abysmal chapter that I threw she said umm she said
that she didnt understand what it was about and then there
it was it was on me now and I wonder if she no she
couldnt possibly understand no more than I can understand
all that went on that night except I know that we were
sitting there having dinner and there were those things
probably underneath they always were and the place was very cold
cold walls wood long wooden table which we kind of
talked ourselves into liking at first or no we did like
we liked it we liked it at first and then it became
something hard and cold me sitting there all day writing
that talismanic Yod down on the page and Im burning
burning with cold fire great rigidity waste rigidity
it was that night I remember the kids had gone up to bed
there was that knock and suddenly there was George
who had given me more than a twinge I wasnt sure of anything then
the night before at the Living Theater when Ruth got very
drunk and fell into his arms was very dutiful really for
the first time brought her a cup of coffee now here was
George again it just looked like what it was it was
you know like you know he was taken by my wife
which is I suppose what happens every day of the year and every
hour of the day somewhere only it had never quite happened
to me possibly because I was driving so you know
driving driving driving where was I driving to but I was
driving driving uhh its not unlike the driving thats
going on right now in fact its the same kind of driving
except I have the feeling when I when I speak of it I mean
the driving and I think of it in terms of a past life something
happened really on the island inside me was a stop
was like I reached a point and stopped and then pivoted and turned
wheres Dave and that turning I dont know how to uhh I dont
know hes down eating arent you eating I finished and Mommy
didnt give any dessert wow wow were you playing with
the cards no uh yeah David and I had a game oh can I play

with you after what well not now just let me finish what I have to do because I was in the middle of a little story I was telling could you take off this what this what the the skirt or the blouse the skirt the skirt the skirt okay hooray you got it off yahh where was I oh yes umm there was driving that thing wait a minute hey uhh are you getting undressed now yeahh oh Jesus could you hold on just a few minutes why because I wanna Id like to be alone well I cant Ive gotta tell something alone all right okay all right Ill go on telling it for some reason or other I didnt want Cooey to hear what I was going to tell but Ill let her hear anyway its okay at any rate there was this uhh uhh this great drive what was it uhh it was uhh well I dont know I think maybe not its not really to tell to childrens ears theyll find out in time and you know its kind of silly and cowardly to go through all the specifics without just expecially with a child around because that doesnt do anything but but oh now shes coming over and shes making and shes shaking up because she doesnt know what its all about and neither do I right baby right come in what I mean why go to why go to places that are going to cause idiocy right could you play with me after this play with you what yes Ill play with you afterward just l ' me finish this little riff Im going through and then at an ime along the way you can simply turn it off theres no uhh heres no stopping just close the button and say thats it it hap ens that people do it all the time only I never met one who did it quite that way I mean a machine and this might be the difference between it and me in the last analysis if at all possibly the machine goes umm off I mean it completely turns off dead umm but those who are turned off dead Daddy I dont know if theyre Daddy will you play with me what now if you dont mind can I just finish this Cooey please how long I dont see much more on the band you know all right so well be with you in a scond now you made me lose my thought now what am I gonna do just think of it just think of it okay so thus the child gives the great philosophy of life just think of it theres nothing to get upset about I meant that in a very complimentary way dear Davids going to probably be coming down he will David will be coming down up I said oh up okay I think I have to play cards okay all right would you take it over and play by yourself somewhere I want you to play play play solitaire erkkkhahaha why are you laughing I wanna listen to your story go on all right Im gonna tell the story of King Abbacock King Abbacock was was the brother of King Abraxis and they both lived in magical times Abbacock walked down the street one day and met Abraxis

he said how about you and me exchanging names so Abbacock exchanged names with Abraxis in the following way what is it Abbacock became Abcabrax and and Abraxis became Abracock no Abracadabra Abracadabra of course and that of course is the magical word that keeps us moving right abracadabra at every moment at every turn okey you ready of course okay seven cards each seven cards each were playing Fish were playing Fish okay go oh should we play down there or up here playing Fish how do you play Fish you know how no I dont know love lets play down here no no lets stand up here I cant all right before we play anything as long as youre gonna stake this out I might as well use you too okay because Im just recording sounds on the rec on the thing they dont mean anything but what were doing right now which is talking yes its going and why shouldnt we youre my daughter Im your father right okay now lets play cards with it well uh no all right you wanna play cards all right well play cards one two three four five how many do you want five six seven you dont know how to play Fish Ill teach you you get them in order like jack king queen you get em in order like jack cleen ting yeah and then what do you do and then I ask you for something and if you have it you give it to me and if you dont you pick from the pile what say that again if you have it you give it to you all right ask me for something or if you dont have it you pick it get it its your turn okay do you have a ten do I have a ten no no haha I guess its on the bottom do you have a ten do I have a ten no you have to pick now its your turn do you have a seven yeah now I throw this down right no you just pick it up you just put it there do you have a three yeah haha I got you with a three do you have an ace ace no do you have an ace of diamonds you cant ask me that you have to pick one how can you have an ace of diamonds if I have the ace of diamonds hahaha but now you have to pick what hahaha all right theres a seven all right now what oh you awwwwww what I dont understand okay yeahueahueahueahueah your right eight of diamonds I have to keep picking dont I noo oh I thought this was like Knucks oh what are you playing were playing Fish she calls it oh do you have a a a four huh do you no see your turn do you have a king no now you pick go on do you have a I got rid of my sevens well if youre gonna do that youll knock over the lamp look you dropped three cards I dropped three cards are these yours yes did you have them emmhuh okay then theyre yours you need some okay not its your turn whose turn is it yours yeah whos turn is it mine right yeah do you have a a king a king no then I have to pick

yeah do you have a ten no then I have to pick Daddy
yes what is it no you may speak speak no but its private between
you and me all right come whisper it then to me is it
about uhh yeah go ahead I wanna do it but Cooey is
watching thats all right if you can go you know do you wanna
write now yeah write but then shell see me and you know
no no dont worry about it shell see you but then youll
shell understand because well tell her wont you understand what
well I gave David a little book that I want him to write in
its all right awww Oh Cooey now you dont start that owww
she acts as if everything she gets Ill tell you what you will have
you will have the whaddyacallit the uhh you will have
a book at the bookstore that I will go and get Ill get you a
notebook too but I can only give one away now okay okay
now whose turn is it ummm Im gonna write in this notebook
but dont you dare tell anyone about it king heres a king
noo you got some more hahaha whatd you ask me you
I asked you before for fours and now its your turn for four
no all right I ask you for a jack awwwyichhh you got
jack huhuh jack of diamonds is that the jack of diamonds
thats the jack of diamonds do you have a four you were
supposed to give it to me before Oh Im sorry all right I
give em to you oh nono its tough you gave it you asked
but he didnt pick it now no he didnt did you pick it just now
no I did you just pick this four I dont know how I got
those fours as a matter of fact okay now its my turn
yes its your turn no your turn because I gave it to you
the jack of diamonds right ohh hahahaha whats so funny
I did it to him again hahaha I just put it down Cooey thinks
its hilarious its on the tape recorder no were not putting
it on the tape recorder are we putting it on the tape recorder
yess well all right well isnt it on tape thats all right
let it go on tape do you mind yeahletitgo Artaud
what are you screaming out Artaud for come on come on what
time is it down with China hahaha you ham okay its
my turn right yes do you have a four no you dont
Daddy how do you spell introduction i n t r o d u c t i o n
how eye en yes tee are oh dee you see tee eye oh en
okay okay go on its your turn jack of jack do you
have a do you have a do you have an ace ace no ohh
all right what are you putting down shhh dont scream so much
what are you putting down heheheh oh Im sorry Im not
doing anything right heheehee you appreciate that dont you
heeheehee you appreciate that dont you okay do you have an
eight I have two eights hahahah theyre for you do you
have sixes I have one six do you have fives I have no
fives hahahah what are you laughing about I gotta five
dont scream hahahahah what are you doing me yes

yes you okay do you have a five

London, England
summer, 1965

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Russell Edson: (2 pieces

THE DIFFICULTY WITH A TREE

A woman was fighting a tree. The tree had come to rage at the woman's attack, and broke from its earth and waddled after her with its great root feet. God-damn these humans, it roared with birds shrieking in its branches.
Look out, you'll fall on me, you bastard, screamed the woman as she hit at the tree.
The tree hit and hit with its leafy branches. The woman kicked and bit, screaming, kill me, kill me or I'll kill you.

Her husband came running. What tree has lost patience? he cried.
Get the axe, get the axe, damn fool, screamed the woman.
Oh no, roared the tree as it dragged its long roots, rhythmically limping like a sea lion toward the husband.
No, wait. I'm not in this, cried the husband.
Oh you're not in this, mimicked the woman with cruelty.
I don't know what this is all about, oughtn't we to talk about it? cried the husband.
When you see me killing something you should reason that it will want to kill me back, she screamed.

But before the husband could decide what was the next action to perform the tree had murdered them both.

Before the woman died she screamed, do you see... ?
And the husband answered, what? ... Then he died.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

A small girl had been given a pony because the anniversary of her entrance into this state had come around.

Take your pony behind the house and mount him. We do not wish to see you make a mockery of modesty as your little gown blows up to reveal those lace under garments, which are worn to keep your excretory openings in decorous hiding, said her mother.

The small girl led the pony around the house and proceeded to mount the small horse.

Do not get on my back, I don't want you there, said the pony.

It is my birthday, said the girl.

That does not mean you shall get on my back, said the pony.

When the small girl returned to her parents and advised them of the pony's attitude, they replied, get away from us.

Father said, you are only trying to create a situation where we shall be forced to view your underclothes.

No no, it is the pony who refuses to cooperate, cried the little girl.

We do not want you to be here anymore, said her mother.

Indeed, said father, I would rather the pony to this child.

The little girl began to cry.

Yes, said mother, I believe the pony will be our new child. In which case today shall be the pony's birthday, said father.

And our daughter who is no longer our daughter shall be a gift to the pony, said mother.

The little girl was crying.

You will give the pony your pretty dress and lace loin cloth. We shall not worry about your modesty because now you are an animal which is to be given to our son on his birthday. And so they dressed the pony in their little daughter's clothes.

They said to the pony, take this animal behind the house and mount it, for we have no wish to be advised as to what you wear on your excretory area...

Soon the pony came around the house riding the naked little girl; she was crying.

Charles Stein: (2 poems

DON JUAN POEM

1

He has taught himself
the vantage of a crow

and the vantage
of a hawk.

Small towns light up.

The dead elk
is full of night life.

He reads the year.

He reads the contours
of the air.

2

Night comes.
First it is noon.
Fences blister.
The red shirt wins.

Soon the passage
of carriages
from the old days.

He learns the vantage of Squires and Dukes
and the vantages
of barges.

Everything is putative.

You give up on
the mule sounds
and on the white door step
the foot print vanishes.

Soon night comes.

3

He has taught
himself to venture

and all the way
in the west

it is still morning

and all the way to the south

My Lady of Coral Bracelets
sits out my venturing.

I said
it was time
to pull down fruit.

I felt the bark.

I worked old carvings.
Boats came
at the edge of the desert.

And all the way to the south
it is still morning.

4

Up the block
at the back of the locked house

the moon
spills
what the blue river sends to me.

You can't go up the block
to the locked house.

The moon
spills

what the river sends to me.

5

I haven't
removed
red shadows.

Black gulls take
to deep hotels.

White dice burn.
Junk knuckles in her arteries.

I made up my mind
hours ago. There's nothing.

Birds came down.
In the rain.

6

Noon comes.

Greater birds
ride up on the heat from marshes.

The eagles
ride up

and fond
terns
stop at the gate.

Cold air
imagines
a man there

out at the shoes

when it is not
summer

and it is not
fashion.

They burn
the woods
burn
the carpet
scorch the pink paper
off palace furniture.

Immaculate encampments of silver.

Soon noon comes.

GLOUCESTER POEM

bitter boughs . fruit everywhere .

everywhere the sea .

When the earth breathes deep its lovely air
pitched to the red

Plato' s earth
whose deep soul spreads
throughout and to
extremities .

Something is real Keats said .

The sundown .

.

fruit everywhere

.

everywhere the garden
our bodies

sprung in the garden

.

Heraclitus said

alone in sleep
men live in different worlds

.

bitter boughs alone everywhere

the world .

And what is this loveliness
our bodies
hung in the garden
upside down
with the sun in a pit in our hearts

happen to the wind
that blows these rags
her mind strung out

as much as the wind
happens over slight sea waves
and two horns blow
the signs of this locality
alone everywhere
whose envelope
the fog.

.

the garden
happens to the wind

white
flower rising from the bottom of the soul

pitched out far to the red where the land
breathes
periods of light

and the red

flower
rises
from the bottom of the soul

*

Denise Levertov:

FROM A NOTEBOOK: OCTOBER '68--MAY '69

Part I

i

Revolution or death. Revolution or death.
Wheels would sing it
but railroads are obsolete,
we are among the clouds, gliding, the roar
a toneless constant.
Which side are you on?
Revolution, of course. Death is Mayor Daley.
This revolution has no blueprints, and
('What makes this night different
from all other nights?')
is the first that laughter and pleasure aren't shot down in.

Life that
wants to live.
(Unlived life
of which one can die.)
I want the world to go on
unfolding. The brain
not gray except in death, the photo I saw
of prismatic radiance pulsing from live tissue.
I see Dennis Riordon and de Courcy Squire,
gentle David Worstell, intransigent Chuck Matthei
blowing angel horns at the imagined corners.
Jennie Orvino singing
beatitudes in the cold wind
outside a Milwaukee courthouse.
I want their world--in which they already live,
they're not waiting for demolition and reconstruction.
'Begin here.'
Of course I choose
revolution.

ii

And yet, yes, there's the death
that's not the obscene sellout, the coprophiliac spasm
that smears the White House walls with its desensitized
thumbs.

Death lovely,
whispering,
a drowsy numbness . . .
'tis not
from envy of thy happy lot
lightwinged dryad . . .
Even the longest river . . .

Revolution or death. Love
aches me. . . . river
winds somewhere to the sea.

iii

Shining of Lorie's hair, swinging
alive, color of new copper--

who has died and risen.
'What am I doing here? I had died--'
(The nurses are frightened. The doctor
refuses to tell what happened those four hours.)
whose body at twenty-three is at war
within itself
trying to die again,

whose 'psychic energy' pulls her ten ways:
sculpture poetry painting
psychology photography teaching
cookery love Chinese philosophy
physics

If she can live I can live.

iv

Trying one corner after another
to flag down a cab
at last unthinking as one at last
seems to see me,
I run into the traffic--
screech of brakes,
human scream, mine,

anger of drivers and shocked pedestrians
yelling at me!
Is that how death is,
that poor, that trivial? I' m
not even frightened, only ashamed,
the driver almost refusing me,
scolding me half the way to the airport, I
strenuous to convince him I' m not
a habitual public danger.
So close to death and thinking only
of being forgiven by strangers.

v

Gliding among clouds. The will to live
pulses. Radiant emanations
of living tissue, visible only
to some photo-eye we know
sees true because mind' s dream-eye,
inward gage, confirms it.
Confirmation,
a sacrament.

Around the Fish
(it' s reproduced here in the magazine the air-hostess gives me)
rearranges itself as Around the--
Nature of Death, is it? How
to Live, What to Do?

Back in my room
after yet another return home,
first thing I see is a picture postcard
that stood on the windowledge all summer,
somehow not seen. An Assyrian relief. The wings
(as I look at the words I' ve written, ' gliding among clouds')
draw me to pick it up and examine it:
a sturdy muscular being it shows,
thick-bearded, heavy-sandalled;
wings made for crossing from world to world.
His hair is bound with a wreath;
in his left hand he grips
a thickstemmed plant bearing five blossoms.
Who sent him?
I turn the card over--ah! at once
I know the hand--Bill Rose' s. This was his message to me,
six months ago, unanswered. Is now the newly dead--
less than three weeks--trying to speak to me
one last time?

How to live and the will to live,
what was recalled to me of those
rainbow pulsations some Russian scientist
discovered,
the choosing
always before me now that sings itself
quietly, revolution or death
cluster about some center
unknown, shifting but retaining--
snowflake forms in a kaleidescope--
a character that throughout all transformations
reveals them connatural.
And to that cluster
this winged genie from Nimrud
now adds himself,
last sign from a friend whose life
failed him in some way long before death:
a man my age
a man deeply dissatisfied
as he told me once.

' It came on very suddenly; he found out at the end of the summer that nothing could be done for him, so to make the waiting easier, he decided to go on teaching. But within a few weeks of that decision, he was dead.'

And someone else writes: ' Mr. Rose was such a lone figure; he lived alone; you mostly saw him alone; and that' s what' s so hard to take: he died alone. I never knew him except by sight.'

Is there anything
I write any more that is not
elegy?
Goldengrove
is unleaving all around me; I live
in goldengrove; all day
yesterday and today the air has been filled
with that hesitant downwardness;
the marigolds, the pumpkin, must be sought out
to be seen, the grass
is covered with that cloth, the roads'
margins illuminated.

vi

Learned--not for the first time--my ' roots in the 19th century' put me
out of touch.

Born in the ' 20' s, but a late child, my parents' memories
pivoting on their first meeting, Constantinople, 1910, and
returning into the ' 90' s. Reading, I went straight from
Grimm and Andersen to the 19th-century novel. Until the
war--1939--there was a muffin-man who came by in foggy
winter dusks, tea-time, ringing his bell, his wares balanced
on his head according to the mysteries of his trade as if
Dickens were still alive--
The ' Ode to a Nightingale' was the first and only poem I
ever learned by heart. Thus, when I wrote, translating,
' purged of legend, ' the reader' s thought was of Stalin, while
my intention was something more graphic than the literal
' cured' --

and again when I said the sun approached
' to study the flower, ' the reader--
to whom I would give
all that arms can hold, eyes
encompass--
alas, thought of a tedious process,
grade-points, term-papers--while I had meant ' study--e. g. ,
I study your face intently
but its secret eludes me, '
or, ' he took her hand and studied
the strong fingers, the veins,
the curious ring. '

Without a terrain in which, to which, I belong,
language itself is my one home, my Jerusalem,

yet time and the straddled ocean
undo me, maroon me,
(roadblocks, the lines down)--
I choose
revolution but my words
often already don' t reach forward
into it--
(perhaps)

Whom I would touch
I may not,
whom I may
I would
but often do not.

My diction marks me
untrue to my time;

change it, I' d be
untrue to myself.
I study
a face intently
Learning.
Beginning to learn.
And while
I study,
O, in that act
of passionate attention
A drowsy numbness
pains my sense.
Too happy in thy happiness.
Love of living. That wants to live. Unlived life.
whisper
of goldengrove . . .

Entr' acte

i

Last of October, light thinning
toward the cold. Deep shadow.

Yellow honey, the ridge, a grove ' thrown into relief, '
of tamaracks, lurid, glamorous
upon the breast of
moving darkness, clouds thick with
gunmetal blue.

It becomes
November without one' s knowing it.
Broad rays from southwest-by-west
single out one by one
the fixed parts of earthscape.

And into the first snowstorm (marooned)
the lines down
no phone
no lights
no heat
gastank for cooking about to give out
car stuck in the driveway.

We find candles.
We light up the woodstove which was all we
used to have anyway, till a few weeks back.

ii

A fly I thought dead
on its back on the windowsill,
grayed, shrivelled,

slowly waves.
Yes, what would be its right arm
dreamily moves--out--in--out again
twice, three times.
It seems
flies dream in dying.

iii

Four p. m. --pleasure
in exercise
in air,
in sound of brook
under and out from
thin ice

pleasure
of chest and shoulders
pushing air that' s
not cold enough to hurt.

Jumping
into snowbank--
no sound--

pleasure--

But to the eye
terror of a kind:

black-and-white photo world
not night yet
but at four p. m.
no light we know

hemlock and cedar a toneless black,
snowtufted trunks and boughs
black, sky white, birches
whiter, snow
infinitely whiter: all things

muted: deprived
of color, as if
color were utterance.
A terror
as of eclipse.
The whites graying.

iv

George told me, and then I read it in Beckett,
Proust had a bad memory,
the only kind worth having,
Beckett argues: there' s no remembrance
and so no revelation,
for those Admirable, terrifying, unimaginable Chrichtons
who don' t disremember nothing, keep
the whole works in mind.
No pain. No sharp stabs of recall. No revelation.

I stretch in luxury; knowledge of the superb badness
of my memory gives me a sense of having thick fur,
a tail, and buried somewhere
a sweet bone, rotten, enticing . . .

What pain! What sharp stabs of recall! What revelations!
The black taste of life, the music
angel tongues buzz when my paws nuzzle it
out into light!

v

Again to hold--' capture' they say--
moments and their processions in palm
of mind' s hand.
Have you ever,
in stream or sea,
felt the silver of fish
pass through your hand-hold? not to stop it,
block it from going onward, but feel it
move in its wave-road?
To make
of song a chalice,
of Time,
a communion wine.

Part II

Can' t go further.
If there' s to be a
second part, it' s not
a going beyond, I' m
still here.

To dig down,
to re-examine.

. . . . . .

What is the revolution I' m driven
to name, to live in? --that now roars,
a toneless constant, now
sings itself?

It' s in the air: no air
to breathe without
scent of it,
pervasive:
odor of snow,
freshwater,
stink of dank
vegetation recomposing.

--Yet crisply
the moon' s risen,
full, complete.
Secret uprising (last time I looked,
surely not long since,
dark was
as complete).
The snow fields have been
taken over
(glistening crust of ice upon snow
in driftwaves, curves of stilled
wind-caress, bare to the moon
in silence of adoration).

If it were so for us!
But that' s the moon' s world.

. . . . . .

Robert reminds me revolution

implies the circular: an exchange
of position, the high
brought low, the low
ascending, a revolving,
an endless rolling of the wheel. The wrong word.
We use the wrong word. A new life
isn't the old life in reverse, negative of the same photo.
But it's the only
word we have . . .

. . . . . .

Chuck Matthei
travels the country
a harbinger.
(He's 20. His golden beard was pulled and clipped
by a Wyoming sheriff, but no doubt has grown
again
though he can't grow knocked-out teeth.
He wears sneakers even in winter,
to avoid animal-hide; etc.)
And on his journeyings bears
my poem 'A Man'
to prisoners in the jails.
Of Mitch I wrote it,
even before anyone heard
the voice he
brought to song.
But Chuck has found in it
a message for all who resist war,
disdain to kill,
try to equate
'human' with 'humane.'
(And if his intransigeance
brings us another despair
and we call it 'another form of agression,'
don't we confess--
wishing he had a sense of humor--
our own extremity?)

'Living a life' the poem begins.
'--the beauty of deep lines
dug in your cheeks'
and ends,
'you pick out
your own song from the uproar,

line by line,
and at last throw back

your head and sing it.'

Next on the mimeograph follows:

' THERE IS ONLY AS MUCH PEACE AS THERE ARE PEACEFUL PEOPLE'

(A. J. Muste)

Then Chuck has written:

This is your only life--live it well!

No one man can bring about a social change--
but each man' s life is a whole and necessary part of his society,
a necessary step in any change,
and a powerful example of the possibility of life for others.
Let all of our words and our actions speak the possibility of peace and cooperation between men.
Too long have we used the excuse:
' I believe in peace, but that other man does not--when he lays down his arms, then I will follow.'

Which of us deserves to wait to be the last good man on earth; how long will we wait if all of us wait?

Let each man begin a one-man revolution of peace and mutual aid--so that there is at least that much peace . . . a beginning; . .

A beginning
Where shall we
begin?
Can' t go
further.
Time, says the old Canon,
in Den' s Saurat' s Death and the Dreamer,
is not a sequence,
as man' s simplicity thinks, but radiates out from a center
every direction,
all
dimensions
(pulsations, as from living cells, radiant--

. . . . . .

May 14th, 1969--Berkeley

Went with some of my students to work in the People' s Park. There seemed to be plenty of digging and gardening help so we decided, as Jeff had his truck available, to shovel

up the garbage that had been thrown into the west part of the lot and take it out to the city dump.

O happiness
in the sun! Is it
that simple, then,
to live?
--crazy rhythm of
scooping up barehanded
(all the shovels already in use)
careless of filth and broken glass
--scooping up garbage together
poets and dreamers studying
joy together, clearing
refuse off the neglected, newly recognized,
humbly waiting ground, place, locus, of what could be our New World even now, our revolution, one and one and one and one together, black children swinging, green guitars, that energy, that music, no one
telling anyone what to do,
everyone doing,
each leaf of
the new grass near us
a new testament . . .

Out to the dump:
acres of garbage glitter and stink in a wild sunlight, gulls float and scream in the brilliant sky,
polluted waters bob and dazzle, we laugh, our arms ache,
we work together
shoving and kicking and scraping to empty our truckload
over the bank
even though we know
the irony of adding to the Bay fill, the System has us there--
but we love each other and return to the Park

Thursday, May 15th
At 6 a. m. the ominous zooming, war-sound, of helicopters breaks into our sleep.
To the Park:
ringed with police.
Bulldozers have moved in.
Barely awake, the people--
those who had made for each other
a green place--
begin to gather at the corners.

Their tears fall on sidewalk cement.

The fence goes up, twice a man' s height.
Everyone knows (yet no one yet
believes it) what all shall know
this day, and the days that follow:
now, the clubs, the gas,
bayonets, bullets. The War
comes home to us . . .

. . . . . .

WHAT PEOPLE CAN DO

1. Be in the streets--they' re ours!
2. Report any action you have witnessed or been involved in that should be broadcast to keep the people informed. Especially call to report the location of any large groups of people, so those people who have been separated may regroup . . .
3. The Free Church and Oxford Hall medical aid stations need medical supplies, especially:
   --gauze pads
   --adhesive tape
   --plastic squeeze bottles.
4. PLEASE do not go to the Free Church unless you have need to.
5. Photographers and filmmakers: Contact Park Media Committee.
6. Bail money will be collected at tables outside the COOP grocery stores:
   --Telegraph Ave. store: Monday
   --University Ave. store: Tuesday
   --Shattuck Ave. store: Wed. & Thurs.
7. BRING YOUR KITE AND FLY IT. Use nylon strings. Fly it when you are with a crowd. A helicopter cannot fly too near flying kites.
8. Be your brothers' and sisters' keeper.
9. Take care.

' change is now
change is now
things that seem to be solid are not'

The words came through, transistor
turned up loud. The music, the beat,
lost now, but
the words hang on.

Revolution: a crown of tree
raises itself out of the heavy
flood.
A branch lifts
under null skies' weight
pushes against
walls of air, flashing
clefts in it.

The floodwaters
stir, mud
swirls to the surface.

A hand, arm
lifts in the crawl--
hands, arms, intricate
upflashing--
a sea full of swimmers!
their faces' quick steady
lift for air--

Maybe what seems
evanescent is solid.

Islands
step out of the waves on rock feet.

*

Kenneth Irby:

FRAGMENTS

The eye
circles, and seeks
in this long map of California
a rest
along the Central Valley
looks down
keeping the corners out
open toward New Mexico
and the high plains north, old
watersheds east, then, and back again
of the spirit journey
looking for home
from the memory, of accumulations
and the ease
the feedback
past anything as easy as remembering

From the Marysville Buttes a cut
northeast, up lava flows
toward Paradise -- not that city
but the Single One
of all our meeting

to dwell in the flesh
a perch on one tree root
above the one stream
everflowing
that it may be the balance
exactly here where
I squat above Butte Creek

* * *

On the verge of Labor Day and September
a coldness in with the fog
keeps the night, too,
a verge of autumn
                histing the moon rise
as a chord over the hill sides

Salute the season rise alone
since all visitors are home
and all lovers gone --
a joint for the weather
the land, and the waters within

Streams, it must be
Strawberry Creek is one of the rivers
of Paradise, and its canyon
the Vale of Surprise
and Butte Creek, far north
where I came down to earth again
painfully lacking Ishi
and uncertain of the nature color ching
but nonetheless encountered
the firmness of lines
a sweat lodge on the bank
a pile of stones and rick of wood
to stoke --
I came down from the sky
or equally nowhere inside
and went underground
in order to enter the wet, a kinsman --
that was mine from the beginning
if I had known it, I would have learned to breathe
before now, down close to the ground
as I can get

* * *

Of the Rivers of Paradise
three are on this earth
I have been brought to, I have been shown
which is not the same as known
any other way

California is a dry clime much of the year
and around the courses of the heart we twine
a loving mesh for those waters
we ride upon
Such a place we learn
The burden of knowing is shared
Only another can bring us to the place we yearn for
& what ease have you? you bring along yourself
but I had to be taught even that, too

Three creeks, three friends
as close to me as those three cracks
are to the other world
of certainty

Learned:

Strawberry Creek	from Lalo
Butte Creek	from Mt. Goat
Nanette	from Shau

This is not Portolá's men, nor Drake's, nor even Ishi now
but crises of the common speech

* * *

On these verges of Cascadia
of the continent of affections
at any minute out the window

* * *

The chance passage of a car radio along Shattuck
brings Schumann's Träumerei
from childhood almost palpable
this loneliness
I thought of you Lowell
going home alone
knowing you are there beyond whatever distance
Up out of the light off the woodwork I see your figure
I want it to get up and walk away from me
come back sometimes, still call
this house home

Enough to carry a perch of me
on the ridges of this vast landscape
this shape of California in the single closed eye
fully as far as you are, a touch
there in the hot imperial graben
of salt and dates
since there is no holding the expanse of speech
except along a line of blood
between us

* * *

Tonight the fog comes back again, cooling
across the air the islands of the heart

stirring slightly the leaves especially
the eucalyptus, and the walnut in this yard
and cooling the pack of crowd around the searchlight
outside the opening of the new used book store
catering to hippies, street people, and the trade

I was looking
for the unknown lover, even
for a possible friend
but couldn' t get past the door
for the jam

In the tides of fog the thoughts
of water and a lover
walk
    banks of dryness
and some islands' green
along the street
    the stream consequent to the upheaval

* * *

looking down into the stream to see what passes through me

the sun is at the step of the butte
triangulating greater cuts of the barranca
slowly as I squat here --
                I am made air' s   eye
by birth, and breath
and here, by journey of the spirit
above the earth --
                I am made earth' s   belly
crawling back inside on my hands and knees
underground, naked in the dark
mud up my asshole --
                fire' s   cock
inside, by warmth off heated stones
and steam, to lead back sweat --
                water' s   tongue

jumping in the creek, freezing my balls tight
where the sun is brightest

looking inward at the home cosmography of the flow

* * *

great closenesses I have known
I would make hard as rock
yair
sweet as thin, thin air
hard as the lock-in
patches of snow on the boggy ground

* * *

It is Fall again, and I want to start
on a long journey across the land
an urgency
to outdistance the fall of leaves
or here, on this coast, into the approaching winter rains
find the season of regeneration
crossing and recrossing the ridges of the Coast Range
seeking Cascadia

a glimpse of its landscape through the oaks
beyond the fall of anything but continents
or the rise of any but the Great Seasons
of the Great Year, this the Autumn
into the Solstice, and the Water Bearer
to come

* * *

My head rolls on the rim of the horizon
My eyes are not what I see with
In the basket, in the valley
In the creek bed under the water

Berkeley
31 Aug. - 17 Sept. '69

Jeanetta Jones:

clumsy with
sunday
        the slow sun of
        his hands on male tools
drill
hammer
        the old rocking chair comes together
again
        as we do

18 aug 69

Diane Wakoski:

I HAVE HAD TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH MY FACE

You see me alone tonight.
My face has betrayed me again.
the garage mechanic who promises to fix my car
and never does.
My face
that my friends tell me
is so full of character;
my face
I have hated for so many years;
my face I have made an angry contract to live with
though no one could love it;
my face that I wish you would bruise and batter
and destroy, naplam it, throw acid in it,
so that I might have another
or be rid of it at last.

I drag peacock feathers behind me
to erase the trail of the moon. Those tears
I shed for myself,
sometimes in anger.
There is no pretense in my life. The man who lives with me
must see something beautiful,
like a dark snake coming out of my mouth
or love the tapestry of my actions, my life/ this body, this
face, they have nothing to offer
but angry insistence, their presence.
I hate them,
want my life to be more.
Hate their shadow on even my words.

I sell my soul for good plumbing
and hot water
I tell everybody:
and my face is soft,
opal,
a feathering of snow
against the

cold black leather coat
which is the night.

You,
night,
my face against the chilly
expanse
of your back.
Learning to live with what you're born with
is the process
the involvement,
the making of a life.
And I have not learned happily
to live with my face,
that Diane which always looks better on film
than in life.

I sternly accept this plain face,
and hate every moment of that sterness.

I want to laugh at this ridiculous face,
of lemon rinds
and vinegar cruets,
of unpaved roads
and dusty file cabinets,
of the loneliness of Wall St. at night
and the desert of school on a holiday.

but I would have to laugh alone in a cold room.
Prefer the anger
that at least for a moment gives me a proud profile.

Always, I've envied
the rich
the beautiful
the talented
the go-getters
of the world. I've watched

myself
remain
alone
isolated
a fish that swam through the net
because I was too small
but remained alone
in deep waters because the others were caught
taken away

It is so painful for me to think now,
to talk about this; I want to go to sleep and never wake up.
The only warmth I ever feel are wool covers on a bed.

But self pity could trail us all, drag us around on the bottom
of shoes, like squashed snails, so that
we might never fight. And it is anger I want now, fury,
to direct at my face and its author,
to tell it how much I hate what it' s done to me,
to contemptuously, sternly, brutally even make it live with
itself,
look at itself everyday,
and remind itself
that reality is
learning to live with what you' re born with,
    noble to have been anything but defeated
that pride and anger and silence will hold us above beauty,
though we bed down often with so much anguish for
a little beauty,
a word, like the blue night,
        the night of rings covering the floor and glinting
        into the fire, the water, the wet earth, the age of songs
        guitars, angry bus loads of etched tile faces, old
        gnarled tree trunks, anything with the beauty
        of wood, teak, lemon, cherry,

I lost my children because I had no money, no husband.
I lost my husband because I was not beautiful,
I lost everything a woman needs, wants,
almost,
before I became a woman,
my face shimmering and flat as the moon
with no features.

I look at pictures of myself as a child.
I looked lumpy, unformed, like a piece of dough,
and it has been my task as a human being
to carve out a mind, carve out a face,
carve a shape with arms and legs, to put a voice inside,
and to make a person from a presence.

And I don' t think I' m unique.
I think a thousand of you, at least, can look at those old
photos,
reflect on your life,
and see your own sculpture at work.

I have made my face as articulate as I can,
and it turns out to be a peculiar face with too much

bone in the bridge of the nose, small eyes, pale lashes,
thin lips, wide cheeks, a rocky chin,
But it' s almost beautiful compared with the sodden mass of
dough I started out
with.

I wonder how we learn to live
with our faces.
They must hide so much pain.
So many deep trenches of blood.
So much that would terrorize and drive others away, if they
could see it. The struggle to control it,
articulates the face.
And what about those people who were born articulated?
With elegant noses and rich lips,
angular cheeks, big heavily lashed eyes.
What do they spend their lives struggling for?

Am I wrong I constantly ask myself
to value the struggle
more than the results
or only to accept a beautiful face
if it has been toiled for?

Tonight I move alone in my face;
want to forgive all the men whom I' ve loved
who' ve betrayed me.
After all, the great betrayer is that one I carry around
each day. Which I sleep with at night.
My own face.
Angry building I' ve fought to restore,
embued with arrogance, pride, anger, and scorn.
To love this face,
would be to love a desert mountain,
a killer, rocky,
water hard to find,
no trees anywhere

perhaps I do not expect anyone
to be strange enough to love it;

but you.

*

/Head note: "The Burden of SET, 1 & 2" were the editorials in the two extant issues of the magazine SET (1961 & 1963), conducted in Gloucester by the poet Gerrit Lansing. Over the course of the decade which they auspiciously augured I have come back to them time and again, for the clarity of their judgments and the intensity of their impulses. The fact that they neatly prophesy the course of the 60s is hardly interesting: any authentic utterance will deliver to its hearer the future with the past. But I have not heard the voice of the aeon more clearly than in these pages; the vatic density with which they articulate this time that has been and is still on makes me want to see them out in public sight now in the 70s. RK/7

GERRIT LANSING (editorial

THE BURDEN OF SET #1

Now as the Influx begins to be felt, time to build the arks, to nominate
proclaim the Qualities

In time of the "Breaking of Strength"
the burden (droning undersong)
is to make the connections
inter sed extra

The Work of the Renovating Intelligence

This magazine is about the poetic exploration of the swarming possibilities (some occult, unused) in American life, urban & local (the rural is no longer available to poetry; to life?), here & especially now. Its character is conceived as dual*, historical & magical, the emphasized characters of Time.

* See Appendix I to this essay, "The Current Prejudice Against Duality," & Appendix II, "Time is (the) Number 2."

1. the emphasized characters of Time

The gates of memory & intuition, history & magic, open from a "windowless" event into Time, the fateful Cross (crux) behind the shifting hexagrams.

To discover our spacetime address we must fix our position in time as well as in space. And this "address" (our mode of being) is personal but also collective: "We are continents if we are." The way Americans, now, receive time differentiates us from others, say Peking man, the ancient Greeks, the Indians. Homogeneous time doesn't exist in human experience, our living time is mythically organized, "favored" by the singling out of "points" distinguished for their values. Since "myth creates time" (G. van der Leeuw), the sense of history as well as of subjective past & future is magically determined, just as the magic appropriate to an age is historically determined.

You have then two ways to take a fix on Time, one by investigation of history, "from the inside out," another by investigation of the dark interiors, "from the outside in," like by objectifying an image (magic), the Path of the Names.

This orientation (eastfacing, sunrising) in Time man can only make individually, in his inwardness, but it is not less factual or more imaginative for that: As Wallace Stevens says, "To be at the end of fact is not to be at the beginning of imagination, but it is to be at the end of both."

Thus "poetry increases the feeling for reality" (again Stevens) & the historic fact (our scene) lies equally beneath all the moving poetry & all the moving science we make. Poetry & science invisibly concur between the poles, & the Properties of the World are summarized for any point-moment by the Riemann-Christoffel tensor or by a poem

&

"... in the beauty of poems are the tuft and final applause of science." (Whitman)

2. our scene & how it disposes the poem

Now in these, as Olson says, "dragging years of the fish bones," what is to be hailed?

The breakthru to the world of forms

by insight
by outsight
by upsight
by downsight

the form of the poem must be our habit

A. for use now THE INSTRUMENTS

the elementary, or physike — the disposables

Kosm-anthropologia { economics; history & prehist.; the "sciences"; linguistics; mythology; the Works }

cultsure { "aesthetics"; "philosophy"; "religion"; humanitas }

B. the Knife of Set

The weight (threat & promise) of "artistic" permanence or greatness is now lifted from the soul of the seer (persistence remains an interesting question). Since kulchur is dead (bred cultsureness: that goes on) we are all enveloped by its stink (some poems measure the sensitivity of the nose) but energy at least & at last is free to recognize itself (the work of the 13th Aeon or Sphere or Month).

Poetry falls on an age of undoing like nothing known before, & rite measure & metric flow from the crystal of the Moment. Memento & talisman are dimensional of the Influx. The metric of the contemporary must be a gain of form arising from the shift of obedience. Although this shift is in part a displacement from traditional external forms of order to the shape of the person, no doctrine of "personism" or "composition by hazard" need be invoked to the creation of the poem.

"The basis of all metrical determination must be sought outside the manifold, in the binding forces which act on it," the great 19th-century mathematician Riemann wrote, & if applied to poetry, as everything must be sooner or later, this delivers the poet to the full complexity of how he uses what comes in to him. Alchemists & cooks have the same problems, how to manage the heat:

A parfet Master ye maie him call trowe
Which knoweth his Heates high and low.

Then "image is deficiency," as the Gnostics say, & any typology of poetic "Image" gets hung up on the line of similarity, comparison. (Insofar as "image" is referential it means a leak in the vessel, which should be Hermetically sealed for the cooking, en daube.)

The poem had better move OUT

C. the Path of the Names

The breath of Set may bring "criminal violence," but it also renews, desiccates to freshen.

1484, in Rome, Joannes Mercurius de Corigio, wearing a crown of thorns inscribed "this is my son Pimander I have chosen," preaches, pushes leaflets, proclaims "the new newness of newnesses greater than all miracles." It came to pass.

Now almost 500 years later (Orwell's 1984 itself can give us little, too spiteful too bright lacking the foolish wisdoms -- but was its date whispered him by the Lord of the Gates of Matter & Child of the Forces of Time?). Again the Revolution of the Quarters, & now the Advent of the Sign of Man.

Mathesis today demands research in the world of letters, combinatorial analysis of the alphabet of the gods. Two books by A. E. The Candle of Vision & Song and its Fountains contain, among much romantic detritus of the European past, records of "spontaneous" experiences among the Flashing Tablets where language originates. In the 13th century Abraham Abulafia more systematically studied the Path of Combination, foreshadowed a time like ours when prophecy would be self-confrontation & the magic of inwardness be hidden in the autonomy of the visible, the uses of secrecy obscured, hard to come by.

"In this the things without figure are figured."

Appendix I. The Current Prejudice against Duality

Such a push toward One & away from Two, among contemporaries, it needs to be said more sharply, 2 yes. There is a formula called the Zero =s 2 equation, not mathematic, & would be mistaken to treat it as such. Process involves the consideration that since it is always possible to reduce any expression to Nothing by taking 2 equal & opposite terms, n + (-n) = 0, one should be able to get any expression desired from Nothing by being careful that the terms are exactly opposite & equal, 0 = n + (-n). (It is obvious that what is termed in magical work the Equilibrium is a development of this principle.) The 0=2 Formula evades Monism, Dualism, Nihilism, Pluralism, etc. & therefore when it is said, "there are 2 ways," the simplicity of 2 is meant, not not-one, not-three, etc. (two friends to whom I showed early drafts of this essay bridled at any use of the word "dual," one of them saying it was because he "took the Zen standpoint.").

Appendix II. Time is (the) Number 2

A. That Time is the Number 2

twi di dvi
two duo *duwi
ti (Arm.) dayate ("he divides")
(opp. in advaita vedanta

time, tide } *di

B. That Time is Number 2

di
schiz - divide, split
skhizein
schizen (Middle High Ger.)
scheissen, scite, shite = No. 2

ergo, Time is "filthy lucre"

(editorial

THE BURDEN OF SET #2

ephphetha

it is morning

& you are waking up from a
dream of fishbones & broken vessels

to the new attentions
a new praxis SET
toward the unfolding of the Moment

by the operation of a scientific illuminism along 2 axes,

2 axes: recap., BURDEN OF SET #1

(1) ax is	(2) ax is
of history, memory "the outside in"	of magic, no word for, "the inside out"
analeptic, against time's ←	proleptic, with time's →

labrys:

the double ax, & in labyrinths, beginnings, opening
of the figures of Time that compose the structure of
our necessity, how by poetry we investigate the needs.

1. the new attentions

with (3) GLANCES AT VALUE

o.k. Let it come down, in on us, all of it, so much as we can, & then to get it out again. That was an Epitome of Yoga, inside front cover of SET #1, "SET still, stop thinking, shut up, get Out," & yoga is concentration of experience (exclusion too, yes, but not of experience itself, rather of experiences not really experienced enough, restraint of the modifications of mind in order to feel their source) whose enemy is abstraction, distraction, retraction, any thing or way that hinders the going traction.

It's traction we are after too, the freedom & recognition of. The enemies, listed in THE BURDEN OF SET #1 as "disposables," all function as guardians of Value, not value as tropism, that we all have, but abstract judgment, ideals.

so

2 discriminations to be discriminated: Value, abstract affective discrimination (1), is the enemy of poetry, & of discrimination (2), of & to, what is out there (pointing), the object, that.

Wardens of values, upholders of "crapulous creeds," fear the light of the liberated cortex & the coming ascendency of air.

---

(3) GLANCES AT VALUE

1

In an iron age, bitch,
she strides from iron pinnacle to pinnacle, the pinnacles,
clothed in iron robes, unsmiling,
hair is iron gray, bowels tight.
Nightjars play about her splendid shoulders,
her left hand spills the iron jar of equity
her right hand brandishes the iron flail of separation.
Where she is a darkness is and adjectives,
the line is rigid, her patrols are ugly throats.
She is backward to the dawn of universal breath.

2. Loot, Archetypal Value

It began in ignorance, away from vid-ya,
birth of value in the straw and dung of the 1st (un)stable economies.
Though value never vector, is standard only, there remains the process.
But standard of gold was made gold standard
and when a sign of value (say $)
itself is made a value ($!)
value process desiccates, stands still
turns mechanically in standard
because the normal straight relation
of x the sign (like $)
to that of which it is the sign
grows ghostly, self-reflecting,
craving craving craving endlessly.

Without measure this this this horror!
Who takes measure of value for value
is double damned
makes sickness of metaphor
confusion of tongues.
Lightning breaks tower
as counsel darkens.
Value is brilliantly borne aloft
in hot chariots
while glittering out of sky
hate falls on helpless wheat.

3. Theory of value in itself
must then imply an economic scrutiny,
how an image differs from a thing.

Fluctuation of the dollar:
waving of linguistic formulas
in the wind of mind.

IT IS THE VALUE MOVING

the language of value / rational measure

not rhythm

or moving measure or mastery of time and fire
that is alchemy.

SO ,

Value is of the excrementitious nature of Time (wch was sufficiently demonstrated in THE BURDEN OF SET #1, Appendix II, B). The self-realization of energy (13th Trump) in the autonomy of the visible is hindered by the cultsural holdon to European humanitas, that value-system that pinched us all. Come on, it's finished, Europe calling the dance, & Valery should know. To each man, for use, what he has is given, & if he hasn't, well, it's being taken away from him, & pretty fast.

Charles Ives writes, "...if a man finds that the cadences of an Apache war dance come nearest to his soul, provided he has taken pains to know enough other cadences -- for eclecticism is part of his duty -- sorting potatoes means a better crop next year -- let him assimilate whatever he finds highest of the Indian ideal, so that he can use it with the cadences, fervently, transcendentally, inevitably, furiously, in his symphonies, in his operas, in his whistlings on the way to work, so that he can paint his house with them -- make them a part of his prayer-book -- this is all possible and necessary, if he is confident that they have a part in his spiritual consciousness."

We are in a rough time, the most difficult transition age of all, a real Interchange of Tinctures, where a kind of personal life is being exchanged for a kind of "universal." (What is not the person of an age is always experienced as "universe" by the new halfborn thing, the transition to, the baby with only his head sticking out of the vagina into his own time.)

It is the morning of the universal breath.

The old spectre of "greatness" in the arts, of a value-hierarchy into which every work of art (read object of experience) must be jammed, is a white spectre, & as the value of whiteness enantiodromically changes (like the suntan cult today as against that bleached ideal body of European middle age & renaissance), the systems of blackness toward which we are drawn arise. (The systems of blackness, the Ntu of Unison, seem chaos to receding whiteness, but will prove to be "system.")

European whiteness is sepulchre to us & European consciousness a museum.

"Those whose voices are accurate" (as Egyptian priests were called) do not attend to the curators of cultsure, the urbane caretakers. (If they get in the way we carve them with the Knife of Set.) It is not faith, or talk about, aurorals need, it is that, experience of. Then, what is to be attended, the substance of the new attentions, what is not disposable, is materials for the boat to make the crossing, & the tools, kosmanthropological.

As Olson said, "...the work of the morning is methodology," & the new attentions are bearing down.

2. "Nature" and the next 2000, give or take a few, years

wha you say, "Nay-cher" ? wha you say, "Nay-cher" ?

I said gNature, "birth," prae-gnant
from (g)nasci, to be born. (I no say, "Gno.....

It is born, the new Nature. & what we can say of it surely, though the surety is not our concern, is that it no longer is opposed to Another, a Super- or un- , not hung on, polarized to one of the swimming away from each other Fish. That polarity, that made it seem possible that anything unnatural (not to say Super-) could really occur, has gone away, & reality won't any more be divided between us & the world, the world (or God) getting the bigger share.

a few consequences

A. Food

As control seems to increase, nature turning into human nature (or rather what before was "human nature" now understood as nature, Teilhard de Chardin's "interiorization" animistically exteriorized), food becomes politics, an FDA the central arm of government.

We are what we eat but turn it around, in the whole field (& think of flowers) no division between electricity, poison, medicine, food, drug, elixir. We cannot avoid absorbing microdilutions. All foods are drugs.

from the "Chapters of Coming Out by Day" : "Tem hath built thy house, and the double Lion-god hath founded thy habitation; lo, drugs are brought, and Horus purifieth and Set strengtheneth, and Set purifieth and Horus strengtheneth."

B. Wildlife & Permission

What was wildlife can't be any longer. An artificial wilderness is no wilderness, a national park is a National Park, in Africa or the moon. Danger does not make a wild life, you can permit danger in sport. Wild life is not game, can never be permitted, hunting & fishing are seasonally permitted, play.

It remains to be seen what cannot be permitted.

C. The Sexual Image

All is permitted. Change in the Heavenly Female Power. As equality of sexes swings around, the biochemical basis of the old differentiation is shifted. This doesn't mean everyone will be "queer," but that as new magnetic centers astrally arise in men & women the scope of both amativeness & adhesiveness will be prodigiously enlarged.

****

1781. the discovery of Uranus, who moves in a cycle of approx. 84 years, 7 years in each sign.

1862. 81 years later Ulrichs uses the word "Uranian," after Plato's Symposium, referring to love of male for male

Aquarius, toward which we move, is ruled by Uranus, according to contemporary astrologers, & ancient Greeks saw the sign as Ganymede.

Uranus dances with Ganymede on the heavenly floor.

****

In the fragments of Berosus, priest-historian, we can trace a Babylonian genesis from which was later derived both the Hebrew & the orphic (later, the Platonic) myths of the original bisexuality of the first man, Adam, male-female, from whom the opposites were later separated & polarized by the male-female god.

Under the permissions, man will be able to find in woman more the original wholeness, & woman in man.

Marie Delcourt in Hermaphrodite shows the androgynous image of Classical times is a dream of a primordial union of male & female consciousness, closely linked with the vision of the bisexual Phoenix who perpetually renews himself in the fire of the morning of the Great Year.

The Work of the Renovating Intelligence.

Jesus said: "And if you make the male and the female one, so that the male is no longer male and the female no longer female, and when you put eyes in the place of an eye, and a hand in the place of a hand, and a foot in the place of a foot, and an Image in the place of an Image, then you will enter the Kingdom."

D. Vision

10997 B.C. the negative afterimage of looking at the Sun was Man advancing bearing a water-jar

1963 A.D. the negative afterimage of the vision of Man poised in the electromagnetic currents of space is a roaring Lion.

It is still hard to distinguish the form of the Lion, who walks in flame.

David Bromige:

THE QUIVERING ROADWAY

only an illusion yet warning of the heat to be
prepared against, or for, that day
I locate you where you' ve gone to wander
under the dingy fir trees with the smoking
huts behind them, the ruined stalls, the creek
flowing past with a sluggish melancholy exactly
as befits a sluggish melancholy creek
as aimlessly as if, being a poet & lost
because your book was finished, you' d published it

yet forbore to take it seriously, how could you while
the husband you couldn' t remember
why you' d wanted, or he' d been forced on you, was off
like in the long-ships, at the war to elude us
he' s waging over the dwellings where we might' v lived
because from his birth, those grooves in the heavens
had been manifest as soon as remarked on
& the good bright glint off their wolfram wings
Dum dum de dum dum.
I see the blistered torso
The limbs remarkable with bacterial action or
maggots. &, since a series of three
facts or whatever' s most familiar to both our tribes,
the stillness of the woman, bare-breasted,
with her quiet
child clutched to her, sprawled in the tended yard

& turning, see you, or you, in the middle distance
where I suspect for some little while or lines
you' ve been attending, lift my eyes from
this vision & clearly
your appearance is distracting.

& behold that you are fair. Or
it' s when the intricacy of lines discovered
when your hem rides up, of the shining
dress, a gait elfin in its lightness
when the stockings whispering
asides to one another fix me
like a purpose, to possess
all in its very foreignness since I' m
in your sight, a mess, dwarfish
in all but stature, & so sincerely
anguished, yet articulate

--but yours is this difficult syntax
when you really want to be grappled with
I hear, disjunct as your body. mobile.
limber but encumbered, as if the Mississippi
twisted through the versus of your flesh that bent
on postponing the sea,
the bright banality
of your conversazione like I
scream thick on apple-pie & like
some billboard pretending to be that, then
you giggle at the image yet
protect it. In your New
York or is it Okie
accent. I keep attempting
some quick
shift of the attention yet
you hold me, baffled
perhaps by the lack of anything intriguing where
beginning to make meaning out of tedium I hated
you. & my decision is made

plying you with gimlets till you slur the ' t'
imploring me to take you home, no
not imploring, hinting, as I' d guessed
you don' t want ' involvement' , just my body

being so unkempt & handy
As for yours, admiring your get-up I see
particularly when you adopt certain poses
an editor who' s taken her pick
from various jet & hippie styles
but underneath the dross I guess
her beauty, & it' s given me

One in a million, I say, one in a
million, you smile
of all the lustful studs this tavern
tolerates to have the stripping of it from
a form they can only imagine, that dross
becomes a pleasure too. As if I read you
in a carral, closeted above & under all those books,
the women at the neighboring tables send me looks
at that, conceit,
I take you underground, you notice is
simply a hotel room, whose bedside lamp
transforms to gold
down along the gloss of a body
to my astonishment, very much like mine
though fairer, to my ravishment, you want it off but no,
I have to wrestle, to shut your mouth' s
inanities with the light
hot flesh of my intent--Those bodies, you invented
just so' s you could torture them
you charge me, without rancor, in fact
teasingly, Yes
maybe, but what is it
you want I ask, I won' t discuss
what lies beneath contempt you answer
with the shadow of a sneer, cool fingers, one
cooler for its ring, begin
doing all that' s necessary, & you finish

I don' t give a shit about him either
even while I grope within the red
gold tears you weep for him, opening
as though your feet rode in steel stirrups
& your syrups, intoxicating me, were of course
chemically given. to my reach

until at last in ecstasy you groan
& I have made you mine, or didn' t I
groan, my cock' s
rigidity phenomenal, as if of stone

that, flowing upward, takes my heart
yes, next my face, suffusing with it
Don' t take it so hard you say but my mouth
has no words, your speech
echoes, back, from what you bend to read
but find the runes predictably
indecipherable. & look so lost
in that instant I struggle to
speak of your fascination when you let yourself
look ugly?, no, defenseless

but having got what you came or were called for
I' m left alone to witness
the woman playing with her child
beside their corpses, that you' d assured me were
mere words--her
impatient child, by the tension in these tendons
tearing at the features I now know
by a tenderness I can' t suppress, as
those that so recently gave you back your own

now wandered on, by being motionless, beyond
earshot, wanting not
to remember the husband, whose bomb-sights, my
superiority to your indifferent back has pressed
my eyes against, use such stones
as this, we left, to find their target by.

Paul Blackburn: (3 poems

THE PROCEDURES

" The law, once decreed, is still the law, "
sayeth Belshazzar, the
voice thru which the law passes.
And he himself must follow it out, and tho
he knows it to be the councillors' in-
sistence on technicalities
and a low trick,
he orders Daniel be thrown to the lions.
It is the law.

THAT THE LAW STAY UNCHANGED AND BE INEXORABLE

We do not believe it
not any longer, tho
large pockets of resistence still persist
even among the lobbyists themselves
in this government by pressure group
or another dirty word for concensus.
" Mac, I think you' ll agree
that the specifications for this TX-100 are --"
extravagant
certainly won' t be the next word.

Area Code 214 56 . 33 . 179
Area code 413 25 . 32 . 576
Zip Code 10003
Zip Code 01002

How bud we our way into spring?
How the leaves fall and the wind
pushes us toward winter.
How bright the sunday sunlight thru
the south windows of the Lord Jeffrey Inn at Amherst . No,

the world is ordered by numbers, by the
numbers, we used to say in the army
RA- 42252488, I'll never forget it, and
one's wellbeing, or to call it both ways,
status, is defined by one's relationship to
one or several of these other numbers.
It is only when we wish to give the impression
of confusion or abundance that we use the words
numberless . countless . Let us pray; prayer
is a formula for order . There

are 14 automobiles parked on this side of the block and
16 parked on the other common side.
Numbers are spread about everywhere,
tho in no seeming order, indeed,
they are a part of the landscape.
Seen from the vantage point of a man in a hotel window in a
strange town, or God, it is some kind of Brownian movement and
random, therefore private.

One is a dangerous number, and unpredictable. One man
coming down the sidewalk un-
predictably crosses and
gets into a car on the common side of the street
and drives off . It is ominous and
besides, reduces the total to 15. But nature
is ingenious, balances itself a moment and a
nice old couple in a ponderous powder-blue Impala fill
the space and restore the balance. Now take Two,
a much more stable
number . Here come 2 friends
walking along together and arguing,
it looks very warm and stable and friendly.
Some hold that 2 is also a dangerous number, at least
under those conditions where it produces 3 . It's an argument.
Three young men with hands in
their jacket pockets crossing a lawn against the wind
do not look ominous,
but three is an unstable number, it is
always 2 against 1, and is not
stable. unless you like that situation, either side.

But then, each unit within a group
is its own number, some of the numbers are secret.
some of them plain. I also am
a number / but have no mirror, so

cannot tell what number I am or what my T/O is. The
landscape is full of numbers -- lots
of number F o u r s .. And it be the
nature of things as well as the nature of numbers, that a
monster is chasing the numbers about, but
catches and devours only the odd ones.

If I do not know my number,
perhaps no one else knows his number either, or
a secret only the monsters know, for they can see us
and our numbers, but not their own, unless they
have powers,
or mirrors, tho that doesn' t seem to be important
to them; perhaps they have friends.
whom they do not eat, or eat later, per-
haps their friends tell them.
But they seem always to be by themselves. But
that' s not a bad idea, a friend to tell you, that' s the
advantage of 2 or 3, it' s
a kind of definition, i. e., if your friends will tell you,
if even your best friends will tell you and not lie about it,
if you don' t already know whether you' re odd or not.
Would you tell your best friend if he were odd? Think of
his despair! Well think of mine, then, all my friends
have left, driven
off, in
one of those odd cars.

I pick up the phone and dial Information (411, that' s reassuring,
that' s balanced, I tell myself), perhaps they will know
what number I am. I wait impatiently while it rings, I
hear the sound, I say "Hello there!"
and try to explain the situation and she asks me:

"WHAT . NUM . BER . DO . YOU . WANT?"

And out of the window I see a large monster
coming toward the inn, just walking along in the sun,
enjoying the day and I describe him to the operator
who gives me the information:

" That' s just one of the founders
-- out catching road-runners."

O there are a number (?) of clouds in the bright sky, but
the earth is balanced:

innumerable bare and half-naked trees
and countless leaves upon it and suddenly
there' s no one in sight and the
sun goes in and the day goes grey and
the question is
how to avoid the founders

/ maybe .

AT THE WELL

Here we are, see?
in this village, maybe a camp
middle of desert, the
Maghreb, desert below Marrakesh
standing in the street
simply.

Outskirts of the camp
at the edge of town, those riders
on camels or horses,
but riders, tribesmen. sitting
there on their horses.

They are mute. They are
hirsute. they are not
able to speak. If they
could the sound would be guttural.
They cannot speak. They want
something.

I nor
you know what they want . They want
nothing. They are beyond want. They need
nothing. They used to be slaves. They
want something of us / of me / what
shall I say to them.

They have had their tongues cut out.
I have nothing to give them ?There is no
grace at the edge of my heart I would grant,

render them? They want something, they
sit there on their horses. Are there
children in the village I can give them.

My child's heart? Is it goods they want
as tribute. They have had their tongues
cut out. Can I offer them some sound
my mouth makes in the night? Can I
say they are brave, fierce, im-
placable? that I would like to
join them?

Let us go together

across the desert toward the
cities. let us
terrify the towns, the villages.
disappear among bazaars, sell our
camels, pierce our ears, for-
get that we are mute and drive
the princes out, take all the
slave-girls for ourselves?
What can I offer them.

They have appeared here on the edge of my soul.
I ask them what they want, they say
-- You are our leader. Tell us what
your pleasure is, we
want you. They
say nothing. They

are mute. they are hirsute. They
are the fathers I never had. They are
tribesmen standing on the edge of town near
water, near the soul I must look into each
morning . myself.

Who are these wild men?
I scream:
--I want my gods!
I want my goods! I want
my reflection in the sun's pool at morning.
shade in the afternoon under the
date palms, I want and want!

What can I give them.
What tribe of nomads and wanderers am I continuation of. what
can I give my fathers?

What can I offer myself?

I want to see my own skin
at the life' s edge, at the
life-giving water. I want
to rise from the pool,
mount my camel and
be among the living, the other side of this village.

Come gentlemen,
wheel your mounts about.
There is nothing here .

HET UP & TAKE YR/ TEETH WITH YOU

Here I am, driving this Aston-Martin, see? the
air swings out to the sides .
The people with me are beautiful .

I put my hand in my mouth as we stop for a light, my
top front teeth have come out
all at once -- the whole palate, the
whole front! A
piece of skin of the gums was holding it on .
I' m a mess, what a disaster! I take
the handful of teeth out and
lay them on the seat next to me.

Couple blocks later we catch another
light, I take it down thru the gears, and look
in the mirror . I look terrible .
I' ve given them all up, all of my voices, for this
bloody convertible

The light changes, I throw it in gear
we skid left around this corner, over and out . I
check the mirror and smile .
wow .

Wayne Oakes:

Crack Between Two Worlds

Flower trumpet up
from decay of

uncertain
thought

and sign
my entrance.

*

Clayton Eshleman: (4 poems

THE PLUM

Halt him.

Thee
pressed thru the hand

of Virgo, halt him,
thru Retreat (Tun)
to Standstill (P' i)
halt him
in Contemplation of

this disappearing self,
halt that night of childhood
so now upon him, the light
the warmth
retreating fast now, upward,
the unbroken heaven-bands
only two of wch are left,
and that night of childhood is
such light to him,
bring him to
know
thy
blade,
death
him to
his friend' s face so
bitterly stroked,
that hand.

it is not a symbol
it is a body
don' t destroy,
Virgo the anatomy
yields

lightning-struck warehouse
the sheaves in wild dismay,
God is not light in darkness.
a human form
halt him, display...

Teach him thee,
that the old forms of winter he first began to grasp
spring
now on the plum
no longer a dewy frost of that loneliness walking
under the plum, feeling
his lostness at spring.
the curve of
Seoul midnight, one tree
so brailed with what he
sensed a distance
there, he was with the army, there
he made of that plum His
Isolation, his dreams there
were the dreams of spring,
Taurus child, & in that he was
right,
lacework on plum
amidst the retreating fifles,
to propagate...

Two light
four dark two warm
four cold, an up rush
from the pavement of
his being is

accurate, that
earth transmits
stops & focuses

there

"I come

to
sink that plum
into your very
flesh & glands,

not the theory,
but the function of

my cunt

to make cohere,

not like (a plum)
but to make

This
my burning
that the poem does
come, not apart,
that you honor
these leaves
not
as death in
your sexuality,

this infused your body
in the passion of my own burning.
infused you with the fear that met me come to
cut the boughs,
there was your form solidified that comes to
meet me here,
I undo thy false-image

it is November is cold

thy body is life"

Union, Intensification. Does it
cohere? Lost in the toy
town of pleasure ground in
the outswing of

all our pleasure, may

a working order
be born? For in
he wants to go
back to that woman whose
at least face he knows, pry
thru ropy strands, get
from the Symplegades
of pavement some
gleam of cunt,

There is no enactment
possible here

THIS IS THE TERRIBLE
GLORY OF HER CHARGE

No
knot, but ritual to canalize

his urge, these

are her secret parts,

Ablution
the offering has not yet been made

Is the time of deepest
inner concentration

he sets before his mind
an ikon,

Svādiṣṭhāna

is the Throne of Creation, Śakti's home

Genitals seat of the element

Water, Fixed by the mirror

the sun, Six-Petaled Vermillion Lotus, to

point YONI,

the idea of the sun

this yantra
I rubbed, wore hole in
the masonry
my being,
metal door
we
pushed thru, stone
on the tomb of
sealed personality,
there were your children
with whom you had fled,
asleep
we tip-toed past
this cakra you
awakened in me,

feel
feel
feel
feel
feel

Adrienne! This!
is the old story of winter,
he would hibernate
but was stirred
from the ritual of
his log by
a wolf-woman who
with her teeth ripped

up that dirty linoleum

he had so wrapped
around him,

thee is who makes
sure Joseph is, & Mary,
those dead
who live in
erection,

ritual
its purpose is
repeated stroking
clitoris mind
to ikon,
a deeper sensation,
evokes, the sword
imbedded bull
is a dog
looking for a place to

lie,

r e v e r e n c e,
the touch-hole
in the rock
chunk says,
she exposes her
genitals in reverence,
revere this rising,
all you can sense
a slit
juice
dribbling down a man's
chin as he
eats the plum,
Eat this plum
Scorpio says,

Was I not your sister
as I spread-eagled
myself by the dry well
at the crumbled site
near Amarāvatī

when you came for water?

[2 - 25 November, 1969
New York]

THE MOUNTAIN

IT SPLITS APART

the mountain rests on the earth
It is the power to make live.
Gives him a bow
it is the power to destroy
Gives him name
Eagle Wing Stretches
a bony black horse
(Genkawa by

the bright red roses of
Yorunomado, Genkawa
pale, tubercular, by
the bright red roses
pale, salmon-colored brick

IT SPLITS APART
Gives him herb
Tells him he shall make
live on earth a nation,
tubercular chest
he is overthrown, the dark
lines mount, the cold
now clear,
dear cold now
drifts about the horses,
snow,
he bleeds
onto the bedsheets
absorb,
remain white,

ant-hills, boulders, dead trees,
lingams passionately endured by Scorpio
cease

PO!
It is the power to make live!
Kundalini struggling
in the 4th cakra, a blue
black Ten-Petaled Lotus, a blue
black
cause-way, by her BEAUTY
seed of the fire-god Agni
to flow out
(as that treachery of Aires, PEACE,
(as that wealth of Libra
IS STANDSTILL,
you name it it reverts,
you name it it turns
on you,
he has the cleansing power
(turns into a goose

IT TURNS INTO A GOOSE
po!
it is the power to make live,
Genkawa, I
invited you into
my house, growled
at you over the Songs
of Innocence, bright
butterbur outside as we' d
talk, Genkawa
drawn jaws
giggling at my power
moth
in crowded Kyoto streets
(before the altar of Rilke
the power to make well

It moves by contraries

each day the heartbreak star

(& was that bell-shrine
he stood in not far,
air about him,
as he burns there,
a red man,
to be taken to the high
& lonely
center of the earth,
IT SPLITS APART .

docility
stillness

snow,
when I wanted to rain

intention upon the world,

(turns into a bison
(were my only

friend,

at 14,000 ft. a wood-beam
--& did it speak to you?
Yes
& what did it say?

it told me I am

Red towers smoldering
asunder,

it splits apart
into the tin tray sunk
in the hibachi,
gold
(else spills
Agni he rides under

Agni, to keep
the circuit
closed,
one man
one perfect man,
who is our
body, Albion, enclosed
in mountains,
all true paths lead thru

clarity, & power,
the final enemy
age,
as I lay under her,
still somewhat drunk
& she, atop me,
in the shadow of
that 14,000 ft. climb,

"you look so old"

& I looked at her,
no longer me, &
loved a man,
whose brows snow
a Matterhorn, so

distant from my childhood
was the rising & fall
of what now seemed to be
the sand
had deposited
itself in
her, I mean that's how
her belly felt,

stone huts,
pig-shed skulls, as if he
wore
a kind of diadem, of
skulls,
& for this babe
truth
not so
easily a physical
thing
was flame,
as if he looked up

in her,
begging to be

held

/25 November, 1969
New York/

/Note: THE PLUM and THE MOUNTAIN draw for source on the signs Scorpio and Sagittarius respectively, and are part of a set of poems wch opened with "An Ode to Autumn" (now seen as THE HAND), wch appeared in Caterpillar #8/9. The following two poems are not a part of this set./

A CALDRON on the Blackburn table,
& little Carlos
spilled out of it, her belly
a caldron
& little Carlos spilled out of it,
caldron up turned on the table,
little Carlos
alive by it, the viands, the pheasant of
an ancient memory
I Ching thrown, I Ching
spilling its meaning,
Carlos, fire,
wood, mingling
Joan, Paul, charged
with spiritual
force,
KO is revolution, KO
is fire Forced into wood,
The Caldron
its versus, birth,
faggots placed
on the glow,
water serves . & Paul served me
a brandy two
weeks before,
fire water by
the linoleum on the table,
a toast, red
as the howling babe, gently placed

with devotion, by the fire, red
as her milk is, red

as the world
it flows, & such is the fate
to change,
that now Heaven walks on water,
he is placed gently close to the fire,
& Earth
is a howling babe,
Earth
is a cuddly lamb, the red

winesap veins in his father's face

the rich human odor of his father's work

/ 18 Dec., 1969

WHEN BULLS get sick
they go down to the sea-shore, there
they are met
by lambs (Taurus
is the Seat of Creation, Taurus
is
Conception, by lambs my innocence

returned to me, Taurus ends jealousy,
Taurus
by the sea-shore,
Taurus takes

Europa in, & I clinged
to this back, not knowing wither I was riding,
& my voice was that of a young girl, sun

shedding about me, & rose to

turn off the lights,

& this is the magic

to be born, with full artillery,
to be by
the scorpion & the fieldmouse
with all
one' s pistons,

the sacrifice not into death,
but the sacrifice
to let the creative thru,
the body to go 9/10ths
the mind

to let the creative thru,

& Taurus doth go to the sea-shore,
with caldrons of spinach & herbs,
Name
is Conception,
is touched by, is borne

into the meaning of love

/ 18 Dec., 1969

*

Thomas Meyer: K I T T Y H A W K

****

JOYFUL NEWS OUT OF THE NEW FOUNDE WORLDE that celebrates the wonders elemental with fable, fact & vision in X parts divided into Two books (unmarked) of which the First treats things brought from the OldWorld & the Second treats things found in the New plus a Third book (lost) of which only fragments remain that treat things brought from the Far North East. To the right & worshipful reader Thos. Meyer wishes much health & perfect delight

MCMXLIX A.D.

In Commemoration Of The Conquest
Of Air By The Brothers

Here Wilbur & his brother Orville won wings,

dark shadows over dunes, the air alive with kite

across the waters
Raleigh's Eden
across the waters

where blue, white marlin, sail tuna,
amberjack, dolphin swim ...

sea wind in dune grass

I

the moon -- La Luna

on the beach the wild dogs at dusk discovered
a reddish crab in the grass & barked as it rose,
cold in her mansion of light.

A chilled beauty, a death older than the dark:
It is not,
the old man insisted, that moon but another
they bark; one we' ve never been told about.

Ant ient proscriptions written on brains
as memories -- rote there they wright to join
the mind' s shimmering back acres to love' s
clean white bed sheets not yet stained by blood.

Cusse, cusse, cusse, cusse,
Istine spiritum sanctum tuum,
Il y a dix bons dieux.

Be propitious to us when the owl emits that painful cry.

Hung from the cross beam ... knot the woolen thread
for every screech ... his ghost becomes an owl
on Tuesday or Sunday ... naked beneath it & ties,
tied round the ankle an anklet a wearer need not
fear weirds, ghosts, unseen by witches -- safe &
before dawn they walk naked round their fields --
safe from the depredations of birds, that dark nation
of wings. Her hanky knotted chokes its shriek.

The screech owl' s eggs & feathers black,
frog' s blood & the bone of his back ...

Owl ashes on the madman' s eyes, the hornit howle.

The red, red robin, wheel & bobbin sings wing songs,
protects the night with its daily flight. By wind
on the sea & ocean wave the wolf & the eagle bring
home the conquest: a land in the air rises from ground,
soars, lets up & takes the element as its own alone.

That tune, let it be light,
heavier than air, with its first thrusts conquer
cankers, cancers, deadly blight & bring back
all beauty to the dome.

Brothers of the slight
half light, tongues larded with a thick
white older language. & the madness here blows
on winds lice crawl through to enter at the place
few go to. With paws & feathers to protect.

Animal
Animus

Crow
Cock

RADIUM DEATH

In Ottawa, Ill. Mrs. Catherine
Donohue, 35, heard a doctor tell
the Illinois Industrial Commission
that her death from radium poison
-ing, contracted while painting
luminous dials on watches, was
a "matter of months."

Each cell lights up with its own bright death.
Will o' the Wisps Henri Becquerel ran into.

The red, white & blues of July Fourth rocket glare,
Dr. Tobé at Sancellemoz: an aplastic pernicious
anaemia of rapid, feverish development.

The bone marrow did not react, except to light
Jack o' Lanthorns as numerous as kites in other
countries said Giraldus Cambrensis meaning
Ireland, not France.

Don' t light the lamps,
Pierre.
I should like radium to have a beautiful color,
Marie.

That same light burns on stainless steel Krupp torches
lit by to kalon, dark naked olive oil skin glints
by the blaze Zeus' temple sends through howling thunder
via the wild back woods of the Balkans, into Sofia,
Belgrade, Budapest, Prague brought to Berlin, caught

by Leni Riefenstahl' s camera: Festivals of Nations
& Beauty. Only one torch went out.

Near Dresden, Balshka lays down his mask, Bunsen burner
& tweezers, too old & weary to make glass flower.
The leaf of the rhododendron, native to North America,
found from Nova Scotia to Georgia, great laurel or rose-
bay, lavender shades, waxlike & evergreen breaks along
the same veins a real leaf would. & it is hard
to tell them from the real things -- this other perfect
world grows in a nose gay of mignonette, phlox forget-
me-not, grass flax & lobelia. Forget me not Proteus
cries. This is the work at hand. Create death.

The dust & rocks the moon gives up have a fire.

They blossom in the soul of the builder. Architechts
can' t grab that song until the dark side rises on wings.

Archaeopteryx lithographica

Solhnofen limestone, yet in late Jurassic days fresh water
sifted slate over the old winged thing in the drawing stone.
Dr. Haberlein whose daughter needed a dowry sold it.

Solid bone, long of tail, a powered glider, from branch
to branch & rock to rock, a rock itself now but feathered.

As the light grapples up
it turns into phosphates,

rich guano deposits.

Radium' s action made
diamonds spark --

this mystery clings
in her eyes,

Rue Lhomond, about nine, 1902 in the dark.

Air carries it,
nothing can hold it,
cottonwool & paper
turn to dust.

This power burns.

Siezed roughly toads give off
buftalin & bufogin

from scattered glands,

a poison to protect us from wings.

We are here & fear the air, let us
resist the deadly pallor of Diana.

It flies & is antient in that last element. Keep all
men safe from akasha. Too near, too near. Bring us back.

Yet here it begins,
the end -- all oxen' re free to fly.

This inspiration
bubbles in a pot,

green rot charms
their fever -- an ointment meant
to take the wind by storm.

... that hornit fowle

Flowers bring the brothers back, stand them on sand.
They yawn. The sea pulls. The blades rustle, knives.

Only the gift survives.

II

The first found flora filled the air,
sweet water refreshed the land

so filled with grapes
that beat & sea-surge
overflowed them, found

in such plenty there
as in all places else

on sand & green soil,
on hills as in plains,
on every small shrub,

climbing the high cedars' top to touch
the sky, vines

in the abundant air --

the like not found
elsewhere,

not found in Europe' s
fattest parts.

Each day men go mad, seek this richness their blood
demands, & die in the last flash of their desire

as here in unknown quiet air
it hangs

above goodly woods full
of running conies
deer & hare, fowl
even in mid-summer.

Not the woods of
Bohemia, Muscovia
or Hercynia,
barren & fruitless but
the highest & reddest cedars of the world,
better than the Azores, Indies or
Lybanus. Pines, cypress, sassafras
& lentish, the tree that bears mastick,
& the tree that bears black cinamon' s rind
(Mister Winter' s booty brought from Magellon' s straights.)

Their excellent smell the gift of the air.

Virgin wings above

Wingandocoa, & now by her majesty,
Virginia. Granganimeo gave them (Barlowe' s men)

the best brace or two of fat bucks,
conies, hares, fish in the world

known of
or discovered then
as well as

melons, walnuts, cucumbers, gourds,

peas & divers kinds of fruit & roots,

& their country corn
white, fair & sweet, grown
three times in five months:

in May they sow,
in July they reap,

in June they sow,
in August they reap,

in July they sow,
in September they reap

the air
alive,

heavy, plentiful, sweet & wholesome

with seed.

Their beans, fair & of divers colors
grow in garden & in wood.

They have both wheat & oat.

Fourteen sweet smelling trees perfume the aether
& underwoods of bays & such like & the oak

as in England
across the waters,
this is Eden
across the waters

greater, better oaks hold the air their
red brown, beautiful bodies move through
gentle, loving & faithful, free of all guile
& treason, alive after the manner of the golden age.

Grass silk bends in the wind,
its thin glittering skin
wraps up the dark climate of Persia,
Virginia' s flight, bolts of cloth for Queen Bess,

worms as big as walnuts said Tom Hariot
on mulberry here as in
Persia, Turkey, Italy & Spain.

The land veined
with alum, copperas, nitrate &

wapeih (terra sigillata)
the blue sort in parts cures
sores & wounds in its plenty.

Pitch, tar, rosin &
turpentine as well.

Sassafras
sweet aetherial
winauk wood & cedar for

nests of chests be there made
or timber fitted for fine
beadsteads, tables, desks, lutes
& virginals

to laden the air
with tuneful odors.

Sweet gums heal our songs
in woad skies

where Guiny-wheat sings an ale-ayre,
beer sounds with the help of hops.

... beans, peas pompions, melons, gourds & upponwoc
cast into the air

lifts, increases & cries --

wild music flowers
almost a hundred years later:

Observe with what swiftness they now run
over their brave new airs, and with what
high-priced noise, viz., ten or twenty
violins, etc., as I said before

to some single-souled ayre ...

fit to make a man's ears glow,
and fill his brain full of frisks ...

Counterpoint has no counterpart, the plant's
magic shrivels,

hard like capers under water,
boiled eight or nine hours
good wholesome meat otherwise
eaten drives men frantic --

harmony' s vine dies & dries up, a root to choke the soul
with its thick knotted energies.

Time flies.

The ears of men lose the magic.

It returns their own
with bright haste & great feathers:

con brio,
Gottschalk runs before rag-time.
that old crinoline sound.

& in the dream one brother writes:

I shall follow Ishak' s suggestion
that I join the great caravan
to the cities of the Far Northeast.

& only in the dream leaves to hear

Ives with the airs of
American woods,

(his second symphony.)

Earlier Alcott notes:
Evening &

the moon behind the clouds

the land grown up in sweet-fern

barren, unfenced

& all gone to ruin

III

Such tales of wonder as this never have any real ending, they unfold in the elegance of the past being songs composed only in periods to enchant & close the heart of their reader with a certain music & its variation. This one, a true example of the style, has even less end than most of them. Yet the whole narrative in its spinning is permeated with those melons that are for pleasure & the dark light that forces each bud to blossom, & the two brothers are both bound to cast off their husks.

The dead ground gives way,
& the broken clods
turn grass to wings.

In the wind
miles away
a blue flower floats
drawing the sea with its stem
& the pale white clouds
swallow it whole.

Even in the blind light
of the sun
I see him
in the air' s arms,
wright
who flies.

Freed,
heavier than air,
treading space,
he whome the sky
sucks up from earth,
footless
keeps the gulls' path;
survives the wind.

Water beats
against sand,
the salt in the weeds

washes away,
changes.
I' m left on the hill.

Not more than ten years later a certain electric
borrowing set the lotus in a jade vase.
The faint pink edges of its petals opened the
eye; an old woman dreams she is young & blond,
the wind whipping her ankles like dune grass.

Faint is
my brother' s figure,
caught in a circle
of hawks like a bird,
but certain to come back.

Grapes tangled
on shore
hear here
break & color
the sea wine red
as cicadas echo me.

The buckeye
spreads
over me now,
spreads in the yard
as noon grows.
But its branches
are not the sourwood,
that kite not his flight.

Dayton, Kitty Hawk
the wings glide,
pull up from earth;
the land has left us
where my body can' t
fathom it.

IV

As Henry David
paddled over the Great Meadow
he saw at a distance,
high in the air

above the middle of the meadow,
a very compact flock of blackbirds
blotting out the sun

then letting it in
as those blinds
whose sashes are made to move together by a stick
now admit the light,
now exclude the light.

& this phenomenon pleased his eyes.

Phanes in New England;

the Orphics say
black-winged Night,
of whom Zeus stands in awe,
fucked the wind & laid
a silver egg
in a dark cunt.

& when she entered the room she cried,
Pierre,
don' t light the lamps.

Air
filtered through the fire
in their eyes alone.

Hail
double-sexed, gold-winged
Eros,

bull-roar, snake-hiss, ram-bleat,

binder of the brothers
who feeds on heather
knot each feather
& tie flight into their brains.

Out their window the bones of lightning
map the mid-western skies,
& the thunder, their mother,
beats a brazen drum

as both boys' arms
wind into that gentle embrace
under the comforter
fear or fate

instills to still the slight flutter
in their hearts.

Together they turn the light out
into night
as this tryst confirms

what Thoreau saw as Thor' s water
in the flight miles & years away
reflected on a late March sky.

In his dream one brother sought
a plant to make the land grow
& came to shores he' d never seen
where all that grew or walked the ground
was sweet, wholesome & plentiful.
A great bird carried him there,
catamite to the wind --

yet somehow
before these wings set him down,
over an ocean
he spread his legs

to feel wind whistle through him,
open his mouth & sing,
the wings, feathers & all vanished

& he fell in his own ecstatic scream
onto a pillow land-locked
beside his brother.

Like Icarus,

like corsairs he flew
& called them by name:
Cayler
Penard
Lilienthal
Chanute

& Langley who wrote:

In reply to yours of the third, I will say
the beach here is one mile wide,
clear of trees or
high hills,
& extends for nearly sixty miles,
same condition.

The wind blows
mostly from the north & northeast
September & October

& dissolves the misty
stations of the air,

with pregnant clouds
resolves their shapes as showers.

You could not rent a house here
so you would have to bring tents

to gather the light there.

... wing-shadow, kite-shade

V

We found also roses,
violets, lilies,
many sorts of herbs,
sweet odoriferous flowers
different from ours

fashioned from glass.

Certain wonders, qua ya es hora,
leva, leva, leva, shake a leg
Bendita sea la luz, an alba, buena es la que va:
Night's sceptre passes to Uranus,
detatched & determined;
already what we know loses its structural necessity.

The Greeks who knew little of the Nile
& cared less filled his flagon
with wine not water.

Only by the fire of his phanus
can I force these memories
although day complicates my confession
fabricating a prose
as artificial & stilted as
the cutting garden where
that Bohemian grows

torturous imitations
of sun-light & shade on green under-leaf
veined with hollow torch-lit tubes
filled with the sun' s unseen daylight;

These orchids of Orchus,
the terrors of terrors
flower only in the air.

Hermes hinted as he taught us
of something as above; so bellow bull,
burn all coins except those that bear
the strange airy countenance of a boy.
As quick as a log glows, it' s ash,
only hard architecture allows for light
& survives. Sin is the haze, soft
edges on the dunes in September,
the lost, the mirage, the image faded
by emotion & pressed between pages
& dropped into the reader' s lap
to remind him once things had no shape.
The accurate counts for all that is eternal.

Each initiate knows
the places this fire captures
& how to follow his heart there
aware of the fallacies in his way,
the second hand fucking
of sucubus & incubus,

yet taught:
Intellect by Participation
avoids no turn
& returns often.

I cling to the wind for my inspiration.
The powers of air & darkness write this.

& the streak of their wings
weightless in their contradiction
& more antient than the desire that lifts them
& carries the seeds in its arms
plants them above all else I' ve said.

In all this way we saw in the sand the print of savages'
feet of two or three sorts trodden in the night; & as we
entered up the sandy banks, upon a tree, in the very low
brow thereof were curiously carved these fair Roman

letters,
C R O

(no X to indicate distress, however.)

... vanished into thin air,
the scent of cedar, the bee' s
flight

protects all travellers

however unknown they come to be.

Lately a rock
testifies to their
memory

dissipated, separated
turned into clouds

projected into invisable
syllables

& kept alive
at the hearth

when a good story' s got to be told.

I cannot forbear inserting here, a pleasant Story
that passes for an uncontested Truth among the Inhabitants
of this Place; which is, that the Ship which brought
the first Colonies, does often appear amonst them,
under Sail, in a gallant Posture.

Men of best credit
affirm, just as certain,
Eden once glimmered here
in a country
all gone to ruin.

We do not see,
the lost colonists wrote,
why our morrows morrows should differ from our yesterdays.

... up in smoke,
only the ghost of the heat

that baked their bread

that fed their bodies
that transported their spirits
that made their habitat gold

claws the wheat
at field' s edge.

The orchards of Orchus
taint the tremulous air
they order.

Priapus cultivates these regions,
sows a new lust for
the destruction of all
earthly plants. Faint green
leaves blue;
all lost survive here
among new, strange stalks
& await the arrival
of the Brothers Wright,
invading their dreams & childhood
with spectacular toys & wonders.

These be
dark desires
the tendrils of which

reach down
into soil American

almost as
another world had been discovered
& added to the company of Christians ...

... & when this world has been discovered,
& when the spirit exhausts the body of men,
then shall they enter the New World.

This is every day' s most quiet need
the shadow of wings across the dunes,
a romance to allow Eros to set the table.
make beds & clean the kitchen

& by design return us
to the perfection from which, as a principle,
we first made our descent.

Here you shall enter yourselves as mirrors

becoming dissipated, torn into clouds;
the meat in the drum, the blood in the cymbal
holding the cup, pulling back the bed sheet.

VI

I follow
a music
so difficult
& thin

it allows
& makes
as different
a wind

as occult
is oak --
o hollow
whine!

Gulls,
Orville

VII

Granite from Mt. Airy
commemorated
the wing-wrights, flight-feres.

Cloud scop called
shape cold clods
in the icy air
with an easy eye:

a winged rock
atop Kill Devil Hill;

the pylon 60 feet high
salutes the dune sand
stabilized by
grass & shrub,

glede glide there,
tread the sky' s history

& only the wind remembers Osiris.
Hail to his white cypress & cold water,

for Orpheus brought us this wineless goddess.

Few who see the paper toys hover over parks
on fine summer days recall their namesake,
birds who floated all day in hot weather
high above the heads of their ancestors.

Then it be fit,
befits the stone
right & meet
to remember

for good thought & remembrance' sake.

Nineteen hundred & two,

the footprints of an enormous hound
track the heart, Set' s eyes glow in the dark.

September & more successful than ever several
over a minute in length, against high winds,
cover six hundred & twenty feet ...

thirty days hath ... & on the 29th fumes from
a clogged chimney asphyxiate Emile Zola ...

in October, early, Lionel Johnson falls
off a barstool, cracks his head, dies ...

Late in Latin' s eighth month Amy Lowell
runs home having heard Eleonora Duse
in Boston &
writes her first poem. Infinite agitation
eggs her on, ignorant of poetic technique.
Cliches & errors loosen a bolt in her brain
& reveal the brocade of her true function.

Christ! What are patterns for?

This is the old god' s toe nail.
Here the curve of his palm
& a gust of wind when the buzzard banks

WILBUR
WRIGHT
ORVILLE
WRIGHT

cut into the granite &

FAITH IN COMMEMORATION ...

is all I can make out in the grainy photograph,
I, for one, have never seen it
except as I seek it here.

VIII

Autumn, 1900
the brothers arrive.
Kitty Hawk,

the only break
Kill Devil Hill,
West Hill, Little Hill.

Hardy tufts of sea grass
dot the three dunes.
No trees in sight.

Birds abound:
ospreys, eagles,
buzzards, hawks & gulls.

Wilbur's binoculars
witness their flight.
The brothers' glider:

stretched over spruce & ash
the best French cotton
sateen imitates

Tzu-t'ing silk
... worms as big as walnuts;
imitates the gull's wing.

Weight, fifty-two pounds,
needing high winds (15-20 m.p.h.)
& because they weren't present

traces the inside of his thigh.

Yet his cock' s locked in a secret box
under air, sealed, hermetic, far away.

She seeks.

Her search, the data of his anatomy,
the memory of what it once was,
cracks open the continent.

Terra subsides, subterranian blasts
whirl up the New World, shimmering
& clear as crystalline memory.

Hell is what we forget,
the last image lost --
she can' t regain her love
until his sharp image
cuts his shape into her brain.

The didactic travel of discoverers
increases the heart & brings them home;

the size of it,
vast above them.

So this & that, the details, here & there
aid them, the birds
aid them, the wing flap & bent tail

as the poem gets off the ground,
scratches the age' s heart, pinpoints events,
hints ...

All monuments in memoriam
commemorate the air the event
occured in

for this vast element' s eternal
& includes its own expanse,
the span of their wings embraces
it all.
Completed 1932. A rock marks
the point the plane lifted from
in 1903.

they flew it like a kite,
they returned to Dayton.
Air ushered in the age.

IX

In this poem 'we have the chatter of birds ...
I have not been able to make more than a map
of the relative positions in this canzo.'
els letz becs, E. P. heard.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall
Sidney said
... in modern English verse all alliteration is to be used with such delicate art that the ear will unconsiously feel its indefinite presence, varying the verse as brief irregular bird-calls, heard in the wood here & there, seem to add delight to the mass of green.

Their twittering beaks
break the air.
Yeats
on the roof at Rapollo
hears rounds & thrusts,

no plot, no chronicle,
no edges,
no contours --

the thrush sounds a
Bach fugue

when the sudden
Italian spring arrives,

opposite of all he's attempted.

The dioskouri,
one on ground, one
on wind,
bait the air
with no logical discourse,
nothing that's not
part of them --

what they echo ...

September brought me to this,
hidden by the wind,
beyond the dunes,

a fire alive in the leaves of
the red-black fruit of
a sumac on
a hill not far from here.

Fum a killy hauk to a killy hauk,
a goose hit honks,
dies mid-flight & marks
the white-man's season

where the Lords Proprieters
(1729) designated it as
Chickahauk, there

at the wind's edge rises this Kitty Hawk

caught in the inland blaze
of dogwood berries,
late tassles on the sourwood;

the dream the color of bittersweet.

For in that place in my heart where the cold water runs
there is buried a certain memory quickened by talk & tales
of New Worlds far from this & the golden roads that lead
there. It is a certain rhetoric that such stories have:
a land in the air which sets down at certain times in
certain places outside time's history, changing the times
themselves.

The actual instruments of earth can chart this place.
For me it unfolds here.

... this place mapped out,
rises from the green
its delight set down.

X

The soul of Virginia Dare
still roams

a white doe

the hills, near here appears

midnight. Okisco' s silver arrow
hits its heart.

In the air mist takes

the form of Virginia Dare
dead
    down the beach from where
    Wilbur slept, awoke, led

    into the earth
    by a little girl,

    the poem' s initiate of light,
    the flight

dark wind. Then
that link became

    clear
    away
    out

    a way

*

Jack Hirschman:

OUR TOE

This postmortifying word around and within and above which Our Toe is cleansed of the filth behind the onyx of the mask by my paring file is what I have kept from detaching for five war years because I was pairing my own foot and mouth disease with the dead finger playing hide and seek with a wartorn destiny feeling up the man ic hiccupping power of the poor people addicted and fricative between the skin and the image of the dead poet whose screams continue in everybodys asylum who reads him and goes strait jacketed there where heads beat their brows into occult dust against the wall of bed-lambing night while Our Toe between the lips sounds endless oral judgements and all sip up allover the joint running on zodiacal whis-pers and conjunctions of the constellations of Wow and Fantastic

Here then the introduction to the City Lights edition of Our Toes poems and prose a set up translations made by divers trembling American hands piecemealing together what may never be fully col-lected because the smitheroons of the poets body were scattered the world over and the next time you pick up a poem along your sullen electric walk in a field or along a dirty gutter curb it might be a fragment of that body which stretched the length of the anxious isms of this century exploding many times the free gifts of an insanity all too well known now to a perhaps alltoomany

It is at the mystery of the pitch of his rage and torment that I mean to direct my fingerpoint in order to clear up the matter of just what the hell the man was about having nudged against his double in death and received that electric flak which young people today all over the western world call good or bad vibrations now the mat-ter really is more simple than has been stated thus far by the critics who are beginning to crawl out of their comforts to try and explicate the man as well as a few women who adoringly persist in an aesthetic myth giving Our Toe a place in history in the history of the very senses paradoxically which at an early point he ceased to experience but such is the glory of death and the laurels who crown the dead man with living effluvia

He spoke early on of a black mucous the same he saw that was spat through the dandyific hole of the voids of Baudelaire Lautreamont Nerval the traditional industrial zero demanding a nub of gut a victimized hunk of black gold where the remains of the older

aristocratic soul should have been save that in Our Toe the matter of mans fucking with himself against the powers that be led to a peculiarly twentieth century form of self vivisection and schismatism I mean he felt himself physically torn between the word and the electric picture I mean between poetry and moving pictures for as you will recall Our Toe was in fact a moving picture actor synchronistic with his written attempts to describe the socalled chaos of the forms of his poems

I make no light of this that urge to be porjected in the double whammy of the severed and dissociated body in order to be worshipped as a bodied fiction is the root of the zombyism which Our Toe complains of for no other beings in the twentieth century take on the aura of an electric majesty a sense of self as the narcissist kings and queens of the world than those who have submitted to the moving picture machine the cause of all the impotent power of this epoch the root of the breakdown in mans psyche

Our Toe struggled back down to literary history which in terms of the power of the movies was destroyed by Edison and the rest and which today serves as little more than an instrument for keeping man corporate and dreaming of a nonexistent past while the machines suck out the energies of his personal unconscious and replace it with the ultimate allterrifying transcendance of a cinematic or video federalism designed to pass thousands of primordial chicks into his bloodstream the junkie sybils of his submission while the governments of fat dribble over the last true gypsy spark with the bankload of their orgasmic wads

To desire that is to appear in moving pictures is the buddhist trick that steals the soul and leaves a shambles of mind and will and will be fought only from a stance of an electric contrariety which poor Our Toe could not sustain though for years he fought for that ground in the street as well as in the asylums which the moguls of the napoleonic motion picture code of France had consigned him to

Yet it was of his own doing for Our Toe had bloated his torment to a size which could only be pacified by his seeing himself pure and this pacification could best take place in the pure fiction of our century the cinema though the disembodied identification left this essentially poemic man caught as perhaps no other between the word and the flesh the latter of which actually he suicided himself into the celluloid of and then finished in the dead cold heat of forever trying to seduce some actual flesh out of the moving double image of himself which he had surrendered to the machine

In this however Our Toe truly was a prophet of our age for the process by which that permission to have ones pain sucked up by the

camera to submit that is the personal unconscious to that collective power to work thereafter as a poet who in fact is a sort of polemical subtitler trying to fuck up the translation of the film by subverting it with screams and other madhouse frenzies and half literate backturnings is precisely where so many today find themselves with their weekly deathsheet underg round newspapers which are nothing more than hommages to the filmic industry which hounds the information and converts the innumerable revolutions into the boxoffice of a vast national whoredom

The rage of Our Toe is abstract and ideologic not because he merely was an intellectual studded with weltenschauungs but because the image range of natural dreaming had been drawn from him by his own flickering dalliances leaving a collage infused with the angers of one who had given up his soul to this century and received in its place the dummy double the fleshed ghost of a furious polemic or fanatic preacher who happens to be the most powerful and comical sort of tragical creature on earth

His scouring of the world of magic and drugs an attempt to find in the aristocratic and medieval past a system that might transplant the awful electric which promised no flight through the solar strata to an empyrean and his ultimate putdown of all those systems is in fact the very language of Our Toe the act of denying the act of denying the actor which leaves him whether in Parisian or good Shakespearean English a Union Jacking brother under the skin of this horrible nightmare called history now and keep your lenses clear of the smut rising from the gut like all the dirty smog and rot that in another prayerful breath you call Splendor

Our Toe passed his urine through all isms arriving finally at the non-ism state of mechanical revelation that the whole fucking thing was as pursed and nigglingly arrogant as the middleclass of frenchamerica anywhere and chose the brave road of contained fanaticism the thin slingshot one is left with after one goes over the top of the hill or climbs the mountain and does not physically die or sucks ones bones in Auschwitz and finds ones self one day not dead or assassinated

Sometime during the Mexican period of his works he wrote ' It is the act which shapes the thought' and upon this hinges the both open and closed door of the tomb of his self mutilated body of works for the act which Our Toe saw as an act belonged to the act of a free interiority an event of inner consciousness that would in any other century give strength to a man strength of thought and idea strength of purpose and goal but which in our century had come to mean an act of littlemore than athletic strength and there were nazis in the muscles now not olypian greeks there were murderers

who had overtaken the psyche via the new primordial medium of the motion pictures the act thus set into motion being an act to the death but a death without flesh with no hope for body after with no tit infinite called soul by older sources

And this was simply too much for Our Toe to bear so he hung himself around everybodys neck playing the mad albatross playing the French idiot in order that the conquered psyches of others might be freed by his example and in this he became ultimately true to himself though necessarily misunderstood by all sweeping above and around and within them unforgettably at the end neither a poet nor an actor but the sheer presence of the screaming bird that hangs over every thought and reaches down to the rock of self clawing it open revealing in the heart of stone the incredible embryos of the hereafters black seeds torn up like flint to scatter sparks inspirited each with the trajectory of his journey being the most just rainbow arc and passage from death to the minds most bodily rebirth

*

Cid Corman: (6 poems from LIVINGDYING

Only you, to whom
creation is due and does
return, O death, are
eternal, through you
do we let go and
rest -- not happy, no, but free
from ancient ache. To think
of a dark night
on a dark night con-
fuses; the heart finds
nothing to cling to:
released from fear
it merely rises to
motions of slow time.
We were: and the ghosts
and nightmares
of infancy stray
like lost remembrances:
memory advances
as life does: but what is
memory to terror! What were we?
What was the point
to what we called life?
Today life seems to us
mystery, miracle, even as death --
all a-shroud --
seems to the living. And just
as we lived fleeing
death, so now do we flee
the leaping flame
we quenched --
not happy, ever, but free --
for blessedness is as much
denied the dying as the dead.

So gentle
her ways
no words are
for eyes

Quietly
arrayed
she exceeds
our hours

Who sees
feels himself
yielding

the body
brimming
light lifting.

THE INVITATION

To be taken
by the beret
for a fairy
very USA --

but up against
the staggering
black man, and me
licking away at

an ice-cream cone,
to answer and
yet not offend
places my free hand

on his warm cheek
saying, I' d go
with you, my friend,
but I' m going to

another now.
That abashes.
He sees me feel
his face grow warmer.

THE DANCE

Finally
one by one
she lets go
the veils and

you see -- de-
liriously-
ly -- there is
nothing left.

Look now in
to the great
emptiness

What comes as
her gift comes
in a plate.

As if it had thrown itself away
in the middle of the road the dog --
not dead -- exhausted -- barking all night

ready to be silent -- if possible --
until night returns. But now -- rising --
reluctantly -- as I pass -- not sure

what I may be up to -- standing there --
with a weary abject look of fear --
not even claiming to be a dog.

At dawn they' re
pumping the
shit out from

under the
house. I re-
fuse to get

up to see
what I can
damn well smell.

Willows
pushing buds
I

only
reach to feel
more

*

George Economou: TEST OF TRANSLATION X: Guillem Comte de Peitau's
Ab La Dolchor Del Temps Novel

I Ab la dolchor del temps novel
In the sweetness of the season new
Foillo li bosc, e li aucel
Leaf out the woods + the birds
Chanton chascus en lor lati
Sing each in its Latin/gibberish
Segon lo vers del novel chan;
According to the verses of a new song
Adonc esta ben c'om s'aisi
Then it is good that a man ease himself
D'acho don hom a plus talan.
With that gift to a man is most to his liking
(which)

II De lai don plus m'es bon e bel
From there whence most to me is good + beautiful
Non vei mesager ni sagel,
Not I see messenger nor seal (ed) (letter)
Per que mos cors non dorm ni ri,
Wherefore my heart neither sleeps nor smiles/laughs
Ni no m'aus traire adenan,
Nor I dare to proceed forward
Tro qe sacha ben de la fi
Until I know for sure about the end/peace
S'el' es aissi com eu deman.
Whether it is such as I ask for

III La nostr' amor vai enaissi
Our love goes thus
Com la branca de l'albespi
Like the branch of the hawthorn
Qu'esta sobre l'arbre tremblan,
That is on/above the tree trembling
La nuoit, a la ploja ez al gel,
The night in the rain + the frost
Tro l'endeman, que'l sols s'espan
Til the next day when the sun spreads itself

Per las fueillas verz e'l ramel.
Through the leaves green + the branches

IV Enquer me membra d'un mati
still me reminds of one morning
Que nos fezem de guerra fi,
when we made of war end
E que'm donet un don tan gran,
+ when me she gave a gift so great
Sa drudari' e son anel:
Her love + her ring
Enquer me lais Dieus viure tan
yet me let God to live long enough
C'aja mas manz soz so mantel!
That I have my hands under her cloak

V Qu'eu non ai soing d'estraing lati
I not (have) care for the strange gibberish / Latin
Que'm parta de mon Bon Vezi,
That me would part from my Good Neighbor
Qu'eu sai de paraulas com van
For I know about words how they go
Ab un breu sermon que s'espel,
A brief talk that spreads itself abroad
Que tal se van d'amor gaban,
Such as go around of love boasting / mocking
Nos n'avem la pessa e'l coutel.
We have the piece (of bread) + the knife

Les Chansons de Guillaume IX, ed. Alfred Jeanroy, Les classiques français du moyen âge (9), Paris, 1967, pp. 24-6.

A reader who is interested in Provençal poetry, specifically to start with, the work of William IX, Count of Poitiers (1071-1127), the earliest poet known to us of a literature that had already been going for some time, is pretty much confined to getting his introduction from the Flores Anthology of Medieval Lyrics, the more popular and heavily circulating of the two collections now available.[1] In this book, edited by a professor and published by Random House's Modern Library, he'll find three of William's eleven extant poems, all translated by a well-known and prolific professor of Romance philology and Dante at Yale. Noting these auspices, he might reasonably expect that he is getting readable, accurate, responsible versions of William's poems, right? Wrong.

[1] The other one, a very slim volume, just appeared: Willard Trask, Medieval Lyrics of Europe (NY: Meridian, 1969). Trask supplies prose translations. Though my comments are confined to the Bergin translation in Flores, I'd like to say that tho there are some very good ones in the book, most are poor.

He opens the book believing he is being introduced to a fair reflection of the real William, but instead meets this:

I In the fair times of new-born spring
The trees leaf out and small birds sing;
Each in his own tongue greets the day
And all songs mingle in union sweet.
Time now it were to tune my lay
Toward that which makes my joy complete.

II Alas, from whence each good thing
No message comes, sealed with her ring--
How can my heart be happy--nay,
I fear me it may cease to beat
Before I learn--if learn I may--
If Love has won or met defeat.

III For love with us has followed the way
Of the hawthorn tree whose branches sway
Trembling under the night' s cold sleet,
Whipped by the wind and shivering,
Till light of morn and the soft sun' s heat
Fresh bloom and life to the young buds bring.

IV And I recall as but yesterday
When we called truce to our affray,
Pledging our love without deceit--
This will I swear, God witnessing:
Let my hands ' neath her mantle meet
And I' ll have done with sorrowing.

V From Slanderers' malice I' ll not stray
From my true love; in vain they' ll bray.
I know how gossip fills the street,
I know how jealous tongues can sting:
Let starvelings snarl--we have the meat,
The salt, the knife and everything.

Trans. Thomas G Bergin, An Anthology of Medieval Lyrics, ed. Angel Flores (NY, 1962), pp. 10-11.

Both poet and reader have been had. In the first place, Bergin' s decision to "xerox" the poem' s formal elements commits him to concentration upon that which should concern a sensible translator least and causes him to distort and pervert line after line after line. The original is written in octosyllabics, so the translation must be written in octosyllabics (two or three lines are exceptions). The original' s rhyme scheme, aabcbc (first two stanzas) and bbca ca (last three stanzas) employing the same three rhymes throughout, is a little

too tough to hack, so he settles for an aabcbc pattern in each stanza, which removes, in any case, the attendant shift in rhyme that occurs in III when the poem turns from the description of spring, its effect on the lover, and his insecurity to a description of the way this love has gone and the way he hopes, has some confidence, it will go.

I) In line three the perverting process begins with the failure to do anything with en lor lati (which can cause a little trouble for any translator) and the ambiguity that results from shifting the semicolon at the end of the third line to the end of the second--"Each" what? Lati (lit. "Latin," colloq. "gibberish") here acts as verbal foil to lati in the first line of V: the new spring song of the birds, though incomprehensible to human ears, evoking a response in the lover because their singing is part of the nature he belongs to as well, as opposed to the vicious talk of those (usually at court) who envy true lovers and try to keep them apart, false talkers--something like Chaucer's losengeours. It's fairly lost here, though it could be forgiven if there weren't so many other defects. The rest of the stanza is a vague, somewhat misleading rendition of the original whose meaning is sacrificed for the sake of pedestrian rhyming.

II) Please refer to the interlinear. To explain what every reader can see for himself, I fear me, would be too painful and exasperating.

III) The imabs and anapests jaunt along without, mirabile dictu, doing violence at least to what the original basically says. ("cold" sleet is a beautiful pleonasm).

IV) Some of the most unfair and inexcusable errors of omission and commission happen in this stanza of the translation. The first line fails to connect with the last couple of lines of the previous stanza, thereby losing the reason for the poet's happy and hope-giving recollection. As his poem and passion grow, his own figure of the sun spreading itself throughout the leaves and branches (winter and spring imagery were frequently and conventionally used to convey the status of a lover's progress) reminds him of that other morning when she made him the great gift of her love and ring. Nothing of the kind in this version. The lady's giving of her ring in the poetry of courtly love, whether or not we take it only literally at first, is one of the most important symbols or metaphors for her willingness to grant her love (in word and eventually in deed), from Chaucer's Criseyde to the daughter of General Doukas in the medieval Greek romance Digenes Akrites. Beside this serious omission, Bergin dilutes the direct and resolute Enquer me lais Dieus viure tan to a feeble, irrelevant "This will I swear, God witnessing," and makes the reader focus on the lover's hands meeting rather than on getting them there on her underneath her mantel. The last line has nothing to do with the original and for the sake of rhyme or whatever he had in mind, the translator has botched the moment of greatest intensity and sensuality in the poem.

V) Bergin's rendering of Nos n' avem la pessa e' l coutel with "we have the meta,/ The salt, the knife and everything" could be argued for theoretically on the basis of some evidence that the phrase in the original might have been an idiomatic expression meaning to have everything necessary for eating. But the way he has abused the language of the original and allowed the formal elements he decided to work under to control his translation strips that argument of any conviction it might have had. And we are left with a verbose version of the

poet's simple and moving and provocative "bread and knife," what he knows his Lady and he have--now, if he can only get her to "table."

After this disappointing, false image of the poem which is written in a diction that is not really characteristic of English or American poetry of any period or place (except in an avalanche of ugly translations), Frederick Goldin's stands out as conscientious, honest, and eminently readable.

I In the sweetness of this new season
the woods leaf out, and the birds
sing, each one in its latin,
through the verses of the new song.
Thus it is right that each man settle down
with what a man desires most.

II From yonder, where dwells my most good and beautiful,
I see no messenger or seal,
and so my body knows no sleep, no laughter;
nor do I dare to take a step in that direction
until I know assuredly about peace,
whether it is such as I ask for.

III With us, love goes this way--
like a hawthorne branch
on a tree, trembling,
under rain and frost, all night,
till the next day when the sunlight spreads
all through the green leaves and the branches.

IV It still reminds me of one morning
when we made an end to war,
and she gave me so great a gift,
her love and her ring.
God let me live long enough
to get my hands under her mantle;

V because I do not care for some strange gibberish
that separates me from my Fair Neighbor;
for I know how it is with words,
a "short speech" goes on and on and on...
Others like that go around bragging about love,
but we have the bread and the knife.

This version, which is to appear in an anthology of translations of medieval lyrics Goldin is preparing for Doubleday Anchor under the title Lyrics of the Middle Ages, restores faith in what the professional medievalist of intelligence can do for the poetry public. Just about everything that is wrong with Bergin's version, including the pretentiousness is corrected here. Goldin honors the poem's literal sense by rendering each line with accuracy and in good old stan-

dard mother tongue. I would argue with him, though, over his translation of mos cors (II, 3) as "my body." True, it could be either "heart" or "body", but the importance of the heart in the literature of love --it's almost a technical terms, makes me doubt that "body" is what William primarily meant (though I do not doubt that he was playing on the two meanings, which is virtually impossible for a translator to carry over). "Heart" is preferable in this situation because that's where AMOR let's the lover have it with his golden or leaden arrows, where he roots into the man he takes possession of, and it's in his heart that William feels his anxiety and uncertainty. Besides, "heart" in an English version can come across as a synecdoche to the sensitive reader.

I have deliberately grouped these first two versions in order to show what two professional medievalists have done with the poem. I've also deliberately suggested at the beginning of this piece that a translator acts as a kind of mirror held up to his man a speculum poetae, an idea William and most medieval poets would have liked--I think. We can't really see the man (perhaps very few or none at all out of his time and place truly can), so we have to look at what the mirror reflects. Goldin gives us a trustworthy literal delineation of Ab la dolchor, which, I think, is exactly what he wanted to do, and his translation is therefore (by my standards) a better translation and a better "poem" than Bergin's. Yet the man of the poem can't be clearly seen or deeply felt[2] unless the translator is willing and able to let him into himself so that as mirror he reflects not just his outline but some flesh and blood, a body, as well. The poet as translator can become the body of his man, the mirrored image in which we can see a man because there are two of them there joined in a single configuration: this is what happens, I believe, when translation is practiced as high art, when, as an art, it is hardly even second (maybe by a hairline) to original composition.

Now here are two versions by professional poets.

I When the springtime is sweet
And the birds repeat
Their new song in the leaves.
'Tis meet
A man go where he will.

II But from where my heart is set
No message I get;
My heart all wakes and grieves;
Defeat
Or luck, I must have my fill.

III Our love comes out
Like the branch that turns about

---

[2] I refer here, of course, to Goldin's translation not Goldin's sensibility. His Mirror of Narcissus in the Courtly Love Lyric (Cornell, 1967) is one of the most original and important pieces of scholarly criticism on the medieval lyric ever written by an American. A good critic can help us see the man, too.

On the top of the hawthorne,
With frost and hail at night
Suffers despite
' Till the sun come, and the green leaf on the bough.

IV I remember the young day
When we set strife away
And she gave me such gesning,
Her love and her ring:
God grant I die not by any man' s stroke
'Till I have my hand ' neath her cloak.

V I care not for their clamour
Who have come between me and my charmer,
For I know how words run loose,
Big talk and little use.
Spoilers of pleasure,
We take their measure.

Trans. Ezra Pound, Personae (NY: New Directions, 1926), p. 173.

This is not Pound at his greatest as translator, no Seafarer, and fortunately (I think) it has not been reprinted in the Literary Translations or in any of the many paperback selections that are now coming out. But compare it with Bergin' s and you see immediately the difference between the tyro and the pro, between a rending and a rendition--the economy of language, the easy seeming skill in rhyme, the crisp cadences especially in the first two stanzas where he cuts the number of lines from six to five and some lines in half and still manages to convey the sense of the original better than Bergin does. The way he handles, or doesn' t handle, his immense resources in the English language, in this case as in some of his other translations, leads to difficulties. And there are difficulties (pace loyal sons of Ezra; every poet worth his typewriter ribbon is in some sense, some way a son of Ezra, but a son ought to be more than a subject and more than merely a son). One can appreciate and be grateful to him for bringing so many to the Provençal and medieval lyric and still recognize that somebody else has done better translations.

A comparison of his version with the interlinear will show, with the major exception of the last line, that it generally carries over the main sense of the original, though it does blur or completely omit some important details. On that last line, Pound seems at a loss as to what to do with it, ignoring coutel completely and improvising a line based on reading pessa as pes (weight or measure), which closes the poem with an emphasis on something quite different from what the original focusses on. The translation of don tan gran (IV, 3) with "such gesning" (var. of ME gestening, of Scand. origin, meaning "Entertainment as a guest, lodging, hospitality," OED) illustrates Pound' s sometime bad habit of using an archaic word which may add a little flavor but obscures meaning. In almost direct contradiction to the motive for using "gesning" is the use of "charmer" for Bon Vezi, the Lady (Domna), who is hardly to be

represented by a noun that is associated with middle and lower class Americans' casual way of complimenting their lady friends. Finally, the rendering of IV, 5, by "God grant I die not by any man's stroke," while plausible smacks a little of Pound's preoccupation with and tendency to push Provençal bellicosity.

I In the new season
when the leaves burgeon
and birds
sing out the first stave of new song,
time then that a man take the softest joy of her
who is most to his liking.

II But from where my joy springs
no message comes:
the heart will not sleep or laugh nor dare I go out
till I know the truth, if she will have me or not.

III Our love is like top
branches that creak
on the hawthorn at night,
stiff from ice
or shaking from rain. And tomorrow
the sun
spreads its living warmth through the branches and through
the green leaves on the tree.

IV Remembering
the softness of that morning we put away anger,
when she gave me her love, her ring
as sign,
remembering the softness,
I pray to God I live to put my hands
under her cloak, remembering that.

V And I
care not for the talk
that aims to part
my lady from me;
for I know how talk runs rife and gossip spreads
from empty, rancid mouths that, soured
make mock of love.
No matter. We are the ones, we have
some bread, a knife.

This translation by Paul Blackburn, this poem, is the only version of William's poem which qualifies as translation as high art--as they say, it is in a

class of its own. That it is, at this time, during the last few years, and probably for some time more, the least available is a bitter irony. One of our finest poets, who knows the language, culture and history of Provence as well if not better than most who teach it, has beautifully translated almost the entire corpus of Provencal poetry, the hard work of years, and for years now it has been sabotaged by academic readers for the presses that could afford to publish such a big work. I've heard the objections: they're very nice poems, fun to read, but afterall, they really aren't accurate, he changes too much around, and other mindless absurdities, prompted by mindlessness, envy, and personal ambition. End of angry tirade.

Blackburn's translation is a genuine poem because he has written it as one of his own, which does nothing to the original but to enhance and authenticate it in its English version since Blackburn, temperamentally and artistically, has been the right man at the right time for the job. History does that now and then, and I wouldn't for more than a moment or for any reason other than rhetorical entertain the thought of translations of this poem by Charles Olson or Bukowski were they to have the training and desire Blackburn has had to do this work. If it's not already in your memory, check the interlinear again and see how he has carefully, lovingly respected the sense of the original, how each stanza remains intact while he breaks the lines according to his own voice, how the addition of a word, like "softest" in I, 5, or the re-phrasing of a line, like II, 1 or IV, 2, is always faithful to what is happening, being suggested in the original. Understanding the importance to the poem of the memory that occupies IV, he emphasizes it with the repetition of "remembering." And the addition of "as sign (4)," besides having its rhythmic function underscores the meaning of the Lady's gesture of giving her ring.

Blackburn's rendering of stanza V is brilliant, showing how well he understands the role of the bitter talkers the devisive gossips in the courtly lyric. He emphasizes it more for his audience than William had to for his, and still he incorporates an exactly literal translation of d'amor gaban. The "No matter" fits perfectly, suggesting, to me at least, the Chaucerian "No fors," quietly asserting what all fine lovers think of the jealous detractors--for all their mean efforts, they just don't count. Turning out William's Nos n'avem, the emphatic double pronoun, with "We are the ones, we have" and pessa (piece--of bread) with "some bread" are just two more examples of what the entire translation illustrates: that for accuracy and art in the translating of Provençal (in a couple of other languages and writers, too, incidentally) Paul Blackburn has no peer.

*

Guillem Comte de Peitau: (3 poems

Companho, tant ai agut d' avols conres

So much bad food and worse liquor, friends
can' t hardly get this song out, and that
doesn' t bother me hear?
In fact,
it' s better
not everyone know the depth of my affairs.

Let me tell you clear
my intention in this is: not
to be pleased with my own caution, nor
in mill-races without fish, nor the gabble
of evil-minded men, the like of which,
YOU KNOW
I would not have said about them...

Lord,
God,
king and governor of the world, who
ever set guard over a cunt when he had not first used it?
And he whose case
never had need of a watchman,
without exception
treats his lady the worst.

But let me tell you about cunt:
it' s his religion,
that man who spreads no gossip nor listens to worse.
But that other thing dwarfs, finally, what steals from it,
and cunt at this point rises to it, prospers from it,
generally, flourishes thereby.

And those who choose not to believe my reproaches
will whinny and poke around bushes in perpetual tangle.
But if a man chop down a tree, does it not follow
that two or three will spring up to replace it?

And when the timber is cut off, it grows up again more thickly,
and the gentleman loses neither his computation nor his mind.

Quite the reverse. A man can regret the damage (once he has done it).

It is wrong (to do) damage without (having regretted it).

Farai un vers pos mi sonelh

I' ll make a vers while I' m asleep here
walking and loafing in the sun.
Some women play a lot of nasty games,
I could name names,
women who disdain to take a knight as lover.

They commit a heavy mortal sin
refusing a loyal nobleman;
and if they love a monk or clerk
then they are wrong.
By rights, one might then use a torch
to make them burn.

Beyond Limousin, in the Auvergne,
going along there under my cloak
alone, I met the wives of en Gari
and en Bernart;
they greeted me simply in the name
of St. Leonart.

And one said to me in her dialect:
"God save you, sir pilgrim.
You seem of decent family
in my opinion.
We see traveling through the world
too many madmen."

Now hear what I said to them:
I answered neither pack nor point
nor mentioned either staff nor tool,
but only said, "Tarra babart
marta babelio riben
saramahart."
Agnes said to Ermessaine: "We' ve
found what we were looking for.

God' s love, sister, let' s take him in,
he' s as dumb as our bedroom door.
No one will ever know the tricks
we used him for."

One of them took me beneath her cape,
brought me into their room by the fireplace.
You know, that made me feel very nice?
and the fire was good.
And I warmed myself at the huge coals
and burning wood.

They had me eat -- a few capons, and
understand, there were more than two!
And neither cook nor scullery boys
but the three of us for supper.
And the bread was white and the wine was good
and lots of pepper.

"Sister, this fellow here is clever
and' s holding his tongue because of us.
Let' s bring in our great red cat
who' ll make him babble soon enough
if he lies in this matter."

Agnes went for the ugly beast. His
whiskers were long and his claws immense.
I saw him among us and was in terror.
I nearly forgot that I was fearless
and full of valor.

When we had drunk and eaten well,
I undressed myself, at their request.
She held behind my back, that cat --
vicious and cruel --
and dragged him from my second rib
down to my heel.

She seized the cat then by the tail,
swung him and clawed me.
They gave me more than a hundred rips that day,
but I would scarecely have budged yet
if they had killed me.

"Sister," said Agnes to Ermessaine,
"he' s real dumb, that much is plain.
Draw him a bath, and after that
we' ll have some lovin' ."

Eight days and more they kept me there
in that damned oven!

Now hear how many times I fucked them:
a hundred-and-eighty and eight times more,
until I nearly broke my strap
and the baggage with it.
And I can't tell you how much it stung
he took so much of it.

I can hardly tell you about the pain,
he stood so much of it.

tornada

At daybreak, Ned, roll off the couch.
You'll carry this song in your pouch
straight to the wives of en Gari
and en Bernat,
and tell them, see, for love of me
that they KILL THAT CAT!

Pos de chantar mes pres talentz

Song seizes me, but my own vers gives me dolor,
and in Poitou or Limousin I'll never again be lover.

To exile now, fearful in mid of danger,
and leave my son to fight those who will give him hurt.

I lose both heart and possession quitting Poitou;
I leave Folque d'Anjou to guard the land and his cousin.

If Folque cannot hold it, he who grants me seisin
will have Angevins and Gascons on his neck.

They will see him young and feeble when I have gone
they will bring him down if his prowess be not double.

Mercy I ask of friends wherever I have wronged:
I pray to Christ in Occitan, also in Latin.

I rode in prowess and joy, leave both behind now
going hellbent to where all sinners end up.

Gaily I lived. Now God no longer cares for it:
being half-dead, even I no longer desire it.

All ceremony quit, all loving habit:
if God love me, whatever comes, I welcome it.

Friends, at my demise come do me honor:
since I' ve taken my pleasure all over the neighborhood too.

All gracious show I leave, joys of love and table,
two kinds of grey fur, also sable.

--translations by Paul Blackburn

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Heywood Haut:

THE CARTOGRAPHERS

The sun rises yet is not mistaken
for a man, nor lover in disguise.
Eyes unlike eyes that might refuse to see
another emotion or hand falling
in front of them. There is a crack in
the table. She forces the faces inside
of it. She opens each drawer looking
for a safe entrance. All is sentiment,
how the words reign or fall off at the end
of a sentence. The road is often an
automobile. Window upon window upon word.

I danced a dance for you. For you and
not for me, from you and not from me, it
was your body that would not let mine lie.
I danced a dance for you. The mouth is
white. The man said good-bye without a reason.
And these fish pass thru one-way corridors
without a sense of guilt or humility.

I dreamed a dream of you. A phrase formed
from one which you have often spoke. It was
tall and bore wings, and no country can live
as its enemy. There is no way to know
if you dreamed this dream of me, there is
no way to name the dreamer. Not so much
real as unreal, temporal, as organized
by a vague emotion or desire for
closer proximity. Without fingers I
recall a dance danced without feet. The
body, distant to a hand without flowers.
Without fingers I cannot touch a single
color. Without fingers the victim is
not so much dead as diseased. A small man,
named magician, places these flowers
on the floor for our feet to walk on. A
larger man, named king of this country,
steals the sword as well as the ring but finds
suspicion everywhere. "Come in My Lord."
My Lady speaks with ease as if she were
never torn helpless from a weightless wall.

Philip Corner:

(I CAN WALK THROUGH THE WORLD AS MUSIC)

I am, here again where I wanted to be, when with naked body was cool I accept this day time address proper. I could see them, the stones on ground under my feet as now, I wanted. They are round thru very soft leather. Prefer bare for them, not yet. spots of the rain-dropped on as I leaned last, left in earth. I brought the window. I paused in the practice; prepare ready the definite record -- I was at the very grand piano. A classical pattern to play over into the most sublime hypnosis. I have no more shirt as I write. I stayed on stoned feet a long time. The windows closed. What I made is preserved for the dancer whenever she will be using its music, more. The merciless electronics pick up every finger irregularity; there is a dimension where the human-ness of perfected failing is right and also a dimension outside of that. I can change. I can make the thing more than it should be. Measure 199 of the first movement of Mozart, C minor Piano Concerto. At measures 263-4, the two of them, the same as before one but with a suspended dissonance at the start. That could be done too -- but we only need a minute now. I play it over and over, stopping in time. My mind has been long prepared; the red buttons pressed The second hand waits before me; to the top. The chord in the left hand of my mind before-hand. the trill starts moving on the surface fingers touch and vibrate keys starting -- the machine did not pick up that (for my ears alone) As I go down I cannot say exactly when the sound will, yet I could almost. I catch it as it strikes, further the resonance I Am in. I go with-it. I do what no computer could. I take the flow and bring out the notes here and here, as both we will, not-much but you can hear this. It is the "changes within no changes"-- -- which is why you have to do it and not merely repeat. It ends, gracious. It should. I was playing for the first ears and it went on and on. When the pianist does that he stops it, occasionally and shortly. No, he doesn't stop but he puts holes in. Only when there is enough time. When I am rather working-at than working-for might be a whole day.... I can allow the forwards and backwards of speeds to follow the imperfections of my technique. Between the both of them hands they move in and out each-other. Likewise with the halts, there should be no-thing in matter to ever ever stop but it tenseness still comes, into the muscles which are strong enough but have not-yet too easily learned enough. Just a minute. On after a space, to the next which is more what was prepared for Illinois for Cage and Hiller in HPS CHD for the 7th solo part. There my interruptions were from Schonberg Skryabine Beethoven Schumann Webern Messaien Satie Hayden Ives; quote fragments merely interrupts, And may be next time in solo -- but for now beyond performances. The real thing a single measure of Mozart. Then another measure of Mozart. Then so on. I used the Concerto but realized it also with the C Major Sonata all kids know. And this is what I gave to Joan Baker to be moved

by. The figuration of four notes of a three note chord starts on the fifth finger. (not too soft) of the left hand, used the thumb. (not too loud!) and one more of the fingers. So slow. What is over in concerts in 2 to 3 seconds here endures fifteen or more for not even the first 3-times through. And that is only the start. Imperceptibly in accelerate. never beyond the loss of complete touch, our movings by self, never too-fast. but ever faster; simple; here is the mastery. (Like a breath for energies which comes into one) It just keeps. If it ever

A computer print-out to generate the sight; the pattern spaces notes over wide white spaces and then closes them. and like the intensity starts light grey and grows deeper to black. So perfectly more than a draughtsman could patience: much paper to exhibit and I hear it costs

stops the composer, has provided a scale in 5 beats up & back which may serve rapidly to bring the next level. You may check the score. You may take it over once-more from there. (Will not resolve, Of course) The Sonata though may have a hint of the melody. the right hand doing what it has something to do, at times. This can be played around: starting over stopping or going back before its gone all the way, moving in to the second measure to the change of chord - the dominant. The tune, the leading tone leads, a B. but may not lead back (I prefer not too) It slows but not stops It goes both ways with many surprises. Pulses. May-be many times in

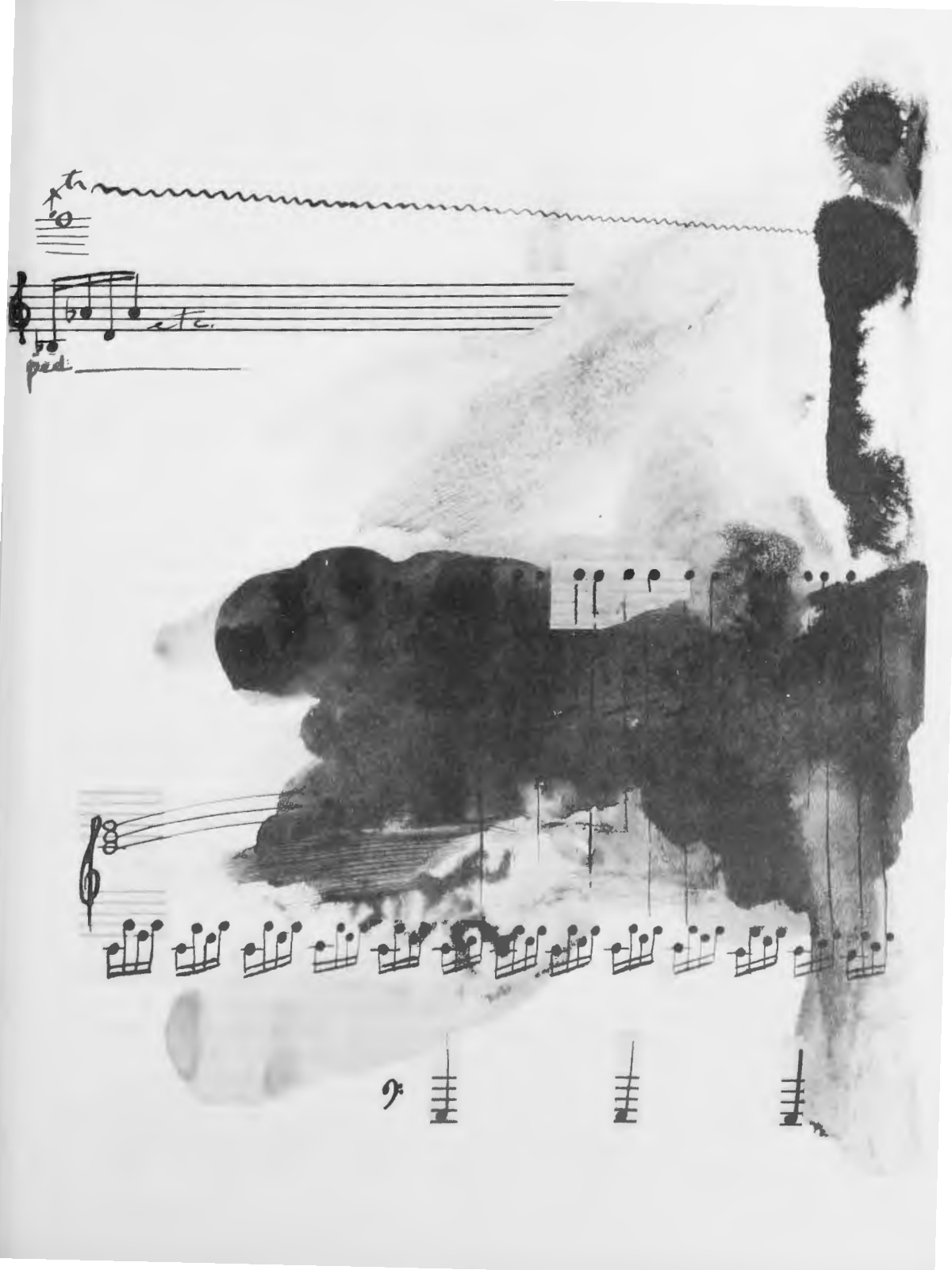
or children-play cries in the silent areas.

a short time. Metronomes. I only gave her 3 minutes of this. It glows like a meditation. It' s perfect tuning makes it somewhat more brilliant than stones. A current. I play it with water. that is liquid around my playing. Use electricity. Whenever it is I in the flow and the echo of my music plays again. Years ago when I made a piece from the faucet we kept on using it. But it was too short (because it was art) We loved it But she wanted one would last all night. The means are available. Shower from one side and showers of the classics from the other speaker; around us. What I have described is all the materials, spiritual bath and physical. Simplified repeat: bathe, and hear the musical. Play it, behind the pipes gush. Be in bed -- the preservation of both and together . Rhythms which motorize beat from ancient times to culture and now ours to play: again more and with the music record. Phase; counter-timings. I put music once-more and hold still; what I had done, in my position. The listening stops, while I still am. I pick up very slowly the pieces of equipment and wind and store away. I breathe .

Why she said "peace of mind" such a good deal . . . .

close the keyboard. (with a thing to give) Look forward

Do you want a visualized program for the making the music sound ?
when it is the work in clothes wear so I can get out in no time .


etc.
ped.

Donald Phelps: Part One, Chapter One of
a novel called THE WRINGER

Do nothing 'til you hear from me.
Pay no attention to what' s said.
Why people tear the schemes of somebody' s dreams
Is over my head.

writing the words
of the sermon
that no one will hear

From the Journals of Arthur Faircloth

Mr. Hackett is humming, which means he' s very mad about something. He' ll hum Some Enchanted Evening or Jump on the Manhattan Merry-go-Round, like a moaning, in this up and down way. Now the phone is ringing while I guess he' s on the way to the supply room to get his stapler repaired. Phone rings should he answer it himself or should he be like boss and tell somebody to answer? Hums yells Hasn' t anybody got hands? Tough being boss Would I want to? Why?

Does not get along (Hackett) with Wineroth (Mrs.) Afraid of? I think, else he would be more boss like when talking to Asks her more questions than others She too yells almost man-like Dike? Keep in mind She will say "Mr. Hackett it' s obvious you don' t know all there is to know about this job" But it is not her yelling (when she does) it is her making others feel sorry for her somehow can' t say how I feel sorry for myself don' t like to hate it hate it hate her! Want to end it, end people being on me their hands on me.

TO CUT IT OFF IS EVERYTHING

I tore the paper because she was just passing my desk couldn' t figure how she got over here so fast when she was screaming at Hackett then dug she wasn' t screaming at him. I just was thinking how she does sometimes, so lost concentration She walks past my desk smiling her lips moving which I can understand (not hearing) "Write, write, write!" Friendly likes me I hate her but what can I do? Yelling is bad, throwing things bad, because you don' t know what comes next I wish I could yell & not know I was yelling and keep on strong from not knowing! She will discuss books (not stupidly, had read Jack London once, admired) calls me Artie which I hate (kid name, also sounds like farty does she realize?) Must watch out watch out women get ahold of only way no yelling no hitting CUT OFF CUT OFF

Jew fuck sneak Spinner standing in front of my desk as I wrote this what did he see? Wants to know grin what time will Xerox go on? After one I say time to get yourself circumcised (don't say) Why couldn't he say he's there? Speak people watching to grab to yank hit Is he jew? dumb dick sucker made my dick feel growing backwds

To hold back be silent IS BEST, to hurt and not be hurt.

I tried to cut it off once. I

The kitchen table cold enamel

A black handle knife the kitchen drawer

I cant cant WHY FUCK IT WHY!!! No reason. No reason for killing myself her? It wasn't that hurting me it wasn't me hurting me her her but only when she was there. Why did she smile and listen to my records? Why sit on floor and her skirt over her knees as if over under knees mattered how could (can) I cut off that? But yes yes hold back and then you can hurt what you didn't think you can hurt. Didn't know was there. Why did she say better wear something on head? Did she know what would mean? Why should she think it wouldn't mean

Was going to write goddam cunt goddam cunt like I did twentyfive times when we broke up but didn't want to anymore Did I want to then?

Mrs. Hexton nigger lady as I call her (now) is looking my way. Does she see this writing? Does it mean anything to her? No more signs. Just what I mean when somebody cuts it off Used to get along fine with her. One day she came by I was saying nigger to myself. Why? Just saying I was thinking (maybe?) somebody call somebody nigger. Saying the word. I often say things to myself to keep from saying them anyothertime Nigger nigger thought I was saying it quietly moving my lips she was going to say something heard that little sound like when somebody is going to say then didn't. Lower lip out (frown? those nigger lips anyway) Westindian minds being called nigger month ago March fourteenth? Fifteenth? Should remember can't remember

I wish I could make people no I wish I could cut them all off like I can her now Hackett Hackett is yelling again WHY DO I COVER THIS UP? Could I yell and not know? I think that would begin everything for me.

I'm picking desk blotter forefinger

I tried to write 25 times again anyway goddam cunt but only started write her name Elsa Elsa

Something very strange. Good? Bad?

I was in the Silver Rail other night (last night, April sixteenth) this Irish cat Sheean (han?) bartndr shitty as usual about my age. I only told him 3 times last week 8 his partner Gieger

cant write that sign well ampersand? unless take time keeps coming out 8 manual desterity

Sheehan shitty lippy irish say alright alright he keeps on I wish Hackett would show up they'd get along fine though probably I wish I could yell back saying the right things and not knowing not knowing I was yelling till after

But he was being all that shit about my age I had to show ID card frm office again. So this cat comes up to me little older than I am (21? 22?) purple acne around mouth nose says can you lay a drink on me pal?

I feeling nasty, I' m not old enough to buy my own, so he says who him? about Sheehan, who was standing right by. This cat says Fuck him I' ll show him my ID card with the hair growing on it. Says, for that kindof deal the least he could do is blow you. I thought for a second dumb me he meant blow drinks I said I wouldn' t take it off him and this other cat laughed not too loud not too long. A little taller than me. Says this dump fuckin stinks anyway same as when I was here last, you can' t even get fuckin decent beer, pronounces it daycent (not quite).

Then he says I' ll buy this round pal and says louder my pal knows how old I am old Blowjob Charlie here. Sheehan smiles but doesn' t smile, wipes beer glass. Talks not very loud but so Sheehan will hear. Sharp kind of.

I wondered Sheean didn' t do say anything regulars stand there nothing I began to think maybe this guy had friends around a gang I started getting spooky.

He goes again Say no shit we gonna get some decent beer? this fuckin dump shits.

I kind of got furious getting that pressure in my chest fucking guys people telling me what to do not giving you time or caring if you want to. I said What the fuck you need me for? I wanna drink this beer I paid for.

My fucking chest was so tight with the beer that was already in it. I hated it and him both silly

He said nothing just quiet those pimples looking they were goint to start running any second no smile not a twitch I felt that tight cold

I wish the fuck I could once once once once get mad when I want to HAVE TO get mad that fuck I wanted to knee his balls possibly or if I could be that quick break a beer bottle up into the scrotum rip zip him screaming I hook his ankle my foot foot in his balls his kidneys

Amboy Dukes horseshit movies

At least he didn' t do anything. Didn' t seem to hear almost. At last I wantya to buy me a beer you expect me to buy my own? Mouth twitched a little sort of laugh.

I said I just wanna drink this beer I paid for. I couldn' t smell him, nothing. I usually make a point to smell people kind of. Breath, clothes. Often pretty often bad, sometimes not but make it a habit, or can' t help it. Couldn' t smell him, thought I could, those pimples, beer

I kept waiting for him to put out his hand, my balls crotch. He wasn' t fag looking, especially. I was wondering did I still want to get mad, If I didn' t feel so fucking numb no feeling at all every time its really there

He put out his hand again I said (didn' t say) now NOW nothing the goddam blank pulled back a little not much from him.

He touched my blank book, this, under my arm. Says You a writer or what? I just wondered how fucking many were watching. Said what? My homework. something. Same shit I tell them in the office when they ask me. just fucking hope they never want to look at my homework. Night school ha ha.

He says (didnt hear?) What do you write?

I felt him building up 8 & tried not to think of it building up. His face not moving. I said You want to read it or what?

He jerked his head, couldn' t tell did he mean yes or what.

I wondered again how many were watching! Jesus jesus dammit I wish I could keep my mind together if I could just take some exercises concentration to make it hard hard the mind hard

He says fuck it or else forget it. You make any bread from that shit I guess not.

I didn' t know again what the fuck to say. One way I didn' t want to say I did, money if he had a knife Then I wanted to say yes I was making it great, just because I wanted to think I could anyway if I wanted to ever.

I said I like doing it, it' s okay. (Not bad answer.)

He said How about showing me some of it? Up at your place?

I felt cold all over my fly felt damp just sweat anyway. The beer felt like ten tons in my stomach moving around. Tried to keep my stomach still fucking hated the beer him the place the notebook

Hated but couldn' t get mad.

I got no beer at my place, I said. You wanna get some, just let me finish this yeah?

He his hand just passed moved the glass out of reach. That prick Irish Sheehan smiling I think or looking behind the bar. If only some gang niggers would wreck his fucking bar the mean bitch muffdiver

He says the guy Shit spendthrift Louie (sounded like) I' m buying, you wanna dacent beer or not?

I didnt know what to tell him eyes 8 that pressing inside me I said okay you can buy me one. If only I could keep my eyes my mind on just what to say focused something always seems to come in from left field somewhere.

Around Halsey and Broadway is so shitty-looking I can hardly look at it anytime. You can' t tell whether stores are open or closed, though usually closed at this hour (10 P. M.) Puke around L train pillars (spelling?) as usual. Kept my eyes ahead mostly, used to be able not to see all that shit, puke etc. Maybe because I was younger, maybe because wasn' t so much then. Spicks & niggers

We went into some bar didn' t look open corner of Werefield, Bway. Beer was nothing to bullshit about, he only bought me one. Didn' t say much, making me wonder more. Not much light, quite dark over lousy-looking freelunch counter. The light from outside pretty much the main light. It fell on him, on his neck, as he leaned over his beer. Saw 3 marks thought I saw 3 more pimples on his neck. Purple marks, They weren' t. I know what they were, I think.

A couple of times tried to say I think I' ll go now or I haveto get up tomorrow no he didn' t say anything but I couldn' t talk, Noises in my throat. Don' t know if he heard, didn' t (of course) act like he heard.

Said (him): So do you know anybody who buys and sells letters?

As if that was all wed been talking about all night. I said no, feeling the rotten fucking fear again, damp cold.

Tapping his beerglass with his finger, slow. Out the shit, yeah? We been friends half an hour. he says. What do you mean, you haven' t got any letters

you could make some bread on, selling them?

I said You were just asking if I knew somebody who buys letters. Why, what are you buying?

He just sighed, I wondered if he was drunk, crazy? He said I don't know myself, kid. Was he smiling? Said That means you're not selling, right. Then sighed, a laughing sigh. Okay, okay, the bar. Come on up to my place, honey bunch.

His place was a dumpy-looking 3 rooms over a refrig store. Sat on the bed, said Are we talking or are we fooling kid? I noticed that funny accent again like Irish but not.

I said I don't know what we're supposed to be talking about. I didn't, or didn't I want to?

Then he says Hows the pussy situation? Before I could answer, said You mind my swearing? Kind of smirk, then sudden smacks his hands on his legs, spilling some of his beer, mutters something about cut and fuck, then looks straight at me.

You know what you got? he says. I didnt know did he mean something wrong with me (sounded like) or something I had. Or did I want to

Says you got money you got pussy you can have both. Both. Come on, act like you're thinking.

Just a mark I make when I mi ght be bullshitting too much, Think thats all I want to write about that. Anyway, don't know yet whether good, bad.

I started to write a poem here but scratched it out.

Fuck Ill break his fucking jaw I mean it I felt my head upper lip getting all light that lousy mongrel scumbag say something to you walk away

I was putting cards actives in the card file big thing like a ferris wheel rotates That prick his name I wont

That prick I'm at the card file putting active cards in ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN ME there I turn around to see him that prick Fedder no older than me but a fucking nut Says as he sits down I stood up right away or practically Says sitting down "Other people work here too" I said You fucking have to tell me if your there man, I haven't got eyes in my ass I don't know about you. I didn't say loud, or more to myself arguing anything with that prick doesn't thrill me. Then I'm almost out of earshot doesn't he call me "Am I supposed to put this away for you?" This fucking card I left out in a hurry getting up for his fat imbecile ass

I fucking couldnt say

I didn't I couldn't say anything

My upper lip I felt getting light light like it always does fuck I wanted to bust out to nail him COULDNT COULDNT COULDNT COULDNT

COULDNT COULDNT COULDNT COULDNT COULDNT COULDNT COULDNT

It looks small, tiny as I write it down. Who will read it, laugh? But those fucking little knives are how they touch you at last they get you they dont let you go let you alone

A fucking maggot like I cant describe that cuntlapper even now that pusbucket not even a boss a goddamn what I am clerk not even senior but he can he can more stupid thats it no doubts no should he or shouldn' t I thought of cutting of stomping getting a fight where he doesn' t think I' ll go through then get him down not strong chop him as he turns aside down then his balls in my teeth bite bite the vein the

I felt getting weak I' m sweating on the page

But that I' m not afraid I just don' t think that isn' t it make him

Make them afraid make them doubt make them not sure about themselves

I can' t say it the words aren' t yet, but I know I know not just hope I KNOW there' s a way a way that even when they don' t admit yes yes that best even when they don' t admit you know, can tell it' s fear of you it' s they' re no longer sure smell their piss their spit

I thought about him again about Bud Morris. Will he come back? I wonder if anyone said anything to him, would it make any difference I try to imagine Hackett, Weinroth putting him down him talking back to them Fedder, him laying for Fedder jumping next day walking past him smiles winks

How the fucking hell can you not care like that? He said another time

Weinroth stopped by my desk. Tall, a tweed skirt wrinkled up wrinkles around her belly. Almost fifty, maybe more than fifty. Yellowish skin, big. Wanted to ask about Genet had I read any Genet calling me Artie. Didn' t recall at first, knew the name, faggot, something about crime Don' t want to talk to her kept smiling at her jaw stiff like a dentist' s cotton inside. Didn' t want to tell her anything, let her know any Faggot crime something about flowers She calls him flashy How much has she read? So why does she need my opinion

Thought about Elsa looking like tomboy laughing screwing up her face Trying to not look pretty? She was pretty the movies went to see Marcel Marceau with her clown pantomine wanted to go backstage so we did. I thought about her father small loud voice being angry sweating (me) she nervous too

Afterward next day I called her her voice not the same she couldn' t go out couldn' t go out for a week I thought I could hear him swearing cursing not hitting he wouldn' t have to you coul d hurt her you could get to her

I was sorry at first!

I was sorry at first!

The first time I couldn' t see her. I remember thinking cursing swearing that' s not the worst the worst is they make you worry tight get to you

Then later on the next week? (no) I asked her again she had a cold. Called, father answered hard cheerful voice always to me on phone When I took her home that night a different voice his? Low but growl no snarl from the door of apartment (dark) after she went in

But then a week a month I know it was her Which was her and which her father?

I wanted to be sorry felt good being sorry I hate feeling sorry for myself but liked feeling sorry for her. But then, remembering her, it got stuck to her father. Thought of her of him Which was her and which was him?

Then she started putting off saying things gone gone gone How can?

Words can make a difference, in little sharp ways. The things people say can stick to people, esp. people you like love. They stick you can't think of person without those words esp. blame words guilt words

Now it's like both her and her father inside me. Goddamn cunt isno good, writing. They're inside me, they're away but they've got me. If I break loose

If I break loose from them, I can handle anybody I know it it's something you can know.

Weinroth asking me if I go to singles dances. Thinks people should marry, kids. I tell myself like howling inside to tell her to clap her fucking mouth if only she would, if only it would finish everything there, then! But I can hear her yelling I can if I couldn't I'd do it or something anyway say something She believes in marriage love always bragging about herself in a way people don't notice or laugh or smile at

I should tell her my lovelife.

Yellow

Yellow

no balls

See him (Bud) tonght

Take pants to cleaners spilt beer

He said So what about the letters and that?

I didn't want to say what? all the time, sound no brains I said I can talk about it. He said Talk, we been talking. Rubbing his beer glass alongside head. You know what we're talking about? If not, say so.

I had this sick feeling of being in something, yet the bigger feeling it was good. I said you wanna buy them but what for?

So he picks up the can opener See this? I thought cutting at first couldn't talk, but he said first, no, he put the opener under one shoe. Lifting. I didn't know trick or what. He said What did I just do? Like fucking HS Math teacher Eberhart jew cat & mouse

Didn't wait for me. Said That's a lever, man. Sounded like layver.

I felt the beer inside me warm sick feeling. I knew before I knew

He said That's a lever man again.

Then, though I could feel it breaking. What was in me. Them, her and her father, breaking away I felt it not imagined felt!

That's how.

The letters.

I'm go

I' m in the phone booth. Hot. Phone works, long distance.
HELLO. MR. B?
Cheerful hard voice. hello?
Mr. B. THIS IS A REAL OLD FRIEND OF YOUR DAUGHTER' S, AND I' VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU ABOUT HER.
Voice his what? Who is this? More worried.
Mr. B. MAYBE YOU' D LIKE TO KNOW
no (not right)
MR. B. MAYBE YOU' D WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOUR DAUGHTER AND I DID TOGETHER. WE WENT UP
no tell when
ONE NIGHT ON A TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1965. MR. B., YOUR DAUGHTER WENT TO THE TOURAINE HOTEL TOGETHER AND UPSTAIRS AND SHE TOOK OFF HER DRESS AND BLACK BRA AND PANTS AND SHE MADE THAT ONE SIDED SMILE AND I TOOK MY PANTS OFF AND SHE STARTED PETTING MY LEGS THIGHS THEN MY BALLS ONLY A LITTLE LATER THEN COCK SHE HELPED SHES VERY SWEET ISNT SHE SHE SAID BE A GOOD BOY THEN SHE BLEW ME FIRST
THEN THE I
I don' t know what happened something I was writing then something I don' t remember anything. but like time a few seconds passed. Passed out? My forehead cold. sweat sweat drops on paper heart beating agnst desk

But I said it I said it I can' t take it back it' s out! It' s out! It' s out!
And I' m going to
Thanks Bud Morris

Dreams

The way you feel close to some one dream and afterward you feel like the person you dreamed about you saw them without clothes or fucked them somethng Sticky funny dreamed felt abt Crosset third floor couldnt look at her after like she' d been in bed with me

It isn' t true it' s bullshit what they say about dreams & real life not being able to tell I can always tell even not wanting to The phone call I' ve tried to make out real no no I can remember alright I made it up but it happened it happened inside me I s fee

All hollow somewhere else all of it away from me like glass or balloon DID I DO IT Sometimes when I slappd Miss Hilliard third grade seemed didnt but I knew then now no nothing in my gut it keeps on Yes But

I know I still have to harder no now I press inside me to feel the hot the lightness again Telephone hate now it rings & I can hardly pick it up Hackett etc. thinkng another crazy wrinkle It scares me now I think Im going to hear her on Mr. B. no, I think I' m going to say it again, Hello Mr. B and all that into the phone seem to feel heat from the mouthpiece ???
No call from Morris three days now

Bad Hackett found bunch IS7s real old some a year thank Christ didnt check dates asked did I need info on these yes, yes didn' t dare take them away from him light cold inside can' t feel like about E. now I said (truthfully) I' d asked for info but Queens never answred (Hackett) Ask them again can' t have all these lying etc. Did he say slopping around? no matter more friendly not so mad as I' d thgt but I' m being watched again will be my work If they say abt my writing I QUIT

It' s worse than anger not knowing how much they mean how much they' re watching friendliness (?) Do I want?

Bad (2) Smacked book (mine) on desk when grinbaby whiny old lady cohen abt Xerox heard chain on her glasses rustling as I wrote MY OWN FUCKING BUSINESS! Watching me shitty old dried up dry cunt whiney grinning Can I make some cooopies for heeeeer I slammed book on desk didn' t see nigger-lady watchng Shit from her afterwards lips pouting If I thght I was out of place here I' m expected to this 8 that little high yipping west indian voice yipyip bitchbitch shld have talked her abt places what does she think hers is Wants to be boss doesn' t want the blame the sweat

But I don' t mind like yesterday, somehow. Something pulled out of me or gone dead numb since I thgt of that made up fantasy telephone like somethng dead in me Bad bad what' s going on in me nothing hurts nothing hot watch out watch out watch they start touching they on top of you again their fingers skins

What' s happening?

A big nigger smiling

When I heard him breathing over me I got ready throw my ballpoint pen anything I dont give shit but looking up this big nigger never saw before big as Jensen downstrs didnt look though not bulk tall heavy shoulders, chest, green silk looking suit been pressed a lot, smelled of cleang stuff, cheap cigars Grinning face lots of lines also nose broken I think Grinning grinning I feel myself BUT WHAT GOOD SHIT

I said Do you want something? (not Sir)

He says That' s alright big boy sort of drones fast smooth I wondered was he drunk or what what doing here?

Says, Don' t worry one bit about me, shorty. I know Mr. Jack Hackett real well (good speedh, not very niggerish) I told him you were the son of an old, old friend, big fella. Grinning, all grinning like I shld know what he

I said almost yelling What do you want? So old lady Evers across the office looked First time awake in a week probly I began getting up didnt even know I was, my ears buzzing

I heard him say Aw hey, handsome! I saw him laugh, but saying words, his big lips, pink purple gold tooth back mouth Just want to offer my services Now sit down not as loud as it seemed I guess nobody even Evers looked up Then his hand on my chest keep away you greasy black bastard keep away! pushing me down If ever you need my help Arthur you or your lady love

He said it he did d i he

"You or Elsa."

What do they call you -- Art?

I heard myself answer Art, Arthur.

"Be of good cheer there, Arthur. We (sounded like weh) on your side. And I' m Macklin. Two last names. Turns his head aside this awful scar white his head

I was saying in my head yes yes he' s been out he' s a friend of Morris I' ll never see Morris my letters

And I felt something against my stomach little press In my belt, he' d stuck it throwing things at me niggers Pulled it out stuck in belt a card

FLANG DUTTON INVESTIGATIONS

Macklin Dutton Roy Flang

875 Lexington Avenue LE 2-6721

Your Problem is Our Trust

I started to throw it away didn' t

*

Paul Malanga: (4 poems

Out of the fire that is

love fire, from the blue room,
the cotton summer sheets,
warmth in common, semen
of the passion fast in your cunt,
we are jerked from kindling
to cold pavement and late night dark.

A sweater of pity
is given to the bent lady,
for the wind is too cold
for the newly risen.

With the blaze heel-high, fire
men push the charred, sunk bones
of furniture out the back door.
The load has been lightened.

Hand in hand we go to
sleep body to body.

One floor down in the cold
they stare at the ashes of home.

The Ground Was Still Yellow

--for Bobby Byrd

A cold wind blowing west under the spring sun,
the horses romped in their square corral.
A loner stood in its own corner
where the long fences met
on the barley field, its brown body
soft against the palm.
And I would stroke him
and feed him
and watch that soft globe, his eye,
sealed in its blue limit
as he took the food from my hand.

But it is staring into emptiness
to have him snap his head
and break my own skin
so that blood filled the air.

The taste of being close to his beauty
turned to salt on my tongue,
his legs never moving,
and the dark place between us
almost seizing my body
and shaking me good
as I wiped my socket clean.

Not Much Hay

The mule out there, a bowed strider
on the sun browned, tramped field
lets his head hang. The heat draws out his tongue
and holds back his voice, and mine,
as we move aimlessly
on the wind shifted ground,
I toward the riverbed,
he in the confines of barbed wire.

We the animals, in the sun' s house,
pacing our lives to the place our eyes drop:

this place
with lots topped with old leaves,
anthills opened up, cones and midholes open,
and a strong eucalyptus smell,
and its leper' s bark, spotted, stripped, dead tree,
on the roadside.

We stand above:
below our feet, our hooves, goes back to the earth:

old shredded Kotex, like a crumbling, senseless cereal;
what was a horned toad, smashed, tire after tire;
silver and green phosphorescent entrails in mid-afternoon' s light;
crumpled daquiri cans, and cacti fruit, and stems.

and I move to the dry river
to turn back, by the prosperous houses,
to wonder about a water tower, dull metal,
in the heat that drains the old mule' s balls,

to hang my head.

At The Door

Hurry out here this morning;
you' ve stained the rug with red
shoe polish and we' ve got only minutes
to get you to work;
but this is something we, nobody, sees often:

the desert is dripping wet. exotic,
the grove of mesquite, the cacti,
and there are red cardinals and blackbirds and sparrc
flying across the face of the moon,
a jungle moon, yellow with the sun' s top bolts,
spread across the west bigger than a city.

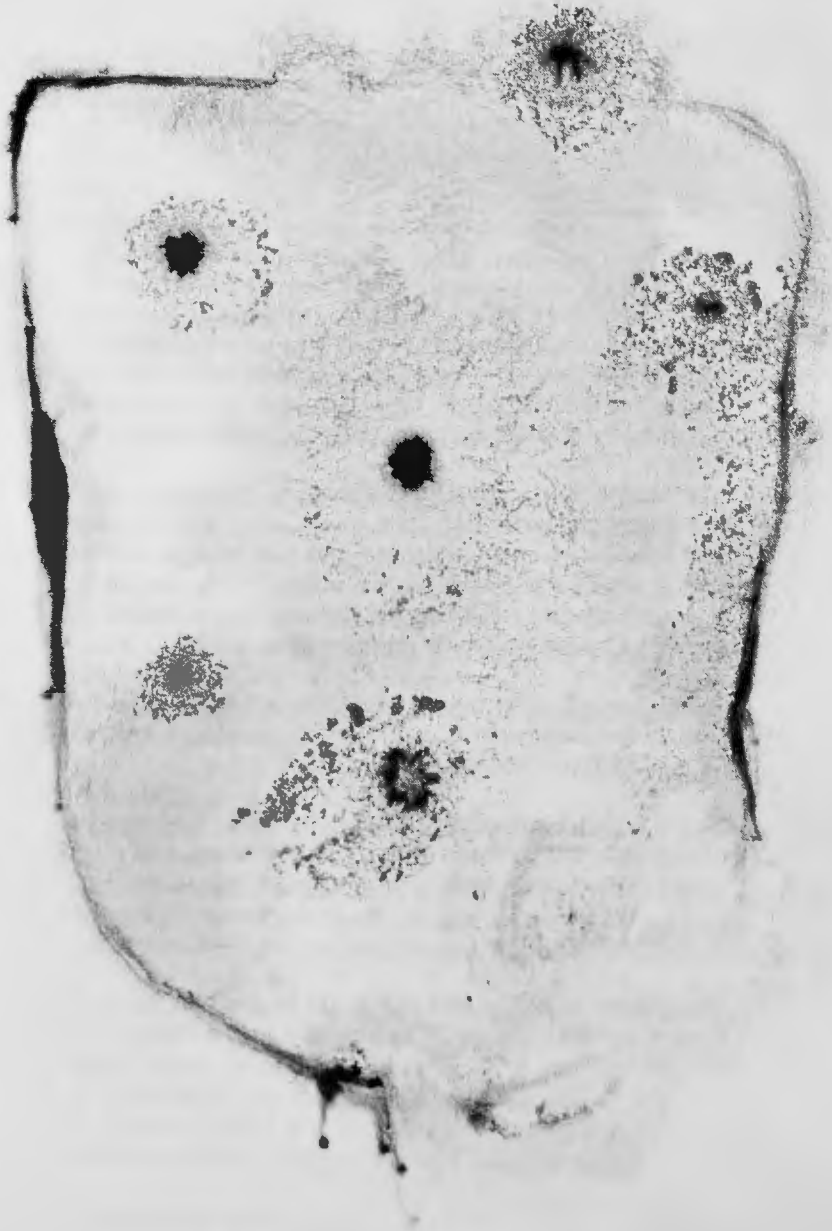
It goes down, opening up half the horizon,
taking the dew with it.
The bird flies home.

For a minute an ecstatic note
older than we pretend these suns & moons are
came out of the earth.

It goes as we must.

The shoes are dry and the stain is rubbed in.
I want to hear Billie Holliday one more time.

*



Sue Wilkins: (6 love songs

Tea withered tree in shocked dark
what animal moves there . Animal hidden
anima hidden . Feeling & fire
a glowing stone if you follow the knot
of bark, the dark browns, coarse fibre,
deep in
to find her
who welcomes me . who sits among the scraps
St John' s bread green seeds
in long dry pod, or locust or willow is
this girl, woman,
not lost in the woods
but in the wood' s heart
crouched, naked,
brown hair to her feet,
acorn nipples
going to pieces as growing:
from her shoulders as they split green bark,
winged seeds fly from her, brown tips
borne by gloss
She is inside me & moves beside me
when I fell the tree & all' s fallen
away, still.

Where' s the red?
In your beard.
I must wed
or be dead.

I though at the edge of a wood
I felt ghosts of my marriage as fall
coming, fog from sea we body surfed
going where the wave took us submerged

sand-bitten raked-over

to shore & separation again
& again in air to walk through its nothing.
I gazed at trees as years leaves & branches
patterns in air. I have never found myself in nature.
Neither lonely Wordsworth did seeking lost childself
ghost of blood that onetime spoke "Hamlet, I am your
father' s ghost"
I picked up a gourd like a hollow brown apple
could not cry for that fallen thing.

That the body dreams & dies & is born again as a body poem.

That one night at Manomet into low tide beneath a misshapen red
moon
we discovered strange light as delight
fire on
the road of the moon on the water
and
stars at our feet

silver shot
plankton
alight where we walked or
dabbled
hands in water to arouse them
that even alone

where ever we touched we could make life light.
I
would not mention love. love.
the light around your body.

Shooting stars. your seed. "madmen".

fire men rushing to my alarm.

Overturned boat he sits on head aching
imagining tumor in his brain
white overturned boat that bloats &
sinks leaking salt water through blood
in the slender sea of his body
                                to join
lost time the bitter Atla ntic

        crabbed young arm that can pitch
a stone clear across a pasture of sheep
                        & over the far line
of trees & on to fall into the heart
of the small dark woods
                            o what a cramp
not even to know the tree names or
beachgrass, marram, three-bladed bentgrass
grown out of sand, how? pain
in the ass that time goes & the stories untold
run together in his brain a cancer
a wildlife lives in him he would write.
stop
    their pale throbbing in the dark
in his head
            the branded sheep gazing stupidly
across wire
            scared to be touched
huddle an off white mass tumor of tension
dread & anger, anger
                        at the mother
strident in her house alone
growing old unquoted, misquoting
his life she gave him but never let
go
   "dance, monster, to my soft song"

the force of roses
    hot ones
 anarchist
    wrapt green & thorn

battling the old
     brick wall
       receded red
the new kills clashing

rust & rose close
    in a holy juncture
flash in imagination
      as good / a goad

                as regret:
"If you had been overwhelmed by love
nothing may have come of it
                but satiety."

Acid Yellow for October

To cut the film of the mouth & words
that are film & all the flim flam
of dubious exchanges.
                To taste the dangerous
pulp. seed & skin of lemon.
Bitter little breast I suck for lack
of love' s sweet.
Release.

*

Max Douglas:

SONG OF THE CONFUSIONS

1

There is a sense
narrows these days
are the endless informing

of their own
occasions.
Of a far
grey sky.
A lateness, always...
It is the end of September

2

This is no
Road to Paradise
as the Indian, before

the French, had it

but stark the loess bluff
of the blacksnake or Lewis & Clark

An environ of such
radical
coarseness
that truly no god will dwell here

& these are
men so disposed.

3

There is no
longer, no reason

to ask about this

The distance

you had assumed, had
inflicted...

A particularity
that had to be of means

I mean the end
escapes me. You did
not come. Endlessly I thot.

4

Now it is October.
How I am with contingencies

rising to those
cross winds,

wanton
& implacable...

At Nortonville
the cemetary, above
corn to the south & east.

The single white elevator of Rushville.

5

One demands of it, always,
more...

In the dream
I had come to your
empty bed, on missing,

in mind of
a particular
impatience. It is
the intensity of that

effort

fucks it, confronting
preponderant confusedness

fucks the sense / dislocates the concern.

6

My life is a clench
of fear, of not possessing you

And remotely strewn
the days
of this October...
our ways of marked divergence

in the cold air
over vacant fields

In the wide yaw & wild
dreaming eye of the sparrow hawk.

7

These nights are of a cold
down,
out of the Dakotas
and lit
as my love is not
but a discountenance...

not this countenance of stars

8

O believe, this confusion
to them will be
a winter
of warm untroubled nights

And yes the land comes on
as my yearning is

Novembers are

the forms of
an uninhabitable loneliness

of the

plaining the
arc of immense desire
back across this intractable valley

to the first halt departing of its mean.

*

David Antin: (3 poems

4TH SEPARATION MEDITATION

it therefore includes all the materials
which are presented
to work on

sometimes it appears
here at least

best to translate them
by will
to get
and to avoid

in the early stages

refrain for a while
from willing

are certain general terms
used
anticipations

the meaning is that

progress

is a delusion
it is worth while

when he wishes to speak
it is the word

to translate it
is not implied in the word

omitting

conscience
which enables him to speak
the foundation

data
which is given
to man
is used

for the uses
the ravine

the sense of an external
between

must not be regarded
as feeling
or willing

is the process
which makes
knowledge

the treatment
seems necessary after
because no step can be taken

these expressions must not touch
the inward

would be local
in contrast
with joy

fitting things
interest
is true of the man
if you take a low view

putting away
unfit

the tragic cry

if the text is correct the meaning probably is
the power of outward things

the educated man
opposed to the layman
the common

sense

the defense of the orthodox
to those who have leisure
some words seem needed
the typical protest of reason

the schools

and of watching a spectacle
in the ceremony
to be corrupt
said he
said i
in dialogue

this moral achievement
seems out of place here
references to caution and confidence
seem out of place here

the community of women

accepting

i should direct my impulse toward it
as here
it is not certain
who is confused with them

this seems

before I had suffered
you perform the acts
appropirate
and the circumstances

whether they are merely the satisfaction of natural wants

or the fulfillment of the accepted code
or higher claims
go beyond
the code

love

for insanity
is obscured by its form
it would run
suddenly turns round

in the attitude of the creature
helplessly waiting to be fed

there is no real contradiction

the fallacy
stopping
and refusing to answer

the brethren
who watch over voyagers

maintain fitting relations with other men

according to the spirit of wisdom
instead of boxing and wrestling
another's concern

suggests

cleanliness is merely external
it seems best

spirit

which was separate
is the perception common to man
is obscure
and not very relevant here

you have come to me to buy ready-made judgments
but whether natural or of glass is not certain
and elsewhere is used of things or actions

spy out the land

discover what forces in the world

what are
these capacities
he cannot do without
my life
and making a question
he answered
does anyone wish indifferent things

probably the spurious philosopher

i have tried to make sense
what is the good
but something of the kind seems required
to be the meaning of the proverb
having given away my secret

5TH SEPARATION MEDITATION

all the materials
so common
constantly recur

all conceptions
weigh
against the pattern

progress
is beginning
man's activity

even if the description is a delusion
it is worth
while

for the value
he wishes to speak
stands in the word

an opponent

avoid
authority

take what comes
what is given
is used

the extreme
is used

express
its sense

this is the first passage

the process of treatment
seems necessary
because no step can be taken
reading

see how things are going

the narrow common
discovers his fate

authority

is imperfect
another forbids me
the commands
point to that man

the power
is opposed to the layman
death is necessary

the other
will leave
some words

to protest
the managers
the schools

are used
and watching a spectacle

god

used by beaters

words
in the ceremony of manumission

the tax of a freedman
seems to be
imperturbability

this moral achievement
seems out of place here

caution and confidence seem to belong
conjecture
shows its limitations

accepting
my impulse

i am in danger
am conscious of
danger

who at this time
seems rich?

you perform the acts fitting and appropriate
merely the satisfaction
is without mind

it is foolish to stick to a wrong decision
and the small city
is the human city

the central mind
seems out of place

a letter
inclines to what moves it
to test a man's powers

the suggestion

comes to
looking like a profligate

these
are all
young men

another's concern
here as elsewhere

he regards his good
as equivalent
spirit makes vision
one of four elements

into which man
returns

peace of mind
is the perception common to man

free cities
died
may not the free cities

it would run
the water
is that of its buildings

if i may say so
theoretical principles are necessary
study them

study
will
impulse
assent

the liar
is himself

the liar
was met
by stopping and refusing

to answer
the great brethren
with one another
any two

it seems more forcible
corrupt
the liar

spirit

connected
hit at his own
management
that lays hold of the mind

every municipal town
had one
but the relation was often

honorary

these were of valuable material
above petty considerations
as an acrobatic feat
of self discipline in winter

the simple life
is drivel
is opportunist and accidental
is digging against another

such a conclusion
demands serious study
the art of living
is not quite clear

the first person
wishes good luck
to his slave

nowhere else
does the austere life
get a smooth skin

the spy
is sent to spy
forces are good and evil
in both
men recognize him

the point is that the
rich
lent their houses

the places where you are now

he does not wish to suggest
a question

instead

would open a career

three campaigns are a qualification for office
the first step
to
rule men

"does anyone wish to
buy himself
a master?"

6TH SEPARATION MEDITATION

it appears whole
it has been
thought of
as good
not reasoned out
he uses
he is bound
to a state
he has recognized
even if the description is a delusion
it is worth while to speak of logic
frequently
it depends on knowledge
to translate it
suggests conflict
which is
implied
in the word
demonstration
it would seem
the more formal
the meaning seems to be
the more
from the center of your being
that feeling
that nothing
either for me or my friend
the conjecture
this meaning
or material
is applied at the end
as the element

of commanding value
in contrast with joy
which is not of its essence
it is sometimes
supreme
something specially concerned
in conduct
interest
the true interest
the interest of true self
is mad
in this state
he is confronted by the rich
if you take a low view of politics
you will degrade yourself
see how things are going in the capital!
the senator
discovers
the soul's moral equipment
is imperfect
the point seems to be
this indignity
the educated man
is untrained
to complete the sense
protest
the managers
the schools
taking cognizance of things
see
the community
its limitations
in hard circumstances
the insolence of the rich
all acts are appropriate
to the circumstances

J. D. Whitney:

DRIVING BACK

nightime north on 78

' 50 Buick floating along like a planet

cat crossing ahead
makes it
& then turns back
time for nothing but
to hear the crunch
& curse it

*

Jack Hirschman:

THE VISION OF THE BLUE JAYS an alchemy of weddings in hell with signs from the Moon Alphabet dead in 1941 eighteen years old written on black parchment 33 Rue de Jerusalem during the rain of Jemenfoutisme and the strung out slang and plucked lungs of django and jim bucks weeping sad old tunes in characters of great gold in a transmigration inscribed by Jacob Jew Prince Priest Levite Astrologer and Philosophic Warrior unto the black nation scattered through France by the wrath of God wishing health in the Name of the Lord of Israel

I enter the holy body of woman hanging dildo wrapped in concentrics of pelvis blues born of the riverend alone alost along the ark of a winch of the covenant of plots images staked to the stippengriffs of pimpf all lick and charred leather thud of the wad of night stacked highhandedly on hip and deep within the curvature a landscape of humiliated fingers scratching the victorious song on the cellar ceiling of the gassed pancreas and visionary tract of Oui who is behind me us like the history of ass and hole where I throw my final solution this first leaf become the little Aitch of the horse of the Hitler Synagogue centering a measly congregation over the jungfrau stretched to the infinity of Aleph you furious kiss and spit fire black arc of the thin viscious density of your cry across 6000 miles of years surviving the purest stars with the intricate cunning of loving the linguals alone your selfs fingers bending in indian ritual parting probing entering your selfs garden stubborn against desire since he fled in a halo of argot and old violin dragging your tubes through streets giving birth to the hair I see everywhere recomposing the city of Paris alchemical home of the 10 lost tribes through stretching malice the length of a cock in the cycle of a mouth the punch of pure involvement in the kisser of occultry jacking me into existence by touching nothing but my heart

I enter the sorrows of your quiet burnings at the midnight turning me into you slowly closing your eyes even on the camera of adoration turning the second leaf easy and lotal at the pillows meditation under eyelids amid strokes las and still freshly flesh of modigliani at the window pane like a child Chagall flying over the rooftops all of seven with seven wings Vallejo leaning against his nightmare Lautre & Amont together along the bloodstream of the Seine drunk with rapes and fantasies becoming Charlot my master sipping

Irish Dew reading the etymic scroll of the great leapforward of the revolts of the angels of revelation back to the black cycle of moonstruation and your density behind facades and architraves of the armpits relaxation itself sleeps as the slow alapa of the 72 permutations of the raga of the old city mela by mela moves through the arondissements evolving the inner ensemble of your body waking magicians moving the poets on strings of their eternalings through the dark from El iphas to Flamel and Fulcanelli and the Others with eyes the night never sees being so part of the way of a man who died passes over is a road winding intricately through narrow and wide forever through the mountains of cities into the distance inexpressibly

I am crossing into the heart of the blue flame is the third leaf who is above me now as I sleep at one with the body undying unleaves me these masks the length of my own of dreams sent in forms of women who bend to my breast possessed of your light giving need of a dark like my own spinning within and around dance of old melancolias of your strands being laid one by one on the sands raped in the open left bleeding allover this ricepaper war of the butt of a palm beating drum black and blue splashes of my spontaneous random misery running wild cursive strokes of koans three lines of the barbs of our wired and wrinkled misery in the desert scattered with colossal black bandages of the letters of the only alphabet that translated Enoch who was not into the sheer oxygen after sitar stopped and Elijah was born with devils in the acacias and yideonim chirping through the Ruach of holiness of your calm breathing toward four amidst the oracles of billboards the missives sent down from the hills or everywhere across oceans out of your dreaming leahs by the lilith millions even trillions there are but only one zero of a vessel upheld by two that the long the poor of phantoms all these wars haunt the years through reverbing without blame all try to forget remembering the first barricade the first laugh and yet boulder so soft shoulder to cry with a crash of brow older than a long time ago and the house poorer by far nevermore

How old am Oui glorious sufferer ecstatic liar psychedelic cheat practical womb man diabolical modesty making me juggle the doubles of crosses mad with lost daughters of the fourth leaving avelaval while the long school blazes amid the rising slow dawn of eyebrow and mascara running strokes of radicals out of the kimono of the revolution of 1968 which you fill frail which you turn broadly into a boulevard I find myself listening to a transmutation of cities and every one a woman in flesh in dream in art realized even in the stain of urine beside me slashed by the sunlight pushing through the barricade of blue curtain folds made radiant the least etoile of your last star crowned by the lost ark found to be this small room we are tightly islanded in but oval in heaven your face and what lies between changes in the rise and fall of the day being home behind the mask of what is simple at play children so many I bring up to lay on the lids of your age

The dawn of my soul begins tonight at 12 what is this mountain of selves ringing clear this bell without end of the space of the tear in our eyes the inconspicuous rich of our poor darkness allover O dawn of the soul in the depth of a sleep for ages mean nothing but notes round a harness of one crying skyward he does not know he dies allknowing on a simple night that came to a head and walked on the water of the wide earth shore lived for a moment within that within be withinned to a line so rapid

Paris my death Paris my light giving love all the nights of my life dying fast into you with a shower of with the flowers of victory and adoration goes up through the circles of hell through the mountains purgation to touch what theres no need to whisper nor yell but be still deep be sleep well be dream I go out to your mouth far away stay with me in here I never will loosen the strings of this faith this is shower of what am I saying is faster than fingers or mouth O whisper that roars O darkness that blinds O lord of my mind the movement of hands O lord of weather and cry in the depth of chance garden not knowing why or how not to be still but by stilling this will of the bird of our years and a sky over all like the eye lids of peace closing round is a word before world O is a O up

Here alone with you behind me alone with you before alone with you alone O angel of O sweet little angel of my mouth cry is look how my throat goes galloping over meadow and soft still it sleeps it dreams where will I wake tomorrow in you in hopelessly lonely what is coming from listen is far and wide here is my is my O but my long dear lord I have picked the bones of your death and made you waken brought you here to say the end the end you have said from genesis a men

•

Gary Snyder:

ALL THE SPIRIT POWERS WENT TO THEIR DANCING PLACE

Floods of men
on foot, fighting and starving, cans rusted by the roadside
Clouds swirling and spiralling up the sky, men fighting with scythes.
Wild beings sweeping on cities--spirits and ghosts--
cougar, eagle, grizzly bear, coyote, hummingbird
intelligences
directing destructing instructing
us all as through music:
songs filling the sky

The earth lifting up and flying like millions of birds
into dawn.

Hills rising and falling as music, long plains and deserts
as slow quiet chanting,

Swift beings, green beings, all beings---all persons;
the two-legged beings
shine in smooth skin and their furred spots

Drinking clear water together

Together turning and dancing, speaking new words
for the first time, for

air, water, fire, and
Earth is our dancing place now.

24. XI. 40069

NOTES, REVIEWS, AND LETTERS

****

INVOCATION OF MY DEMON BROTHER. A film by Kenneth Anger.
Sound track by Mick Jagger.

frenzy of magician / mitrailleuse / machine gun is
also a woman / savaging the invoker' s breath /
star arms /
a skin / wrapped & unwrapped for Lady Babalon /
enstasis of the woman' s face / a conscious Falconetti
lifting her blue eyes, brown nipples / drip with light

If youve got good news, burn it. That' s the news,
turn everything to conscious fire. / The dark
magician becomes Magus /
The abyss
was syntax
& we lost our way.
But our way was fire & we learn to burn.
We do not have to go that way again.
Juggler in red pants & old books led
us out. Grand Canyon, red strata
flaming streets up to the blue who who you / sky /
to whom her arms /
exult / face
knowing the silence behind the music / science /
as a man would enter a woman knowing
only the beginning /
Boys sulk
naked on the sofa. Bacchuses flaccid.
Rouse them. The breath
of the magician wakes them / the flicker
(heartbeat of an eye)
wakes them. Pain
would rouse them but the pain is gone
all over into the magician / electric light
poured from an urn, he burns
his message in the cold grass

*

brown nipples
touchstones

truer / Red Devil / White Devil / Brown Nipples /
dirty fingers do a joint / the skull
allows
the smoke / allows
the magician / reads it all in his pain,
crosses the abyss & burns his hands.

Stay in there. Lubed anus
clenches on a star
studded seedcock /
my Lady
's a star, an eye / inside me looking out
one eye / for all my travelling .

*

this is the movie of what phallus sees coming to its
furnace, nest where it dies & up it flies. these images
up the spine / Eye of Horus / Lord / who sees in us such
liberty.

RK

****

The Lives of Children: The Story of the First Street School, by George Dennison. Random House New York, 1969. $6.95

It would be stupid to say that this is so important a book that anyone concerned with education must read it or remain silent on the subject, but stupid or not, it is what I find to say before saying anything else about a book distinguished for many reasons: The subject itself, which is overwhelmingly important at the present time, the way in which it is told---an interweaving of an actual diary which Dennison kept when he was a teacher at First Street, with his personal convictions---and the excellence of the craft with which he does this. It is not my intention to talk on a subject where many others have talked, and are talking with far more competence than I could, but to urge that the book be read and pondered by those who may not think that they have any direct stake in the matter. The fact remains---we all do. The idea of the mini-school, in which learning is encouraged on an individual basis, rather than forced by a bureaucratic system, is not new but the pressures which make it absolutely essential are at full-tide now. Tolstoy and John Dewey would find a kindred spirit in George Dennison, and a worthy one. In a slightly different way, so would Thoreau. His cautionary word, "Simplify---Simplify," finds fruition here---not in some lean sense of self-denial, but in allowing things to happen as they will. Out of the apparent chaos of First Street came definite values for all concerned. This was true for the teacher as well as the students, and it was

as usual for a teacher to make mistakes as a pupil, and, what was not as usual, it was admitted. The interaction was intense---a total involvement. Several things which Dennison points out, and which may not get general notice, are: that children learn far more from each other, under the right circumstances, than from their elders---that it is not an unmixed blessing to hav e teachers with a radical point of view---and that teachers themselves get fed up, or move on to other concerns. (He himself left the school before it closed for lack of funds to devote himself full-time to writing). Coupled with its authoritative factualness, this book is a very sharp insight into hidden motives which mold men into what they later become, many of whose reactions stem directly from an impoverished early education. (The brief note on cop mentality is worth more than most of the current pros and cons on the subject.) This is a gentle book, and it appeals itself to gentleness in all people.

Theodore Enslin

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NOTES ON EARTH HOUSE HOLD, (Gary Snyder, New Directions, NY, 1969)

First Section: LOOKOUT' S JOURNAL,
A. Crater Mountain 1952

suggests immediately a process of 15 years these "Notes & Queries" cover, and I read the Crater Mountain journal as the starting-point, when Snyder feels where-he-is-now began. The method used in Crater Mountain is essential to a reading of any work by Snyder --

> "Down for a new radio, to Ross Lake, and back up. Three days walking. Strange how unmoved this place leaves one; neither articulate or worshipful; rather the pressing need to look within and adjust the mechanism of perception."
>
> is followed by
>
> "A dead sharp-shinned hawk, blown by the wind against the lookout. Fierce compact little bird with a square head."

The writing constantly perception struck-off observation, sparse, elliptical, the space being mostly missing Self, or, how I feel about myself, my being here: space. Perception counts, and the attention is clear enough that often within the observation is the seed, apparent (the heir-apparent) of what follows:

> "How pleasant to squat in the sun
> Jockstrap & zoris
>
> form---leaving things out at the right spot
> ellipse, is emptiness
> these ice-scoured valleys
> swarming with plants"

A man aware of himself naked, angularly squatting, in the sun, is also aware of the space he is not taking up, that he has only jockstrap & zoris punctuates this awareness, and out of it "form" drops, an understanding of what he is reading, what is on his mind. Thus an ancient Chinese idea of form & art, expressed, holds -- wch seems elementary, but to make the elementary STICK is difficult, and it is one of Snyder's powers, to key in perceptions in a non cause-effect way, but so they relate, and mean -- the two lines that follow -- "these ice-scoured valleys / swarming with plants" -- jog the mind to the actual, they don't form another "example" of the form-perception, but rather spring from it connected and not connected to it.

The difference between the banal, the ordinary, and the brilliant, the profound, is very very slight -- it is a matter of context, timing, keying in:

> "After a long day's travel, reached the ridge,
> followed a deer trail down
> to five small lakes.
> in this yuga, the moral imperative is to COMMUNICATE.
> Making tea."

Again, how this works, is very interesting: the deer trail leads him down to five small lakes, a man looking and thinking walking, comes to a gathering, it suddenly spreads out, the trail LEADS to five lakes, imperative, it opens to yuga, / COMMUNICATE, and then the pull back, or out, to working that water to, that yuga, to tea, working the imperative. Such is not gratuitous at all, one is presented a unit, a full circle, action, perception, action.

Given the particular perceptual run of his mind, and his playing out of emotion, rhetoric is useful only in concentration & clarity. His propensity to instruct is held in check by making manifest he is living what he says, and to question his method, and what his method yields, is to question a way-of-being wch stresses detachment & deemphasizes struggle and its concurrent, passion. This is of course a different "way" than the making of an art seen as the only wisdom one is beholden to. With Snyder, we come to a formidable stance: that one is to know what he is doing before he writes, and the writing then has a clarity in wch pebbles in fresh brook water may be evoked and rather than "feeling about beauty" or some naturalistic (descriptive) longing, pin-point a STATE:

> "Structure in the lithosphere / cycles of change in rock / only
> the smallest percentate sanded and powdered and mixed with
> life-derived elements.
> Is chemical reaction a type of perception?? -- Running through
> all things motion and reacting, object against object / there is
> more than enough time for all things to happen: swallowing
> its own tail."

--wch seems a sighting of his current dedication to ecology. Crater Mountain journal is a beautiful piece of writing because of its precision recording a young man's mind coordinating his reading, daily living, &

thoughts. Reading it, one is not really concerned whether it is poetry or prose; it is ACCURATE. We are in the presence of a man who knows how to take care of himself, a rather puppy-like man, sniffing this, looking at that -- deeply immersed in mind -- yet at his tip.

*

The Reviews that fall between the Lookout Journal (there are two sections to this Journal & I have discussed only the first, wch seems the strongest of the two -- the second, Sourdough, concentrates more on Snyder's lookout work and FACES Crater Mountain, fills in the being there -- most interesting note is perhaps the one on "discipline" bottom of p. 18) -- and the Japan First Time Around, relate Snyder's concern with West Coast Indian lore and its relevance to his development of a "way" for himself netted with Eastern Philosophy and Buddhism & its inner ecology.

Japan First Time Around, then, is a continuation of the Lookout Journals and begins to ground what had been speculation about Eastern "ways"; the Japan journal covers about a year, from spring 56 to spring 57, and the most salient point developed here (wch reaches an apotheosis in the currently circulated Smoky the Bear Sutra) is the relevance of Buddhistic intelligence and ritual in burning up the deadwood of what might be called Western heavenhell hang-up. The quote from Lawrence (p. 32) is at home with Snyder's modeling of the truths hidden in Zen, Avatamsaka, and Tantra (p. 34), and what appears to be a decision reached about the poet's own life on p. 39:

> "Comes a time when the poet must choose: either to step deep in the stream of his people, history, tradition, folding and folding himself in wealth of persons and pasts; philosophy, humanity, to become richly foundationed and great and sane and ordered. Or, to step beyond the bound onto the way out, into horrors and angels, possible madness or silly Faustian doom, possible utter transcendence, possible enlightened return, possible ignominious wormish perishing."

If taken as prescription this idea is dangerous, as for one man (e.g., Ginsberg -- who one feels in the second part of the paragraph -- or Robert Duncan, or ultimately, Blake) dividing stepping in the stream of one's people from personal transcendance and vision may simply not obtain. However, as Snyder's decision, as a seeing of what he can do in contrast to what he chooses not to try to do, the point is honest and revealing. We will have to see in Snyder's case if it WORKS. For most men to become richly foundationed would not link with sanity necessarily or with order. But again, it must be kpet in mind that Snyder's consequent eight years of practical application of Zen study (he is now a Zen Priest, no mean achievement at all!) plus the fact that his concerns with ecology will soon force him into a leader role in wch it will be very important to work on a social and backed scale, make sense of that phrase.

*

Tanker Notes, Nov 57 to June 58. Faster pace than Lookout and Japan First Time Around -- the mens' remarks, carefully heard / chosen, carry the thought of the journal -- emphasis on sex, hornyness, here overt in contrast to its absence in the former journals -- Snyder' s insights now not so much his findings but sensings thru the particularity of the work-situation. E. g. ,

"Caruso: ' It' s a long way to Suez'
Duperont: ' It aint a long way man, its just you got a short mind' "

or:

"Drinking with Joe: ' If I' d' v had education, I' d' v been a MOTHERFUCKER. ' "

Again the net of ideas Snyder is working with come thru -- Snyder can hold to his focus no matter the situation he finds himself in --tho the obverse at times might be more exciting -- curious lack of pain in his writing -- lack of making reader feel experience, emotions inherent in man' s sexual nature -- (the curve of Snyder' s work suggests he will come to the personal at a later time -- this in contrast to the sense of the poet' s development we are in America accustomed to -- however if this does happen, it probably won' t happen for some time, as the sexual now is even more a-emotionally expressed than in the Tanker Notes -- i. e. , as "seed-passing" --sex as element OF ecology -- taking one out of the darker more brilliant death-haunted fears -- hones "fucking" etc. , out of a strictly personal sphere to be sensed as mind-action -- "seed-pods" in my "fucking head".

*

The sections of EARTH HOUSE HOLD I have commented on here are for me the most interesting parts of it. After the very readable translation of the Po-Chang Record, the "text" of the collection, or from about 1962 on, Snyder' s writing becomes more narrative and more purely scholarly. He is moving deeper into the stream mentioned in the passage I have quoted. Snyder' s work interests me the most, clots most firmly for me, when he is working a note-taking structure, wch has as its pace work-rhythm, observation, those flint-struck perceptions. By saying an essay like "Passage to More than India" is less interesting I don' t intend to demean its value as a development of Snyder' s workings, for, to follow him on his own terms, the more historically oriented gatherings are in line -- expand, fill out -- the earlier more sparse sightings regarding man & cosmos. But in these later writings Snyder is less a poet than in the earlier ones, and here I mean METHOD, and wonder if the shift in method from sightings to more traditional essay narrative does not suggest a parallel giving over of individual to ritual -- the chanting of a sutra as part of a poetry reading?

Snyder is led in the last piece in the book to a concern with commune, and on the basis of a

two month stay on a small Japanese island with a group of friends, brings EARTH HOUSE HOLD to that living actualized community --communionism-- as the far reach of the various thrusts & gatherings taking place in his work for the past fifteen years.

Mountain, monastery, and tanker experience thus become seed-moments now to be planted, place (Gloucester 1623), a new society being made within shell of the old, Snyder's old Wobbly injunction out of the frame of protest or reform, a digging in, to stake what the man now knows beyond working for someone or study.

To date war has been the principle mechanism man has used ecologically to forstall inadequate food-supply. Today man's ability to increase his productivity of life essentials suggests the end of the ecological justification, at least, for war. Therefore, given the viability of a "green revolution" can we also assume it will serve the socially organizing functions of war? What are the rituals in communal life that will be powerful enough to invoke a real or credible risk of destruction as a substitute for war? What ceremonies can draw Billy & Captain America from the destructive weaponry of their bikes, can fulfill THAT ritual in a self-regulatory way? It may be the time now for an ecological reading of Antonin Artaud's THE THEATRE AND ITS DOUBLE.

C E

****

Charles Olson. PLEISTOCENE MAN. Institute for Further Studies, Buffalo. $2.

Now I come back to this again because my first take on it as recorded in an earlier issue hereof was preoccupied by a laughingly systematic bellyache on the subtitle of this (not to surprise you, considering the author) amazingly useful work. Now forget the subtitle, except & until, you understand the book(' s tendance & direction. Let it pass, for now. I've been learning.

So that Poet whose work has conspicuously summoned us to the realization that the poet in our days is, & is the only, (as I understand it), scientist of the Whole,

now in these month's letters, October 1965, from the Poet in Gloucester to a Blake-scholar in Buffalo, what is likewise evident is the necessary turn of the, our, attention to the substances & consecutions of the world we inhabit,

"In fact it is poetry, Pleistocene, in that simplest alphabetic sense, that you can learn the language of being alive" (p. 9),

language of being alive. Now the eye of this book is on, is concerned to direct (purpose of letters) at a distance a course of study, primaries, & to this end there are ex-

act instructions, bibliographies, lisez & ne lisez pas, to conduct "the people" thru (what I' m supposing to be) the maze of aesthetic archeologists, histories & altitudes, towards, towards,

"There is no single text in Pleistocene except one: the few, and separable, remains. / Not any historical speculation, only speculation by such persons on the basis of those REMAINS ONCE MADE KNOWN TO THEM."

The tenderness of Olson' s concern for the remains, (which I would call data except held back by those interesting things about data Piggott says in the first chapters of Prehistoric Europe, it' s there but can we see it, understand what it is that we find, plus the extent to which our seeing depends, just that, depends)

& for the making known of what can be made known!

(& here Olson says, page 12, to keep in mind: "you don' t have to teach you have to extricate. Don' t do anyone else' s work for them: do what they might not be able to unless you have given them a superior chance at")

And he calls Clarke' s students (I guess they are, in a school, a university, in america, getting such in/formation/s, hard to believe) "the people." Which is the loveliest address.

RK

****

Jericho Hill
Alfred, NY
November 15, 1969

Dear Cid Corman,

I introduce myself as Dori' s and Lennie' s friend. You were also in my home once in Ashland... I remember I offered you a present of a pot of chives, in bloom, in a spirit similar to that of the man in your poem The Spices, but you looked blank and turned away. I suppose, because, you know, American chives. I write you out of rage at your recasting of Olson' s work, in Caterpillar, and a compulsion to respond and ask some questions.

"The geography of it" -- backwards: the Gulf, as in Gunnunga, actually, flowing down and out, causing the split in Gondwanaland, left hand path taking over til left turn right again. Like, pramantha = fire drill, as well as foresight. 卍 , which is left hand, MOON? Also, Muspelsheim?

"Olson: a sea of granite

desire"

Explosions of the being repeat the slow

motions of the rock' s changes.

Perhaps a porphyritic gneiss?

note: texture is not as important a criterion in the metamorphic rock as fabric and composition.. I hold to that morality

Questions: How many numbers are there which are the sum of their divisors? What is the sign of the continuum?

"neither turning back nor

advancing"

you speak of, a "progress"?
the long poem which was the drama at Berkeley?

Work you are reviewing is five years old, or more, note.

- - which is why
at this point in his space
running from it so hard
no land in sight
he sits still and,
Will

and is, thereby

wringing the changes.

The Aleph One,

The center, in the midst of,

conditions.
The Secret of the Golden Flower

(I keep a white plastic chrysanthemum in a Portuguese wine bottle in my kitchen window, to remind me of same)

"the Black Chrysanthemum

is the Throne of Creation Ocean

is the Black Gold Flower"

That strength, as contrast to the complaint of many of us dumb broads:

> Pich pic pix in multiform the
> carbon flows. . from the conifers
> the medicine. . in blandan no
> demarking where the mingling
> is harmonious: a Curie/tas in
> EROS blandan in CARITAS

The wish to be in the state of the world

before,

like created things:

thus the four Genets bee' d. Olson would say, "pee' d."

"and genetic high is crap
as against the World
Both Before, and, like,
After."

"The earth is the tightest rose"

"Of course it all works
if it is worked at,"

Parataxis musica
from Kleios
not "worked at,"

INSTANT.

But, that popular word, heuristic

As against your own descriptions

Subject/Object confusion
Merleau-Ponty, Levi-Strauss
carry-over I' d think
you' d make before
speaking of
"facts/cooked"

Objects, all of us,

but that we do act,
and

light/warmth/Whitehead Lure

connects

thus, the sphere.

Sum, ergo, cogito.

DHL: to be alone, in the midst of,

the phenomenal world,

raging, and yet apart.

"no more eternal
than infinite"

The eternal as more of ten than infinity,

hence tension.....vector, dig?

"infinity is not equal in interest that is to the

Eternal, which is 'time,'

and Primordial, Consequent." Somebody told me that

often enough that I finally....

"Godtown USA" Olson???

Even, if so, to fault a poet on, like,

Dorchester, Boston Latin, Italian Caves Humanism

Heap Big Daddy, Portnoy, Uncle Advisor

Universe Japan. Sorry.

As I once stood corrected

in great female protest:

art is clearly

not necessarily greater than

but rather other than,

LIFE.

Even though, as a Tamba pot,

for example,

has its own Kami,

embodied as the sum of all the events

which have shaped it.

On, Daddy, Papa!!

Want to say Uroborus! here, but,

"...she
felt she was her mother meaning my
body was hers..."

Not to recognize or experience,

which are not the same,

or do you simply resent allowing that
much "process" into it?

there do happen, such

Beginnings (Lord!

Schizoid first fear -- infinity sign
whirl numinously one picture in glass
In pluribus u/num i nous absorb
other wit only evil/good

Child, pure,

as with libations,
(Well, hell, when you get to the point, you say

"empty pages
uroborus"

or go into,

economics,

whereas O., as metaphor _____-

you finish it)

" There is no gist
no matter the
trice me gist us"

Cute. Gist -- lie on the ground of it. Makes me wonder:

you don' t got no MYSTERY? (Facts, to be dealt with)

Intellectual orangoutang gangs
Stealing now altogether
Thermodynamical absolutes
Proclaiming a man is matter?

Apart from, even Hermes?

And, the three poems on Georges,

(did you look back at the first two?)

affect you:

"fear that runs to history
the documents
the signs of" ???!!!

God! "And this is where we' ve come to?" FEAR?

"the sounding of the sounds

enough"

YEAH!

"he who walks with his house on

his head

is heaven"

HARMONY

Taurus
Dell Phi
an center

How the double
axes of Crete
do meet
in the navel
Pisces/Virgin
held up by:
"Leap into the Aquarian time"

And your
"tincans
the sound of
marriage"

"tesserae
commissure"

Chockablock
yourself,

for heaven's sake,

"that the composer should first choose a certain number of frequencies; that these should be related; that they should be in a certain order, and graded in certain intervals; that this series should then be applied to all the features of the composition; that from this original series other series can be deduced; and that the proportions of the series constitute the general principles of structure of the composition, to which they will thus give a formal logic."

Question: what is the origin of series?

That, the whole self is in there; hence parataxis, amazing coherence:
Love is, Form.

"I looked up and saw
its form
through everything
-- it is sewn
in all parts, under
and over"

Same for the reader, though Clayton Eshleman assures me you don't care about Olson FANS. "and wants

care"

Gassho, Joyce Benson

****

(continuation of a notation, the first part of wch appeared in Caterpillar #7)

Language does not exist prior to the poem. The poem is what brings language into being.

Before the poem speech is socially bound; it is not allowed to serve its own ends. The ethic of this speech is to limit meaning. Social relations are meant to be definite. By being definite, by defining, we attempt to escape the arbitrariness of meaning and sound. We try to say less than we ever do or can. There is a direct attempt not to say, to disguise what we mean. This is language as weapon, as sanction: the game theory, competition, maximization of status. This is being cool, quippy, neat: the smoothie, This is diplomatic talk, academic talk, rhetoric. This is impossible. Even the smoothie slips and says what he means. Beneath the Freudian slip lie a thousand other loopholes and entendre' s of meaning. Even as we try to choose one meaning out of all possible meanings, there are as many realities in words as these words bring into being. The speaker has no choice; he is the source of the energy, his biology is the pendulum, sash of syntax, but language is a land he enters, with its own natural laws. Meaning is everywhere, everything, i. e., everything is generated in a conscious field, or nothing, anywhere, has meaning.

Because everything would be arbitrary we allow nothing to be arbitrary. The wet April snow has no connection with the communication in our house, but an undesired guest talks on, and the afternoon grows colder, the snow sticks, and we are buried deeper and deeper into winter. She tries to leave, but the snow has frozen her car, and the cycle of meaning has come full. The growth of crystal has nothing to do with our fears or social life, but even as we are constrained and forced back into the same ancient patterns, we understand it as the atomic law of symmetry, not because we know these laws, but we know these laws and speak them because this is part of how we are bound.

Gold is the sun. Emerald is thought. Poetry binds the geography of the land to the history of man to the physiology of the body; the stars are genetic limitations. These are not symbols or one thing by which to know another. We live in a world of both thought and crystal, and sun has never been separate from the economy, currency of nations. We do not understand one thing by another. We understand them simultaneously because they are simultaneous. What other choice have we? How else do we know what we mean?

The conscious mind is filled with words, cameos, images. The autonomic mind is filled with syntax: neuromuscular. The unconscious mind is energy but not image. The sun is energy but not world. Consciousness is imago mundi, is transformation of energy into image as planet is transformation of energy into world. The potential of the unconscious flows continuously into the conscious mind, a solar wind; sometimes the flow is even; sometimes it is flood. At the same time the senses record phenomena, operate with the lobes of the brain to seize and bind images, forms. The unconscious is energy; the form must seize what energy is in the mind even as it is made.

The life of the poem is the immediate life of the psyche. And if for the poet it is not immediate, and the language exists before the poem, this is known in

psychoanalytic circles as blocking. There are those poets who block, sublimate (graft sexual energy onto the poem rather than letting the poem develop in its own sexual energy); they have the image ready, as a shield, to disperse meaning.

Meaning is immediate. It is never determined in advance. The confusion is that all the cards are dealt in advance: rivers, mountains, hormones, stars, shapes, these cards that are sometimes associated with an eternal tarot deck, and sometimes with the possible combinations of genes. Just because the cards are dealt does not mean that meaning is also. Perhaps we are dupes of the energy, fools in the king' s court, but the energy, for all its other virtues, including the sun, never has meaning; it is for us to make this meaning as it passes thru and feeds our consciousness; it is for the green plant to make sugar and leaf as it passes thru and sustains its ducts. If we are dupes, if we are nothing but code, highly complex computers.....ah, but this much we know, and it is always more complicated than we know, by definition. If we are nothing but code, it is that code is the only way we can perceive how the universe makes and places us. We should not be ashamed of language because it is code; our bodies are code; our experiences are code. We do not know more than this, but we are more even to know this.

The poet who sets out to shape language to a river, to a passion, is merely trying to eliminate what is arbitrary, but in his obsession he is cutting himself off from the one thing that is not arbitrary: the immediacy of meaning, the primacy of shape.

The poet consciously collects things; these things are words; often they are natural processes like waves, or times of history, like the Phoenician colony of Carthaginia, or species (Amelanchier arborea, magnetite, the bullfrog), men, like Hermes, or Alexander. These things are gathered and used as the poet prepares, consciously, to seize what would remain, otherwise, unconscious. He opens conduits for loose energy; his ploy is accuracy; thereby less energy escapes.

In a society which struggles to bar the unconscious, to keep the unconscious unconscious, the poet stands at the threshold. His condition is kinetic energy; what passes thru him as potential is given literal life: protons into phonemes the shape of the human organism left on the bursting sun eight light minutes away. What the poet receives at the gate circulates thru the entire society (especially popular as the language of politics). Once the form has passed beyong him the poet can no longer arbitrate what becomes of it. The process is ignition: two chemical streams, one of them his, touch, exchange electrons, burn (exothermic) at the very instant of touch. The result is language; the result is that we choose to give the chemicals names.

1 -- Emile Durkheim (conscience collective): Durkheim tried to show that religion is always consciousness of the group, the society; religious ecstasy is the joy of perceiving something larger than the individual, the collectivity he shares with the other members of the society; the soul, that goes on after death, is that the society outlives its individual members. Actually what Durkheim showed was that nothing exists except insofar as it is conscious; there is no supernatural world; everything we perceive and seek is part of the same world in which we participate collectively. Religion is neither illogical nor illusory;

if we are not religious; i.e., if we have no collective meaning, then language and society do not exist. The poem creates its own society; there is a conscience collective of poets.

2 -- Carl Jung (collective unconscious): if Jung's term is of any use to us, we must avoid the archtypes as images (those poets who claim to be mythical or mystical often are merely dredging up variations on archetypes which are already conscious). The collective unconscious is a region of energy (the stripped nuclei of particles in a sun); the poem seizes, as protein code, and makes bulk, body, soma, out of the energy, converts what is unconscious, what precedes us, into what is conscious and collective. America is the New World, and the Natchez sun-king is properly neither a European monarch nor an alchemical magician; he is the crown of a different tide. The archetype is not nobility, as suspected, but the crystal lattice, the sifting of different size atoms in society that eventually take on the same macro-shape.

3 -- We have a topological problem. We are conscious of being what we are, that we could be nothing else; at the same time we are energy, and energy changes, beneath the surface we are differently intervalled and posited; there is another being; there are memories which conflict; we seem unable to free ourselves from electrochemical determination; yet again and again we become free. There is a way in which the past and the present are both present, and the future is there too; not only is time and crystal anisotropic, but we are too; everywhere we sense we sense another being, along all our axes we reside again with different thoughts. We seem to contradict ourselves, but topology gives shape thru which to pass in changing, a function in which to retain what it is while losing itself. The energy we are made of, the terrific roar of the unconscious, like a sea, the neurons of the body screeching, the senses open and flooding, threaten us, threaten to tear us apart, not externally but internally, not as death, which administers the coup de grace, but as a disruption of the code which makes us what we are. It is an energy we entertain at the risk of becoming nothing, or psychotic; yet it is the only way we can remain conscious; to integrate it into our being is the continuation of our survival: food.

So the energy of the dream floods consciousness before the dream, electrochemically, without image or meaning, but the passage thru the brain of what the brain is: sheer light. Or the energy which was pre-Qabbalistically stars, passed into the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, the only possible stage between cosmic radiation and literal designation. Our history is etymology; what is not arbitrary is so because it has happened; what is arbitrary is not so because it is happening, that Roger Maris is Roger of the Sea, that the Algonquian totem collides with the Latin totem, whole. Here the world is crystal and protoplasmic; meaning is in our apperception of a world we can never avoid and never prove, except as we live in it.

Example: during a nightmare last night I was looking for someone who had gotten into my house (one meaning: my head). All the doors were locked, and I proved that on one could be there, yet he kept hanging Christmas cards on the wall, a grotesque horror. I turned a corner between the dining room and the kitchen, and turned into another room I had never known existed, like an attic internal to the space between rooms; here he had lived all these many years, in me, and now in the instant of recognition I had to give him shape; everything

about his room, his bed, his decorations, his window-shades, told what an alien being he was. Perhaps this was not his room, but it was the only place where he and I could meet. Otherwise he was energy, loose and outside my world. I met him here and it was where he would live in passing thru me, unobscured from what he was.

4 -- I tried to give my position by sound; I threw things, but everything that landed in his room landed silently. There was no sound. I will not forget this. Everything is a clue, ignore nothing, call nothing symbol. Freud thought that he showed how everything is related to libinal process, is symbolic of sex; what he showed is that everything is symbolic of everything else, all at the same time. What he showed is that we mean what we say: this is a definition by sex.

Richard Grossinger

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Jonathan Williams. AN EAR IN BARTRAM'S TREE. Selected poems 1957-1967. Chapel Hill, $7.50

The revered postRomantic & razzmatazz at last has a big & necessary book for us to read together many of the fragmentary blitzed perceptions His Speed has given us over these years. JWs is a man whose anger is always interesting, & he trusts its crackle, & that alone would keep us going, the zap. See the man nicking presidents on the wing & making mischief at the other old pensioners of the AmLitEstab. Mischief can sometimes lose edge on the page. Not often. He goes. JWs goes very much his own way, his own crooked mile, eye out for the shades, for vulgars & classix, for sharp clean erotical predicaments, & mebbe he does pay much attention to what the other feller's up to. Yet. Yet. To read around in this book (& I counsel peripatetic here) is to wander in america's largest openair museum, filled with real footnotes & splitting walkie-talkie lecturenotes as we pass, yes indeed, from exhibit to exhibit. My idea (ever since reading the EMPIRE FINALS AT VERONA in the late 50s Catullus versions &c, a book that was an initiation for me into the liveliness & fidelity of the world of freedom past the Iron Curtain of masterpiece-making) has been that Wms is afeared of his own tenderness, & no business of mine to pry, since he would turn our eyes outward so well. For all the concrete-poetry, readymades, jammed signboards & overheards, I get most alerted by JWms when he rears back with something like this piece from "The Familiars:"

masses of rattlers as large as wash tubs,
as large as watermelons,
lying in the sun by their dens.

the Indian said:
deer and ginseng and snake are allies

avenging each other;

but it is another, Spring God, god of rattlesnakes, puts
their signature
on the plantains by the ledge.

, when he does stop and does keep looking, and neither shyness nor restlessness push him away from long regard and the registered response.

In that line, a section entire, past VI of the 3rd symphony, from MAHLER (1964):

WHAT LOVE TELLS ME

Anton Bruckner counts the 877th leaf
on a linden tree in the countryside near Wien
and prays:

Dear God, Sweet Jesus,
Save Us, Save Us...

the Light in the Grass,
the Wind on the Hill

are in my head,
the world cannot be heard

Leaves obliterate
my heart,

we touch each other
far apart...

Let us count
into
the Darkness

In some old way, to read these poems is to walk with the man, travelling man that he is, sharing the sights & sounds.

RK

The University of British Columbia
Vancouver 8, Canada
21 November 1969

Dear Clayton Eshleman:

Conversation would be best. Lacking that, let me rap a little re the George Stanley letter in 8/9: I' m not a poet, and from the other side of that fence am provoked, not to defense, but to response; not to apologetic, but to description. My glorified title is Secretary of the Vancouver Poetry Centre (a bunch of us arranging readings &c, tenuous peripheral connections with the university). We have $600 to spend this year--with a string. That we build up and catalog our tape collection (things like Vancouver Poetry Conference, Berkeley ditto, tapes of readings given locally over the last seven or eight years, all at the moment resting in our own private "collections"--so short of funds that we jam eight hours of reading on to one tape--and so on). So I' m involved in arranging readings by poets--so far this (academic) year NO readings by "outsiders"--only (free) by friends, local people in search of an audience. Duncan when he comes to visit.

Problem 1: How to get Clayton Eshleman, or Richard Grossinger or Diane Wakoski or Robert Kelly here for a reading? Only one way, without funds, or with limited funds: arrange a string of readings--Vancouver Seattle Portland Bellingham Ellensburg --and split the costs. So, problem: How to persuade Seattle Portland &c to take on that poet? As you say, he hasn' t published a book. or maybe he has. But not with the big commercial league. So you Xerox work from mags and send it around. Persuade. And some smartass says: if we can get Eshleman from New York for $100, why don' t we try to get (say) Zukofsky or Lowell? I' d far rather have him and maybe we can get him for the same price. He' s so much more important, and besides we know his work and can get an audience. and so on. You end up getting no one.

Problem 2: the East-West split is a Rocky Mountain split--i. e. , the connection in Vancouver is with San Francisco not Toronto or New York--and in SF the connection is with Vancouver, likewise. So we know about the people George Stanley talks of that you don' t know--say someone like Harold Dull? (to name a better known name) but not his New York counterparts. So, problem 2: one of my colleagues (whose judgement I may or not trust, and who may or may not trust mine) sez "Hey you' re on this poetry thing and you arrange readings. I' ve got a friend in NY and he' s a poet--pretty good, too. Why don' t we get him?" Well who the hell is William Bryce my colleagues friend? I' ve never heard of him, don' t know (can' t afford or haven' t even heard of the magazine he' s in) his work at all: he might indeed be the greatest 20 yr old poet since Keats, but can I lay out $600 TRAVEL for him? When it' s the only $600 travel money we will have for three years?

Example. Six months or more ago Daphne Marlatt (and I trust her judgement) told me about a little mag in NY called L KON, Susan Sherman runs it. So a) I wrote right away, never got an answer. Maybe its defunct. b) There must be a dozen or more little mags in NY that we never hear of on the west coast or see --just as there must be a dozen in SF that you don' t hear of. (Maybe one reason Pacific Nation is a rarity in the east is that Caterpillar never mentioned its existence?) And I heard of Caterpillar, Io, Stony Brook, only through word of mouth--Duncan mentioned them when I asked about the HD book. Yet it is very simple to get news of that kind across, just as it might be simple (if Eshleman

can't come out to Vancouver for sundry reasons) for Eshleman to send a tape of Eshleman reading--and we can sit around and listen to that.

Obviously what is needed is a clearing house--your Peru dream if you like --or houses. What we'd like to have here in Vancouver is a bookstore/library-reading room/tape centre-listening room/"performance hall"/coffeeshop--and fifteen of us last year sat down and tried to work it out, at $35 a month each. We couldn't agree on ANYthing! But if it got set up, here, NY, anyplace, would YOU or anyone else send one free copy of everything you print? AND make sure that anyone/everyone else in NY does the same? I.e., how does the "beginning poet", first typewritten book out on his own money, get to hear about the clearing house--and visa versa? Because YOU or someone else hunts him up and tells him? What a dissipation of energies that is, or would be. And it is clearly NOT a part of your life as poet, though it might--if you could hack it--be part of your function in the community of poetry.

The remaining provocation is rather different. Has to do with the community of poetry, or the matter of poetry, as you deal with it--and this will seem discourteous. Bear with me. I get the very strong sense, whether rightly or wrongly, that your main objection to matching Diane with Marvin Bell is that you don't really think Marvin Bell is a poet, and that he's not a poet because he'd had a book published. Which is to say, HE'S just a Rod McKuen or some other variety of house nigger, while YOU are not. (Since I don't know Marvin Bell's work at all, I may misread you.) What I am doing of course is to accuse you of sour grapes, but if so, of a particular kind. I do not think you MEAN that "we poets" are in some way superior to those others, so much as you mean that those others claim a superiority to which they (nor anyone else) have no possible claim, and the claim is explicit, because they have the power. (Which as you say is utterly irrelevant to the matter of poetry.) WHAT MAY BE EQUALLY IRRELEVANT, however, is your private fear as poet and my private fear as teacher that TO BE a poet or a teacher one must HAVE recognition (without it you're not a poet, teacher) -- there's a kind of penis-envy involved here but more importantly there is that other inner insistence that your very survival as poet depends UTTERLY (and in ways we cannot understand but maybe begin to know) on an interchange (and that interchange can only occur with recognition) within the community of poetry, a community of which you feel a part, a community which, as currently defined in the public/published mind and world, is both false and fundamentally unconcerned with poetry. So your life as poet is threatened, and the possibility of meaning is, if not denied at least limited, in your life as well as your life as poet. And so you diagnose the ambition hangup and its ironies and the way it "destroys" say a Lowell, destroys by altering his motives as poet, or by forcing separations between "the poet" and "the man", with great clarity on pages 146-7, and make it wholly clear that say Harold Norse's solution is no solution at all. The drive HAS to be to meet and face it, exorcise the spectre. And this is what your letter begins to do.

I don't want to kill it, and I don't want to obfuscate the whole issue. Your letter convinces me that it is a VITAL NECESSITY to talk about these things--the letter enables us, frees us, to meet this problem--and that is its great virtue. That you SAY it. It brings out those things that we've been conscious of but not articulated, and the whole necessity lies in that articulation. To fail to

do so is to cop out on that human activity, to make the sun rise. The human activity IS the poetic activity, and our fear is that the house nigger or his equivalent is a denial of that activity, a restriction and "reasonably" evil transformation of it into something less. Our image, after all, is of "sheep"--or "pig"-- and THAT is the less. And in so far as we use it we become less.

So quite clearly your letter raises two major issues/themes/functions/places. The community of poetry (that community AT LARGE), and the community of man. You do, anyway--and necessarily--distinguish them. It seems to me axiomatic that poets will not be able to talk to Nixon unless and until they can talk to each other--and talking to Nixon I take as "metaphor" for the human act, communitas--(and of course unless and until Nixon--the Man NOT the office--can see that to be a poet is to make meaning possible, is to make the sun rise). And, if we keep clearly in our minds that separation you make, there IS a possibility of action in that (original) community of poetry.

To locate that action and its limits: The most important thing you say is "I sense a friendliness between all of us"--for THERE is that community, already present (and I, not a poet, share/receive/feel that friendliness too). What is needed is a continuing supply or stream of information, information capitalised, for use, so that MY (non-poetic) power can be realized as a human act. A possibility then of freedom to play a role if I want to play it, to posture or pretend if I want to posture or pretend--but no necessity to adopt postures and pretensions because some institution would have it so. "Oh Professor Quartermain how ARE you?" These words are a death knell and it takes two hours to come then to my own life (if I can come at all!). The possibility, then, of realizing my own meaning.

But what a DREAM that is! In the same issue of Caterpillar, Duncan reminds us of necessary terrors: "War is both king and father of all, Heraclitus says. Among poets throughout the world or within any nation, men are at war, even deadly war, with each other concerning the nature and responsibility of poetry. Conventional poets and avant-garde poets are at war; within the avant-garde followers of Pound and William Carlos Williams find themselves at war with the new gang of concrete or constructivist poets. And within the tribe of concrete poets, sound poets are at war with visual poets who raise the polemics of the letter of the word against the voice. Every order of poetry finds itself, defines itself, in strife with other orders. A new order is a contention in the HEART of existing orders." At the very best of it, the community of poetry can only be a friendly anarchy, which continually threatens its own identity in the very act of attempting its own realizations. For the poetic act opens up the possibility of meaning/s by realizing a possible meaning, undermines the sense we have of an articulated poetic community in the very breath which utters that articulation. For it to be or do anything less is to deny ME: I must devote my energies to my own life, not to somebody else's idea of it.

So my provocation is to say what you don't say. Your "ritual center of sorts" holds up a vision of NO agony, while "To Daphne and Virginia" realizes the agony congruent to/part of/wellspring of one's own work performing its possession: the stresses and counterstresses MUST be of one's own making, not of another's; and the stresses and counterstresses, the conflicts and anxieties one "generates" within oneself, are the sources of one's energies. It is only through those that I can discover, not a design which is in my life, but the design which is my life.

And so I stop. Take it or leave it. Do with it what you will.

Peter Quartermain

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4 December, 1969
36 Greene Street
NYC 10013, NY

dear Peter Quartermain,

THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY CIRCUIT, from wch you will soon receive a brochure, suggests how to handle your first question in regard to a particular group of poets i.e., ask other nearby colleges to split travel expenses with you so that for a poet reading at $100 you would only have to kick in say $25 as your part of his expenses. Other poets not listed in the current NAPC brochure could be handled the same way.

In regard to the second problem, invite only those poets whose work you personally know and like. You DO know of East Coast poets via magazines and small press books.

Sending you a free copy of everything I print would be a drag. I could do the same with 25 other colleges etc. In most cases, having one or two books by a poet should tell you whether you are interested or not in inviting that poet to read. I feel you are less responsible for very young poets who have only published say, a small limited-edition first book than you are for a man in his late thirties who has published 15 books. If the younger poet is in for the full haul in time you will know of his work via the accumulation of his publishing.

A clearing house cld only occur if someone puts up an enormous amount of money. That, and if the poets themselves built it.

I can be accuse of sour grapes. I thot most honestly to use myself in the Letter to Stanley to allow the sour as well as the speaking for many of us, beyond a personal gripe, to come thru. In the Letter I am really not concerned with Bell's work per se; I am making the point that he is reading with Wakoski at the Guggenheim because of a publisher Guggenheim tie-in, that is irrelevant to the WORK. A most clear recent example of this is C. K. Williams and Hugh Seidman reading there as replacements for George Oppen who canceled a reading tour. Now it happens I like Hugh's work but what happened via his reading there is sinister to me because Hugh Seidman wld never even got to the Guggenheim elevator had he not just won a Yale Younger Poets Series prize. I would like

to hv use of the Guggenheim if such use coula be coherent, that is, if poets were running the readings and if those poets were making their reading schedule based on a knowledge of what was going on poetically in the country and not simply catering to their friends and being intimidated by editors from Manhattan publishing houses who have only sales in their heads. Of course I despair of such a good thing happening, because I would imagine that the money in back of the Guggenheim program comes from rich people who have no stake in poetry and who would withdraw their support if the thing got lively. Always the problem. As Sherwood Anderson sd, the rich dont care about people, while at the same time art is to a great extent made visible by wealth. I do believe, however, that if poets were to get fed up enough with letting others run their visibility that, given the fact that there is now money available in colleges for readings and too that it is much more meaningful to read now at colleges than it was in the fifties (the time, maybe via Dylan Thomas and Brinnin' s account of his tours, that our image of being stuffed with martinis and reading to clucks was formed), the poets COULD read more, COULD in many instances nearly support themselves from readings, and thus, given this, there would be more actual contact not only between students and poets, but between poets and poets, and a great deal of the life-negative energy we spend (wch I attempted to delineate in my Letter to Stanley) would simply disappear.

It should be clear by now that when I use the word "power" I am NOT saying I (or others) want to run things and control, but am evoking, am trying to evoke, that sense of energy in wch a man may be able to exercise his faculties at large, wch runs all the way thru our lives, from writing the poem to getting the poem OUT to the world. (one of the things that America' s "force role" in the world has flushed, one of the good things is students out of believing poetry has little to do with life, the diaphanous life-blood I drank when I was a student in the late 50s. The role of rock & roll may be sheer vibration and if so, that is good, much better in fact than if the words to rock & roll are being taken for poetry. Rock is its strongest messenger when it is bio-energetic, literally moves energy around in the body -- such is how Henry Miller "worked" for me when I was a student; he made me MOVE, get up out of my chair, go look for a girl, for action, and that beautifully enuf moved me deeper to the word when I read).

Now "community" is a rough one, and I am not at all sure what that word really MEANS outside of a community of minds in wch, in my case, Vallejo and Blake are part of my family. Leroi Jones polemicizes that no flesh and blood present time living community exists in this country and therefore that such a phrase as "community of minds" is simply White Magic. That is, it has no roots in the actual. Jones would force me to the wall and demand that I look, at least, at the butchered faces of Vietnamese in the same gasp as I look at the crazed faces of the Puerto Rican and Black

small shop laborers outside my door. However, Robert Duncan, to quote your quote back to you, asks us to go to "the HEART of existing orders", he says, "A new order is a contention in the HEART of existing orders". This has the same ring of depth as does Wilhelm Reich' s "Revolution is to go to the CORE of things". That "heart" and "core" in my mind are one. Jones' sense of revolution is the old rotational, a bowing before the spindle of necessity, that mill-wheel that lifts one man up dripping with another' s blood. The violence Jones urges is furthermore inexact because Jones is a maker of artifacts. (I remember here Jones telling a white audience a few years ago that Schwerner and Chaney, the murdered civil rights workers, were "only artifacts"). The violence in himself that Jones would exorcise, this violence that to us is reasonable and which we probably feel as deeply on an individual plane as he does on a racial one, catches in its scythe artifact and I mean by this that the maker of artifacts, the poet in this case, is responsible to his full imagination, ultimately man, ultimately heart and core, to not destroy what he makes. Jones also says he would be a Black Nationalist even if the White Devil did not exist. Now I can sense in this statement the underlying need for coherence in a Black' s imagination, but the gist is that Jones is saying in his art he is only political, and since we I hope do know by now that politics essentially means there are unsolved problems and that politics cannot essentially solve those problems, the MEANING in what Jones is saying again falters. Violence only begets violence; if I kill a man I appropriate his apectre, I bear HIS guilt. Thus I can only BELIEVE Jones when he comes to kill me, and in a flash one sees Jones in helmet striding into Song My, following orders. If Jones wants to eat me, needs to to survive, then his "orders" are at least ecologically decent. But of course his "doctrine" is not interested in ecology at all. Any man who urges revenge, given the fact that war is the father of us all, is in direct contradiction to, simply, intelligence. Amd I am moved to sadness seeing this thrust in Jones, for since war-making potential and waging is the principle structuring force in American society, Jones and those who follow his command will be rubbed out as soon as they cease to fulfill their portion of the need in American "democracy" for liberality.

In THE MURDER OF CHRIST Wilhelm Reich argues that under the rotational sense of revolution is the core of the killing, and he names this The Emotional Plague. Why, Reich asks, is there a Little Man in men who would eternally it seems always kill the Christ in men? The Devil that Jones posits as the scourge of his race is Reich' s Emotional Plague, wch is not confined to race or to class (i. e., the worker who doesn' t throw a bomb thru the wealthy man' s window is equally a member of this Plague -- in contrast to the executioner he participates in the

Plague as the victim). Reich believes that the essence of character-structure is the bio-genitality of man, and since Reich is clearer on this matter than I can be, I want to quote a couple of paragraphs here to suggest where going to the core in revolution might take us:

> "We know now that the dynamo of man's whole existence is driven by bio(genital)-energy. We have also learned that the total body convulsion has been extinguished in man through the armoring of every single child newly born into his society, and that in this manner, man has shut off the only powerful valve of social self-regulation and his only emotional access to his own nature...
>
> However, all this will remain academic stuff unless we get to the root of the horror which obviously keeps man from knowing himself and governing his own Self as he has learned so perfectly to govern his mechanical environment. Before anything can be done about Ending the Murder of Christ, the manner in which man keeps this murdering hidden must be detected...
>
> It is crucial to learn why man has put an angel with a flaming sword to guard the entrance to paradise. To get into paradise you must not only know what paradise is like, you must also be able to get into its inner sanctuary. And somehow, to see the inner sanctuary is forbidden; nobody except the highest priest of God must ever enter the holiest of the tripartite holy temple. Moses must not look into God's face; God is mystified in the Catholic creed. God is removed from the concrete touch of man's body and mind, and guarded with flaming, threatening swords. The true guardian is, of course, man himself; HE IS GUARDING HIS VERY LIFE AGAINST DISASTER. DISASTER WOULD ENGULF HUMANITY IF MAN AS HE IS TODAY, WOULD FIND AND KNOW GOD. He would make of God what he made of love of knowledge, of his newborn babies, of socialism and exchange of goods, all through the ages: a mess, a Little Man's abominable mess.

That quote is from THE MURDER OF CHRIST. Near the beginning of ETHER, GOD AND DEVIL, Reich writes: "I have in reality made only one SINGLE discovery: THE FUNCTION OF THE ORGASTIC PLASMA CONTRACTION. It represents the coastal stretch from which everything else has developed. The mastery of the human prejudice against concerning oneself with the biophysical emotion which moves man most deeply was far more difficult than the comparatively simple observation of the bion, or the equally simple and self-evident fact that the cancer biopathy is rooted in the general shrinking and disintegration of the life apparatus."

It seems to me that revolution

as it is practiced today in the world, the rotational kind of revolution, might be seen by the imaginative eye as that sword which man keeps revolving about him to hide paradise. Such revolution is the way we keep ourselves occupied so as to not to have to deal with paradise. Nation is based on allegiance which requires a cause; a cause requires an enemy. War is our model for collective sacrifice, and collective sacrifice keeps the nation prepared for war. This whole gigantic apparatus I am saying is a flaming sword, and until Jones or any other man step outside this and delineate paradise and just how we overcome the Covering Cherub, all considerations of revolution are, to me, a waste of time. I personally learned this rather bitterly during a period of about six months a couple of years ago as I watched my own hang-ups gush about and be honed to effective edge by America in artistic war protest activity.

Well, it may seem that I have moved off your letter to me, Peter, but I deply feel I haven't. The whole issue my Letter to Stanley raised and that you followed up on deals with community upon which must follow our ache, why we are poets and what being poets has to do with the world. In coming to the problem of evil I have probably raised more questions than ways. And by picking up Reich's word "paradise" I hope you don't think I am talking about a "no agony" or escape. We cannot be in an order until we are in order -- and again it seems apt here to say that Reich himself distinguishes between "paradise" and the "Freedom Peddler" who is always around (today, say, as Scientology) telling us we can go free. No man free until all men are free. But I must believe, to be able to live, that I am existing in the potential to live my agony thru, to be **here**, FULLY living and dying, all ways, with my regeneration and growth. Again, one reason we might well be concerned with separating the sheep from the goats in that word "power" is that at this point of history we are living in the full depth-charge of evil power, Mystery in Armor RISING.

My very best wishes to you, and thank you for bothering to write. If it's ok with you, I will run your letter to me as well as this one in CATERPILLAR #10.

Sincerely,

Clayton Eshleman

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OUR WORD, GUERILLA POEMS FROM LATIN AMERICA,
tr. by Edward Dorn & Gordon Brotherston, Cape Goliard/
Grossman, 1968, $2.95.

There are 22 poems here, from 10 poets or anonymous sources. Many of the poets are recently dead. "For reasons that will be plain, not all that is known about some of the poets can be said." For many reasons, the writing of poetry by those who fight close to the earth has not been practiced in the United States, or very little. The Populists come to mind, but their poetry is doggerel, and was meant to be -- and they didn't fight to the death, or even to much bloodshed. Shay's Rebellion and the Whiskey Rebellion didn't produce, or didn't last long enough to, poetry -- nor the Owens Valley War against the Los Angeles Aqueduct. There is of course Bonnie Parker. And of course the Wobblies, definitely. But the contrast -- with us here -- the comparison, is with those men Arturo Barea talked with (see the first chapter of his Lorca: the Poet and his People) during the Spanish Civil War about Lorca's poetry -- especially the young man from Jaen who told him what an olive field was like. Or the poetry of Miguel Hernandez, from that same war. The poems in this book which hit hardest are not "about" the "Revolution" or the struggle for bread and land -- in the midst and very much part of that, they are between lovers, friends, the inside address of self to all others, all to be read. Most poignantly those of Fernando Gordillo Cervantes and of his lover Michele Najlis. And those of Javier Heraud, dead at 21, probably the most impressive poet in the collection. The point, tho, is that these are only a few -- fighters, poets, lovers -- of many many so engaged -- for whom poetry is one, natural, equally intimate, activity. In the midst of the lucha. The U.S. has rarely taught her children that it is anything more than entertainment (high) or cultural possession, a hip taste. My only objection to the translations is that the prose introductions or razos, in some cases read significantly different in English and Spanish -- I mean, simply, different information in some cases -- and I wonder why. The U.S. will come to the experience from which these people have written, first in the cities, I think. Already here in Berkeley it seems very close. So one hears Javier Heraud:

Look it isn't that I want
to leave life back there --
but I must follow a path
that death is known to stalk.

And Michele Najlis:

TO FERNANDO

When the earth
with the naturalness of woman
"mujer is more
than senora or senorita" --
receives openly the first rains,
I think of nothing then

but you.

Kenneth Irby

****

THE PULSE OF LIFE, by Dane Rudhyar, Servire/Wassenaar, the Netherlands, 1963. (available in NYC at Weiser's Bookstore, Astor Place & Broadway)

It is hard for me with my stiff Virgo moon/ascendant all criticism and analysis and timidity, to find my own words. The ideas generated by a strong Uranus and an Aquarian sun do not filter through readily or with ease. Think. Stop. Think. Stop/stop.

I derive pale comfort from the idea that astrology is more widely practiced now than a decade ago. Unless traditional chart interpretation is changed it will again grow deformed, cramped and juiceless as it is. It is not traditional to make clear that the astrological chart -- with its individual pattern of seed-moments -- must be explored not only by the astrologer but by the person to whom it belongs. Each person is entitled to experience the meaning of the cycles, to try and touch the root and breath of his own special pattern in a world full of men who all have patterns and yet, not understanding, are bound in time -- in cyclic interplay -- to the motion of the greater motion. Unaware, seed-moments -- moments of potential release -- are lost.

In Rudhyar's book, one touches the possibility of reaching the reason behind the reason, seeing each of the signs as a single phase in an entire and unceasing, ever-changing cycle.

From the moment of our this/first breath we pulse in rhythm to the imprint of what was that instant's pattern.

Astrology, like the I Ching, deals fundamentally with the waxing and waning of two universal forces of opposite polarities: Yang and Yin or, in Rudhyar's astrological terms, the Day-force and the Night-force. The Day-force acts as personalizing energy, the Night-force as socializing energy. Man's life is a series of cycles as the zodiac itself is a cycle. Rudhyar interprets the signs as phases in a fluctuating interplay of Day-force and Night-force, relating each phase to the greater whole. Unlike the traditional delineations of the signs, these are presented as the shifting proportional polarities of a single dynamic outpouring. Neither force is ever absent; one is only temporarily dominated by the other.

The following are Rudhyar's words and thoughts, his valuable and enlightening interpretations.

Aries, the traditional first sign (first because man identifies on a biological level with the thrust and force of spring) is the human personality in its phase of adolescence. It is the sprouting seed -- the Day-force balancing the Night-force with the Day-force barely stronger. It is this aspect of barely overcoming that forces the Aries person to throw himself forward into change and

expression. Desperately seeking a sense of himself and needing to build an identity, he must not be still, lest the Night-force suck him back to before he was. The balance of conscious and unconscious is delicate. In Aries the conscious ego must assimilate the unconscious and the Day-force of personality must be victorious.

Taurus is the stabilizing reaction which follows the dynamic thrust and energy of Aries. With the Night-force overcome, Taurus is free to seek stability. The difference in energy between these two signs is a difference in purpose rather than direction. Here, action with no purpose is meaningless. Life operates with both purpose and power, though the personality is not yet set. The Taurean identifies himself with the race that bore him, but seeks to attune his will to one greater than his own. There is a deep inner need which must be satisfied and which, when something fills this need, leads to the possessiveness of the sign -- for that thing, whatever it may be, becomes exceedingly precious. In Taurus the Night-force is more distant than in Aries. It operates as a vague feeling of a mystical link to a cause greater than the self.

Gemini, where the Night-force is at its lowest ebb, is the last phase of spring experience. It is the search for personality through connections made and experience extended and catalogued. Still unfree, the individual experiences the Night-force in a negative sense, for he has not yet consciously dealt with the ties that bind him to the ancestral collectivity. He seeks to express his varieties of experiences in words and develops his intellect through the use of language. In Gemini, man is the original magician, the "bestower of names" -- and thus the poet rather than the philosopher. Here he may choose to move from the Taurus phase of Earth-relationship (man's relationship to others through their common bondage to the earth) to Relationship-through-the-air (man's relationship to all men through their common breath).

In Cancer the Day-force reaches its maximum intensity, to be slowly overcome by the waxing Night-force. The energies of Gemini are restricted and condensed. Cancer is the participation in society after "coming of age". The upsurge of the unconscious is channeled, made safer, through marriage -- actual marriage or initiation. At our present stage and in our present society, this indicates marriage to one person or initiation by one special Initiator, because to have all of life as mate and initiator would be overwhelming. All the forces repolarize in this sign and the lesson of Cancer is that man today must be compelled to repolarize. He wishes to extend the Gemini phase and retreat from the Night-force, which he faces only unwillingly. There can be an eruption of the universal life-force into the individualized consciousness. It is the recoil from this potentially disorganizing force which causes the Cancer personality to cling to the home and to tradition. In Cancer is the possibility of God-impregnation or strictly human impregnation. In Cancer, the sun appears to stand still.

In Leo, the energy of the Night-force is used toward the building of social groups. Time, first felt in the pregnancy of Cancer, is experienced through creative activity. Leo is the realm of emotions, Cancer the realm of feeling. Feelings are bodily reactions for or against a particular thing, and emotions follow as action, expression -- or repression. Man begins to define himself through his feelings and moves from feeling to emotion as self-expression.

In order to gain recognition socially, the Leo individual dramatizes his personality. He seeks increased self-assurance as a social unit. He can lead people, but because he is afraid, he cannot cooperate with them. The Day-force is waning and operates inwardly. There is withdrawal and subconscious activity which, coupled with the desire for social recognition, may produce art. Negatively, it manifests as an extreme sensitivity to anything that challenges the personal dignity. Leo is man's first attempt to be a social personage.

In Virgo man appraises the dramatic creativity of the Leo phase and finds the need to improve his performance through technique. He must apprentice himself if he wishes to move forward. Technique will enable him to eliminate impurities which lead to wasted energy and power. The symbol of the Virgin is that of pure and potent energy that has not been used up. If the apprentice is truly pure and potent, training for skill is minimized. The life-force, flowing smoothly and unencumbered by crystallizations of fear, can adjust itself rapidly to the demands of the new situation. When men have forgotten that Life is intelligence, lengthy and tedious technical training becomes necessary. Coming from Leo, the soul must undergo emotional repolarization through self-neutralization and again become "virgin", his past remaining only as the essence of experience. The expectancy of communion -- Man entering man -- is aroused in Virgo. The individual ego overcome, man is prepared through service.

In Libra the Night-force gains ascendancy over the Day-force and the individual, with the thrust of socializing energy, is born into the Greater Whole. United action triumphs over individualistic self-expression. The community attains reality and there is great social eagerness and a sense of dependence on social values. Because these values have become so real, the Libra person tends to exaggerate their importance. He is therefore willing to do whatever he thinks the group might expect of him. He seeks an ideal group to which he can give his services. The Night-force operates through form and Libra tries to bring form to scattered elements, drawing them into a cohesive pattern. The Libran scales symbolize evaluation, rather than balance. It is evaluation by reference to fixed social standards. The Libran is not a builder so much as a seer -- he has experienced the vision of the ideal society. He is the initiate.

Scorpio is the driving force that must be injected into the Libran vision. It is sex as a socializing force, a builder of civilizations. In Scorpio man experiences the urge to merge in absolute union with other individuals so that a greater organic whole may be constituted. There is a need to be more than oneself, to reach liberation from the confines of self. Scorpio can be the search for the "soul mate" or the union of an individual with the Church. He must not only serve the community, he must identify with it. If he draws off the group energies, this manifests as greed -- lust for power that is precipitated by the thwarted urge toward complete union. In Scorpio, man is superb in passionate identification or in equally passionate destruction.

The Day-force reaches it lowest ebb in Sagittarius. The Night-force is coming to its greatest strength. There is a search for mystical ideals and a loss of will to purely personal success and happiness. Society dominates over personality. Man has identified with the group and this identification is built-in knowledge. He has power to use and is not bound to it, but he must learn to direct it. His is a choice of direction rather than a struggle between two natures.

With the personalizing energy of the Day-force at a low, the Sagittarian will sacrifice the good of the individual for the good of a group as a whole. His social sense is powerful, his sense of individuality hazy. He is the philosopher as opposed to Gemini (opposite in the zodiac) who is the poet.

In Capricorn the "Christos" -- the energy of the Day-force as it overtakes the Night-force and grows through winter and spring -- is "born". From the winter solstice forward, the Day-force increases. Scattered energy of the previous cycle is transformed into a new organic whole. This waxing Day-force strength leads men to individuation. The Capricorn phase also symbolizes man living in a State which is at its height of power; this power will diminish through Aquarius and Pisces as the Christos matures. Man, having assimilated the experiences of the civilized world, will struggle to free himself of the great weight of the State and will seek another frame of consciousness. Behind the vast State stands the revolution. Capricorn is the mystery of the seed whose shoot will pierce the crust -- the established order.

In Aquarius the focalized energy of Capricorn is released. This energy can expand the existing conditions or it can destroy and transcend them. The State may develop constructively along humanitarian lines or it may be overthrown to make way for another type of civilization. The Aquarian tries to overcome his bondage to tradition and become something more than a tiny unit of a great and organized State. He is drawn to social groups dedicated to reform. He is peculiarly oriented toward social action and his sense of himself as a personality is vague. He masks his personal insecurity with grand personal gestures, relying on social status for the vital feeling of being needed. He finds little security in the idea of personal self-hood. However, the Aquarian urn represents the mystic seed-bag and the Aquarian can be the seed -- that representative of perfect wholeness -- that will itself be lost when new life again springs forth.

In Pisces man must relinquish all he has known and seek stability only through those aspects of man that remain unchanged through all social reform. He must renounce and transcend the crumbling structures of the Night-force. Negatively, Pisces is the realm of the unconscious-subconscious: the storehouse of all man's failures to adapt himself successfully to his world. He must face his complexes, which are really the crystallizations of fear that bind life-energy and prevent it from circulating. In its highest form, Pisces is aroused depth leading to pure compassion -- the experience of organic wholeness and subsequent understanding that the self is always part of a still greater whole. Pisces is the growing Day-force and the promise of eternal re-birth.

"The higher function of astrology is to reveal to the evolving personality the seed-moments of his cyclic experience."

Julie Winter

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"What makes the shadows darker"

PIECES, by Robert Creeley, Scribners, NYC, 1969. $1.95

Creeley's early poems were concerned with mental processes, the intellect if you will, evidences of the intelligence. Then they became concerned increasingly with feeling as distinct from intellection, but still feeling handled by the intellectual intelligence. Kore, supremely beautiful, was an exception, and of course there were other exceptions, but that's my retrospective sense of the general tendency. The Door seemed to open up a new direction because, even aside from its autonomous strength, the deep authentic dream experience of it (all of his poems are authentic but not all go that deep) it was, more than any other poem of his up to that time, not an examination of what happens but an immersion in what happens -- and this affected the form of the poem, so that though from stanza to stanza it was not atypical, its totality -- in length, the staying with it rather than whittling down -- was. The reflections upon the event are completely a part of the event; and at the same time The Door has a very clear narrative line. But for a while the kind of exploration adumbrated by this poem didn't seem to be pursued. Creeley went on writing mostly more conclusive poems: many of them are of a ravishing perfection, but sometimes it has seemed as if that perfection were a limitation, a sealing off when one wanted him to go on, to go further, not to be obsessed with refining what he had already done impeccably.

In Pieces something different happens -- or is happening, for it is anything but a static work. Somebody glancing through it who did not know Creeley's earlier books might get an impression of sloppiness and ask, What's this guy think he's doing, publishing unfinished drafts? Someone who knew and dug his work, its elegance and concision and (most of the time) its clarity -- dug it just for those attributes -- might similarly think Pieces weak, selfindulgent, a falling off. But it's not. Its very sprawl and openness, its notebook quality, its absence of perfectionism, Creeley letting his hair down, is in fact a movement of energy in his work, to my ear: not a breaking down but a breaking open.

Titled poems (including The Finger, a poem that does relate pretty closely to The Door, and Numbers, which goes deep into a long-present obsessive interest) alternate with untitled poems and fragments, and bits of prose; often it's hard to tell where one poem ends and another begins, even if you refer to the table of contents: and it doesn't matter, it's good, they are all related, it's a complete book, the way a notebook or diary has its own completeness and coherence, a relatedness of part to part that is not identical with the coherence of the deliberately arranged. One poem says,

> Such strangeness of mind I know
> I cannot find there more
> than what I know.
>
> I am tired of purposes,

intent that leads itself
back to its own belief. I want

nothing more of such brilliance
but what makes the shadows darker
and that fire grow dimmer.

It is in keeping with the spirit of Pieces that there is no introduction. Creeley's prefatory notes in the past have seemed to me unnecessary, defensive. Here, in place of such a note, is an epigraph -- these lines from Allen Ginsberg:

yes, yes,
that's what
I wanted,
I always wanted,
I always wanted,
to return
to the body
where I was born.

I don't think (whatever Allen meant by it) that means a desire to return to the womb; it's one's own body, the primal, the instinctive and intuitive basics one started with, that is being spoken of. His own body that he was born in, and that the mind, the way we live, keeps wandering from. The freedom in Pieces is also a kind of wandering, but back to sources -- even literally (as in the poem I in Words -- 'is the grandson of'):

Falling-in windows--
the greenhouse back of
Curley's house. The
Curley's were so good
to me, their mother
held me in her lap.

A piece like Mazatlan: Sea begins with highly wrought, finely written stanzas, and drifts off into scattered notes; peters out, almost: but I can't see it as sloppy or arrogant to publish such irresolutions, as it would be for someone without Creeley's body of accomplishment behind him. Having that work in back of it, a book like this is, on the contrary, an act of trust and humility.

'Gists and piths' -- Pound quotes the Japanese student defining poetry. Inadequate, like all definitions of the complex; but a damn good try. Well, some poetry is stronger in one element than in the other; in fact, 'classic' could be equated with piths, and 'romantic' with gists. In that sense Pieces is a romantic book, by a poet whose previous work has often been (impressively) 'classic'. Because of its energy, candor, mystery, and try-anything courage, I find it exciting. It moves me, not only poem by poem (and there are some that don't say anything to me, taken by themselves) but as an organic event.

If Creeley has seemed to be building himself, year by year, an elaborate box, he has now revealed its door; the process is shown to have resembled the way an Eskimo builds an igloo, from inside out, the exit last.

Denise Levertov

(Postscript: Physically, the book's clear, rather large type, though a bit black and heavy, seems more right for the contents than anything lighter would; tho even better, perhaps, would have been the typewriter look of David Antin's 'definitions'. Or would that have seemed too obvious? Maybe.

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PIECES, /Robert Creeley/

Pieces are a deliberate lyric of the emotional process. The deeply layered activity of qualitative (as opposed to quantitative) information. If there is time, and the energy continuum of the reader's attention is not cut by the grammatical simplicities which largely move the poem around its corners, then the promise of the poem can be fulfilled. At least theoretically all the pieces can be found. This is an exotic technique. In Creeley's system the chair which sits in any kitchen waiting for the occupant who needs the combined warmth of the fire, the drink, the word is not a gratuitous social sentimentality, (the long long trail awinding, the light in the window), it is a precise social property. Back of the situation there are reams of documentation. Yet the poem is of a molecular constituency, never shorthand, and so each one is a model of a social universe located by a very high degree of resolution. Held in place by an ear of such an order of strictness

I have no peace
calling things beautiful
which are by that
so called to my mind.

or by the fanatically balanced structures of cultural memory one finds in the whole run of Numbers, or, what is this?

Here now you are --
by what means?
And who to know it?

a discrimination of sizable implication, possibly. Of course, there is no "reason" to hear it as anything but the particular of an italicized you. And yet one is cautioned by the tone (is it an italicized tone?) to pay attention to the perspective of the meaning. If there is an earth view in these poems, which with few exceptions are by no means literal, it seems to be operated by a surfacing tone. Because it comes from some depth it isn't that "tone" which reveals so many seconds of arc on the occasion of a social event. Not, in other words, how you might possibly speak. As if you were the function of your own system. And could thus be predetermined by some such scale. It is the tone, if that is the term, of the poem and that is the factor of the magnitude.

Here is all there is,
but there seems so
insistently across the way.

This verse is "big" in other words, by virtue of the distances the rhetorical instruments can resolve and not at all in proportion to some incapacitating ratio of subject to object. The linguistic force to be gathered by this means is difficult to measure but one certain result is that the common mistake of modern practise (i. e. , the miscalculation of that ratio) is not present. Anyhow, the poem as this book makes it in no case depends on that measurement. There is a lingering phraseology (not the same as memorable lines) which can suggest a meaning for hours or years back of the leading voice. This condition suggests there is an autonomy of person which parallels, as if the source were that remote, and is gathered with the poem, is equal to it, and sometimes, because it is difficult to keep track of two things at once, overrides its working, tampers with its escapement. And these poems are that finely made one might say by hand if that weren' t, at this time, a qualified praise.

Yet parallel, or person, is perhaps not the point. The autonomy might be the effect of the poem

Hearing it--snivelling--
wanting the reassurance of
another' s decision.

There is no one precedes--
look ahead--and behind
you have only where you were. Any conceptualization should seek its own greatest simplicity, advice impossible to repeat too often:

My plan is
these little boxes
make sequences...

These sequins are, not that obviously, art. And it is interesting why. Pieces have the implicit aim to find the whole of which they were and are now the signal. They should never be confused with fragments, which are self-contained entities, in the first place, of a special, and possible freak, nature. In this way marbles in an inscribed circle are pieces of the game, picked up until one has all the marbles of that occasion. Again, this is not precisely the same thing as saying you won. There are many ways to win. Some people win by losing, a widespread and sometimes vicarious habit. Fragments are nevertheless an invention of psychoanalysis to cover that case in which there never was a whole for that definition of a part. These pieces have no such unnatural affinities

I want to help you
by understanding what
you want me to
understand by saying so.

would disturb no one who wanted to be understood. Or, it might. But that's why the strict quality of anything is art. The information is art. There is no "form" without the information. It isn't necessarily old-fashioned, this proceedure, but there is no questioning that it is traditional. It assumes an address multiple to itself. That is not exactly a modern assumption. Any tradition comes forward in the form of the person carrying it. Books, say, lose track of it very quickly. The tradition is the art, the condition of its presence, not of course what literally is said. This needs to be said. It is not automatic that poetry is art, even the greatest present poetry. It does not, moreover, follow that personality is art, even the greatest present personality. The Art of poetry will choose to be born by the agent of the greatest syntactical density in the language, which we naturally call the world. And there is no other responsible definition of the world. It is true, and no contradiction, that the world has not been very precisely defined since Shakespeare. But the world is about quality (which is only compression) and the prize, insofar as it was awarded to Becket, is an acknowledgement of that fact. Surprisingly accurate and just too, for this time, which has lifted itself into the quantity of what can be caught and has less and less to do with the bounded world. The replification of the world is possibly no longer interesting. But, does it still generate itself, and in Pieces, is: The world breath is a motion of real establishment. And the confrontations, within the organism of their emotional time, are the exactitude of the world insofar as it can be accurate

I want to help you
by understanding what
you want me to
understand by saying so.

Nobody writes like Creeley anymore than anybody writes like Shakespeare. Robert Duncan, if this may be said without misconstruction, is a rather obvious carrier of the art and a legerdemainist also because he carries forward several external traditions at the same time. Olson has insisted that Indo-European ought to be available as a family, and therefore as a specific. It is easy, but not completely, to see how this might be an available fact. Hopi too. That is the art of perception. The art of poetry is not the same thing as, the art of perception. The conceptualization of those two areas has always been strictly divided. "Think of the difference between reality and what happened. This includes curiously. There is no change whatever." is an observation which has had no very wide attention paid to it. And then there is another area of modern verse concerning mountains and skyscrapers which has been consistently prose anyway. The art is born and then practised, and this means his whole life, by a singular person. This book, since it is present, is the finest duration and example of such a life.

Edward Dorn

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BOOKS RECEIVED

Greed, Parts 3 & 4, by Diane Wakoski, Black Sparrow Press, 1969, $2.
Covering Ground: Essays For Now, by Donald Phelps, Croton-on-Hudson Press, 1969, $7.50
A Bad Girl's Book of Animals, by Wong May, Harcourt Brace & World, 1969, $4.75.
The Complete Poems, by Elizabeth Bishop, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1969, $7.50
Expressways, by J.D. Reed, Simon and Schuster, 1969, $4.95.
Pete's Improvisations, by Clyde Watkins, The Owl's Breath, 1969, $.60.
Saturday Night Blues and Other Poems, by Irving Stettner, Hall Place Press, NPL.
O The Chimneys, by Nelly Sachs, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1967, $2.75.
Berryman's Sonnets, by John Berryman, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1967, $2.75.
The Complete Poems, by Randall Jarrell, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1969, $2.95.
The Triune, by Frank Samperi, J & E Press, 1969, $2.
Selected Poems by Guillevic, trans. by Denise Levertov, New Directions, 1969, $5.95.
Confucius, by Ezra Pound, New Directions, 1969, $2.45.
The William Carlos Williams Reader, ed. by M. L. Rosenthal, New Directions, 1966, $3.25.
Collected Poems, by Kenneth Patchen, New Directions, 1969, $3.95.
The Cosmological Eye, by Henry Miller, New Directions, 1961, paper 1969, $2.25.
The Books in my Life, by Henry Miller, New Directions, 1969, $2.45.
Mad Windows, an anthology, ed. by Phil Perry, Lit Press, 1969, NPL.
An American Romance, by Carol Berge, Black Sparrow Press, 1969, $4.
Fragment, by John Ashbery, illustrated by Alex Katz, Black Sparrow Press, 1969, $3.
Agreement, and Back, sequences by Theodore Enslin, The Elizabeth Press, 1969, NPL.
Who Really Cares, by Janis Ian, The Dial Press, 1969, $1.95.
A Lesson from the Cyclops and Other Poems, by Raphael Rudnick, Random-Vintage, 1969, $1.95.
Album, by Kenward Elmslie, Kulchur Press, 1969, NPL.
5 Blind Men, by Dan Gerber, Jim Harrison, George Quasha, J.D. Reed, & Charles Simic, The Sumac Press, 1969, $7.50 hard, $1.95 paper.
The Blues Line, ed. by Eric Sackheim, Mushinsha-Grossman, 1969, $20.
Dancing, by Al Young, Corinth Books, 1969, $2.
From Eden Book, by David Meltzer, Maya Quarto Four, 1969, $1.75.
Black Magic, poetry 1961-1967, by LeRoi Jones, Bobbs-Merrill, 1969, $3.95.
Four Black Revolutionary Plays, by LeRoi Jones, Bobbs-Merrill, 1969, $2.95.
Sawdust Sandwiches, by Carlos Lopez Coles, Lopez Publications, 1969, $.85.
The Dialogues, by David Posner, Black Sparrow Press, 1969, $4.

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A Man Running In The Rain, by Stephen Stepanchev, Black Sparrow Press, 1969, $4.
Nothing You've Done, by Kirk Ruggles, Cornor Press, 1969, NPL.
The Yellow River Record, by Clayton Eshleman, A Big Venus Publication, 1969, $.50.
Pieces, by Robert Creeley, Scribners, 1969, $1.95.
From the Outer Bank of the Brahmaputra, by Pritish Handy, New Rivers Press, 1969, $1.50.
Twenty-four Poems, by Albert Kinnett, The Drummer Press, $1.
Transparencies and Projections, by Halvard Johnson, New Rivers Press, 1969, $3.
Pablo Neruda -- The Early Poems, trans. by David Ossman and Carlos B. Hagen, New Rivers Press, $3.75.
No More, by Cid Corman, The Elizabeth Press, 1969, NPL.
Crab Cantos, by Harry Lewis, with drawings by Basil King, For Now Book, 1969, NPL.
Light Verse, by Victor Coleman, Coach House Press, 1969, $3.
Two Novels, by B. P. Nichol, Coach House Press, 1969, $6.
Idlewild, by Stanley Nelson, The Smith with Horizon Press, 1969, $1.
Morgan's Choice, by Ray Freed, Doctor Generosity Press, NPL.

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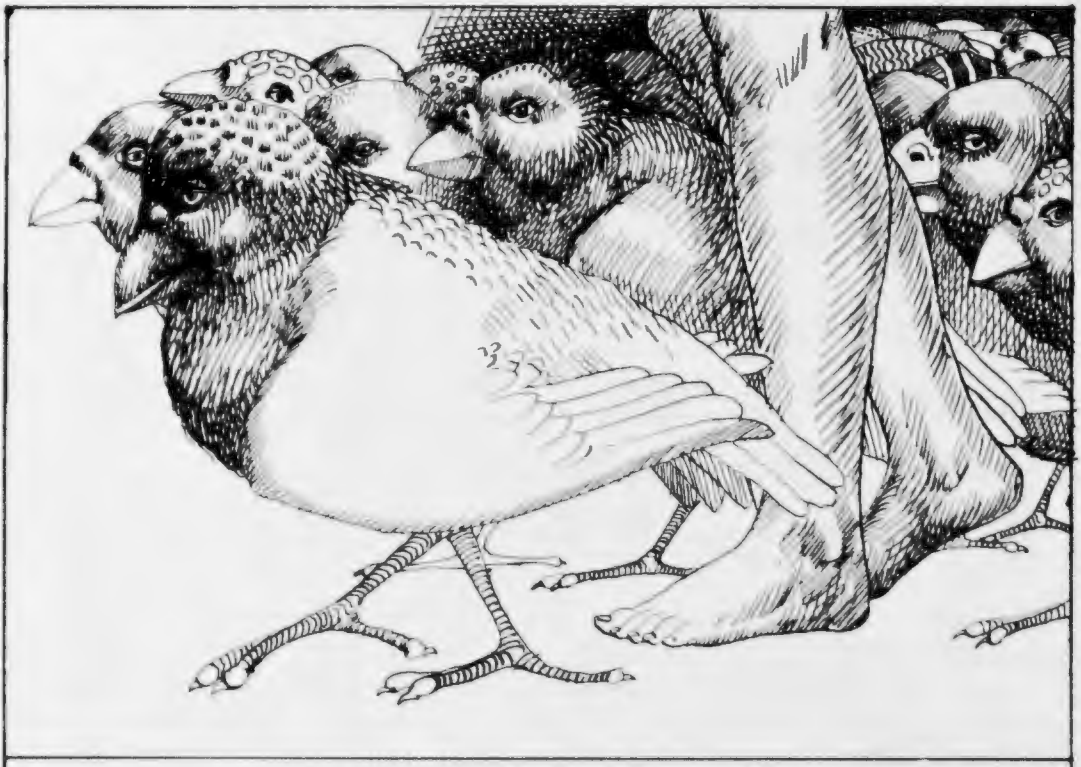

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